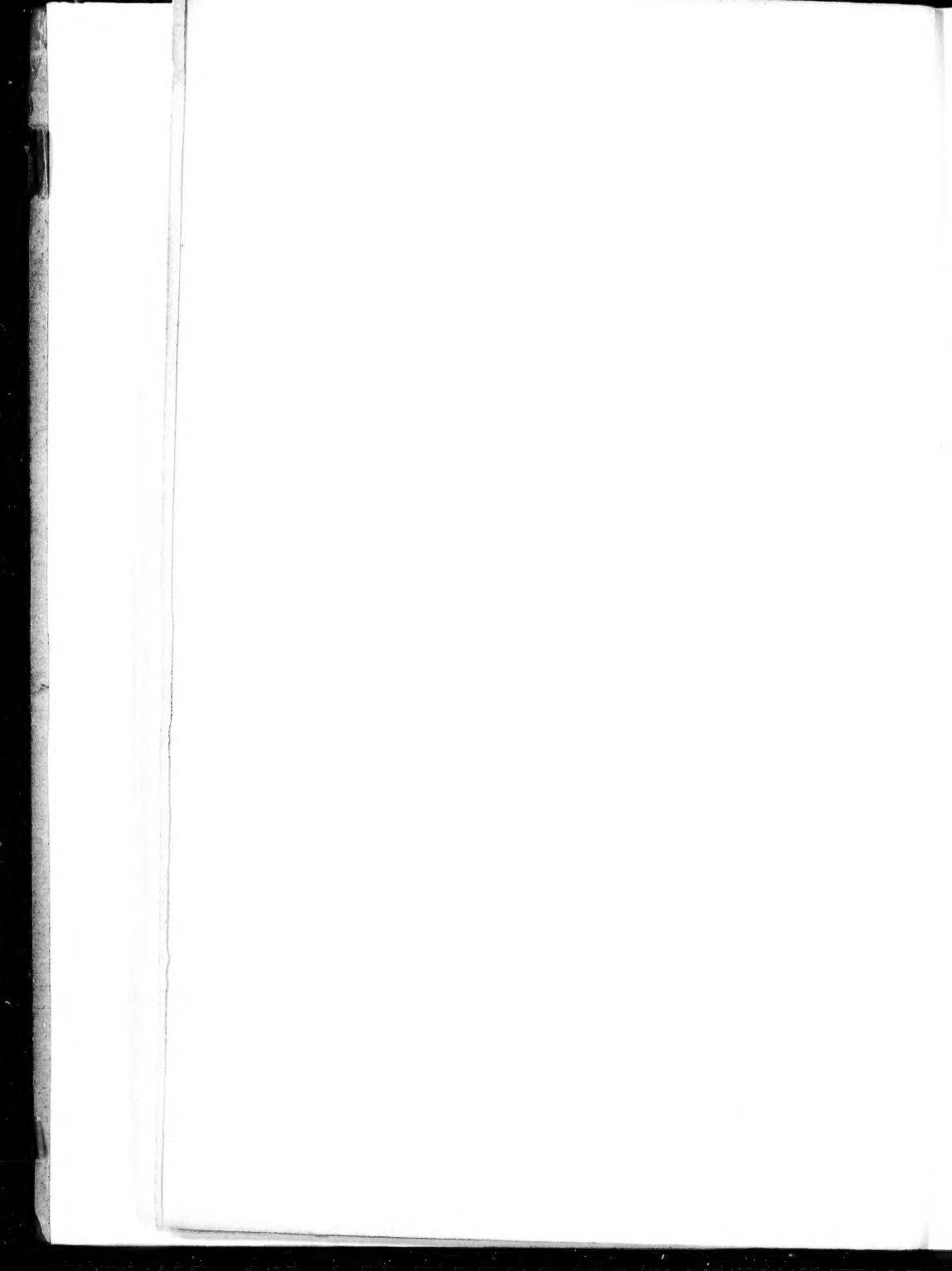
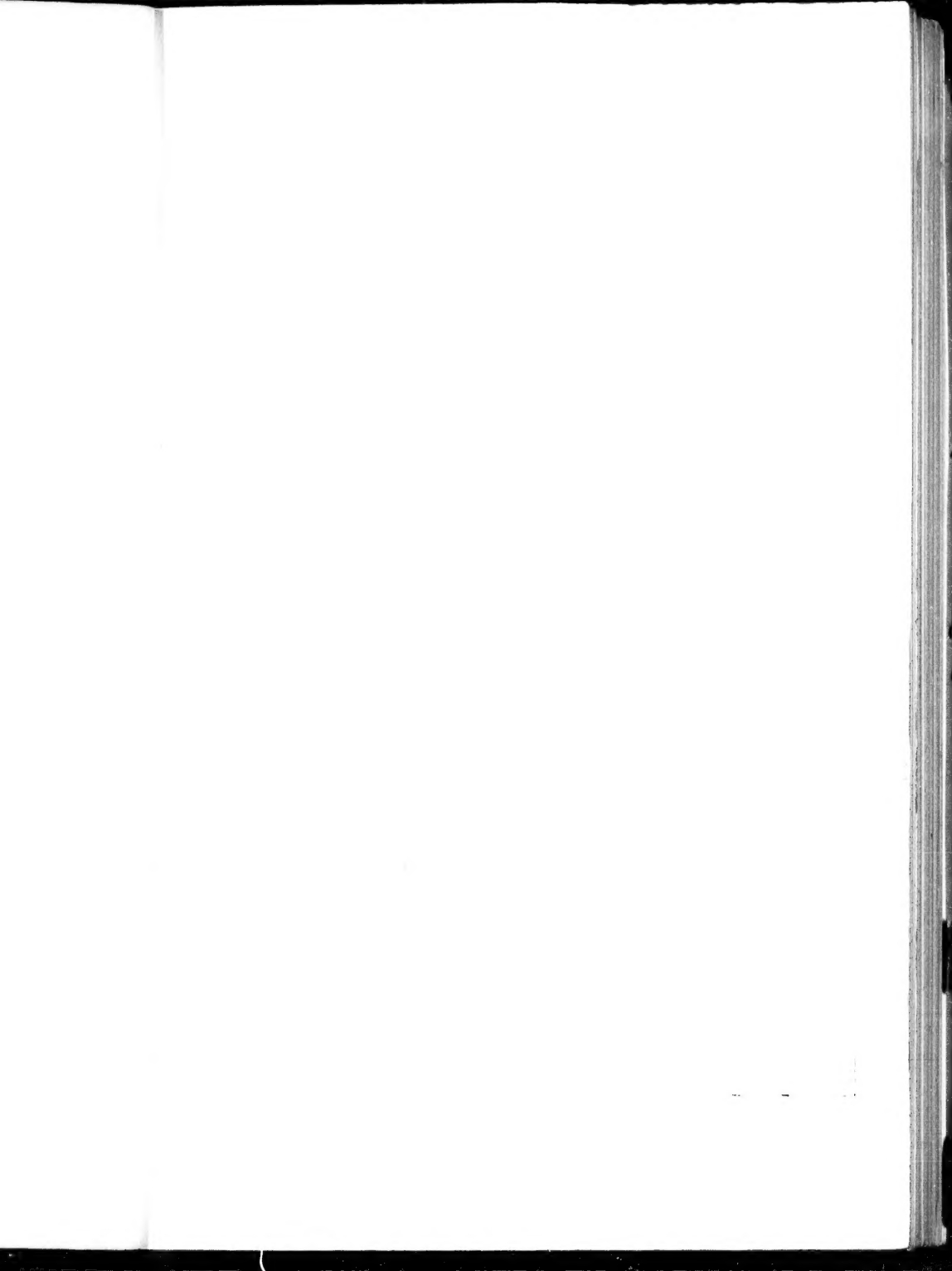


COLUMBIAN SKETCHES.









MRS. CLEVELAND.

# COLUMBIAN SKETCHES.

BY  
RUDYARD HOME.

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1895.

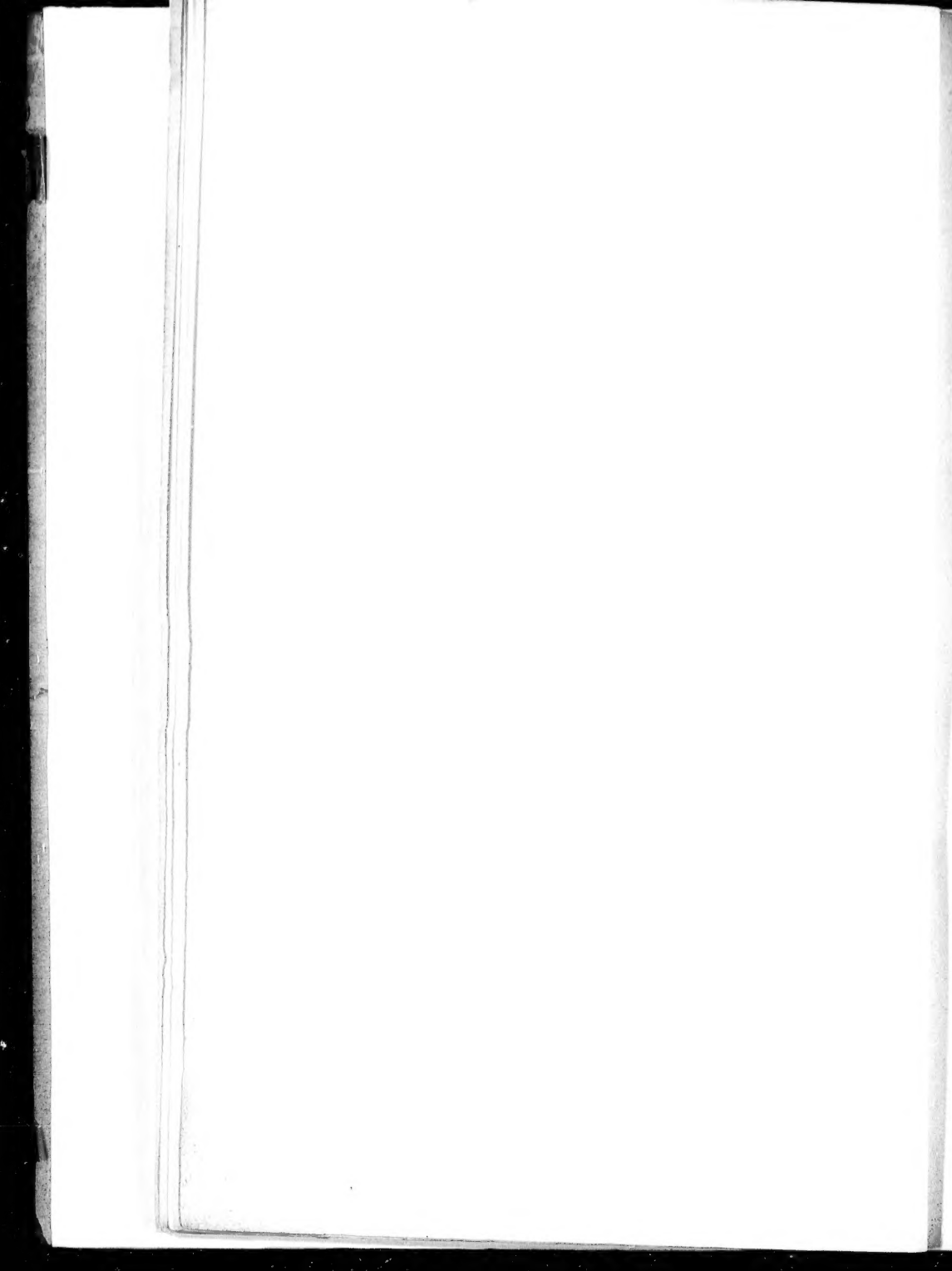
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## PREFACE.



THERE can be little apology offered for presenting this work to the public. I was not forced into the undertaking, nor was it very apparent that the necessities of our times demanded it. I may be permitted to state, that on going to America, nothing was more alien from my purpose than to write upon that country. My object was to enjoy a good holiday and recuperate from the labour and anxiety of a calling, for which I am, perhaps, better suited than a writer on American institutions. As a matter of fact, I had hardly a note for reference, while these sketches were appearing serially. Notwithstanding, I hold myself responsible for every statement here made.

Shortly after my return to Ireland, when the usual excitement had subsided and I found myself suffering from ennui and lassitude, I took pen in hand and wrote a descriptive SKETCH OF PORTION of my tour to the Belfast *Irish News*. "That's right good, let us have more of it," responded the accomplished editor. I afterwards continued to write, and congratulations poured

in after congratulations, from churchmen, statesmen, citizens of every degree, until intoxicated with success, no fewer than thirty-seven numbers passed through my hands, and I have engulphed myself, it may be beyond the possibility of recovery. Let it be distinctly understood, that in my character sketches, I have no intention of taking revenge for the more than a century's comical ridicule the Americans have expended on my countrymen. Jonathan's pointed drollery always amused me intensely, and I have no doubt he will receive my remarks in the same jovial spirit.

My references to Canada are of necessity imperfect. No one could hope to give an exhaustive account of a country of such vast extent in a few comparatively brief chapters. The Canadian sketches have been also received with great favour, and I have reason to believe both will meet that general recognition, in their present form, which they elicited, as, week after week, they occupied the columns of the *Irish News*.

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## COLUMBIAN SKETCHES.



### CHAPTER I.—GOING TO AMERICA.

HOW I have longed to visit America. and see for myself the many wonderful things of which I had read and heard so much ! The great Columbian Exhibition, in itself such an attraction, finally led me to decide on this long-contemplated enterprise. Accordingly, having made all due preparations, I found myself one beautiful summer morning comfortably located in an Allan Line steamer plying between Glasgow and New York, and steaming out to sea, hardly yet realising the fact. And now a new scene takes the place of the worry and strain of the previous days. The weather was beautifully fine, with gusts of bracing air now and then, which only made it the more enjoyable. Tears are soon dried up, and the chief mourners become the jolliest of the crowd. All are in the best of spirits, and try to forget the friends from whom they are parting, and think only of the friends to whom they are going.

There is no place where people are thrown more together than on shipboard, and no place where there is so much sociality ; and here some very lasting friendships spring up. The common danger serves in a great measure to make all akin, but I have very



generally noticed that people of the same position in life felt more comfortable in each other's society, and sought for those of their own calling or station.

The student of human nature finds abundant resources at sea. Here he is pretty certain to find a specimen of every grade of society, and every clime, congregated around him, and has only to sit down, pencil in hand, and paint to his heart's content. I have seen some such artists at work, but to me the sketchers seemed the more sketch-worthy of the objects.

I still retain the most distinct recollection of my new acquaintances. I shall ever remember my American friends just returning after an extensive tour of the old country, which means in Jonathan's language—Europe. They took notes endlessly, and on the least provocation instituted comparisons, America always profiting by the transaction. It must be owned that America is a great country, and the Americans are justly proud of it, but foreigners are amazed, notwithstanding, at their enthusiasm when boasting: The largest rivers in the world, the longest bridges in the world, the highest mountains in the world, the finest cities, and the finest business people in the world. I might multiply until the thing would become positively sickening. These expressions I have heard over and over again from the Governor of the State as well as the humblest citizen. And this vaunting, which seems to them a second nature, oftentimes makes the Americans very unpopular. I should say undeservedly unpopular, for I must own, although my experience of European countries is considerable, that nowhere have I met a people in private life more

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hospitable, more generous, and in their way cultured and refined. This is particularly true of the Southern States.

And then there was the pugilistic gentleman, who had a very contentious appearance, and who was ever and anon picking quarrels. His great forte was politics and religion, the politics of England or America being equally acceptable. He was accompanied by some friends, from whom I learned his history, and who were certainly not his admirers. Early in the teens he went to America, settled in a Western city, and rapidly prospered. A few years ago his wife died, and later his son and only daughter, and almost concurrently he suffered very serious money losses. All this preyed upon his mind and impaired his health. His physician ordered him home to his native England, in hopes of profiting by the climate, but with very little good results. His best friends tired of him, and openly vowed they could bear the strain no longer. Thoroughly disgusted with England and everything English, he set out once more, regretting the vessel that had brought him to the accursed shore had not gone down mid-ocean. I don't know how it happened, but this man's history became very generally known, and his conduct was a subject of very lively conversation always at meals. A little incident happened to him which seemed sooner than expected to lead him from public life. We had partaken of a substantial repast, and were just crowding on the saloon deck to enjoy the pleasant breeze and sunshine. The noisy gentleman was there, and seated himself in a party numbering five or six, with whom he hoped to have a very comfortable

disputation. He was not mistaken. The excitement soon reached its height, the thesis being the feasibility of uniting the States and Canada. In the midst of furious gesticulation, and seemingly on the eve of triumph, the reclining chair containing the hero of the sketch collapsed, and simultaneously its occupant. There was very general laughter, and the apparent sympathisers in their effort to suppress laughter were a spectacle highly ludicrous. The great man remained fully five minutes in his fallen state without attempting to speak, and refused all consolation. He then tried to recover from the shock and ruins, and very abruptly retiring to improve his toilet, was not seen or heard of afterwards.

I was next morning called in to decide a serious family quarrel between the occupants of state-room No. 36, arising out of aforesaid. From evidence it appeared that the lady of the house was disturbed about midnight by the chuckling of her lord, which at first led her to believe he had taken suddenly ill, but on inquiry learned he was still suffering from the hilarity of the day preceding, which left so much of dregs behind to be cleared out. "What is the matter?" she asked, in breathless suspense. "I was thinking," he answered, and then burst outright. "I am laughing at the gentleman who fell and broke his arguments." The novelty of the answer and situation affected the good lady's nerves, ruthlessly dismissing balmy sleep, and producing eventually an effect which to the uninitiated very much resembled sea-sickness. Having heard the evidence, and summing up with as much precision and gravity as possible, I dismissed the parties with a caution, especially as this was the first offence and the defendant pleaded guilty.

Every community, it would seem, must have its great men, and some of our greatest men have been accidentally called into existence. It was so in the case of the individual who now held the field until the end of the journey. Had our renowned bilious friend been preserved, the former might probably have been shaded from that fierce light that beats upon the temples of great men, and blackens every spot. But this was not to be. The new celebrity was a Scotchman, from somewhere on the borders of the two countries, and retaining many of the worst characteristics of both. Except this, nobody knew anything of him. He had no friends, and cared not to make friends. Where he was going, and for what purpose were equally mysteries. To all inquirers he was abrupt and satirical. He took part when he could in most of the games, and was a punster after his fashion, but his puns were pointless and irrelevant. He had read extracts from Kingsley, and was prepared in consequence to meet any man, or set of men, on any given subject. His reign was very unpopular, though lasting only three days. 'Twas amusing to watch his movements on landing. Many were the congratulations on all sides, and many were the regrets at parting. But our chief had nothing to say for or against the proceedings. He paced the pier to and fro, arranging and then disarranging his toilet, too self-possessed to notice even passing events. The farewells of fellow-travellers, the compliments exchanged respectively on the pleasure accorded by each other's society, the meeting of friends and their extravagant caresses, ladies in the excitement asking all sorts of irrelevant and unmeaning questions, and

gentlemen gallant enough in the midst of the hurry to wait and find out their meaning, the shouting of jarvies, detachments of threes and fours hastening away to mingle in the throng of the Great Republic, must have been in his eyes too despicable to command attention. He was there to the last, which served to arouse curiosity all the more. I could have waited with all my heart to see the result, but force of circumstances hurried me also away, and I was obliged to forego this consolation, and leave him to his fate.

Nor can I omit saying a word of my countryman, who was the most agreeable and social of companions. He was just returning, having consigned to their final resting place the remains of an aged parent, at whose special request he had come and was just in time for the melancholy parting. All ties being now broken, he could no longer think of revisiting the old homestead in Ireland, and had decided once and for all to throw in his lot with the go-aheads of the New World. He felt it hard to arrive at this conclusion, but nothing else remained, for all existing ties were on the other side of the Channel. In order to be his friend, however, it was necessary to believe, unhesitatingly, that America was the greatest country in the world, and New York the greatest city. All proofs to the contrary were sheerest waste of breath. He was, notwithstanding, the most genial of men, generous to a fault, and had succeeded wonderfully well in the land of his adoption, considering his chances.

There is little room now to speak of the married lady who had been travelling for the previous five years, over all imaginable countries, and was not yet satisfied ; of the unmarried lady yet in the

twenties who had been to most regions hitherto explored, alone, unfriended, and unknown, with no recommendation but the almighty dollar to touch the hardened heart of strangers ; of her who talked of nothing save the latest opera, latest song, or latest magazine. And what about the sea sickness which at stated intervals happened to mar the general harmony ? To interviewers on both sides the Channel when asked my opinion about it, as well as the attendant sensations, my answer was in all cases the same —namely, that I preferred to speak of the matter in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.—THE AMERICAN SHORE.

WHAT about sea-sickness? Well, to begin at the beginning, I think it is improperly called sea-sickness. Why? Because I have myself seen as many people sick a stormy night on Lake Superior as I have seen comparatively on the salt Atlantic; and this goes to show that 'tis not specially the result of salt water and sea air. It might be better termed ship-sickness. Whether it is to be called sea-sickness or ship-sickness, all the same I was the sufferer. I had spent the greater part of the day in the steerage, and, conversing pretty generally with the steeragers, had built myself up wonderfully well in all their wants and aspirations. A day spent here is doubtless a liberal education. More than once I felt the interior at war with itself, and, despite all warnings, I remained lumbering on huge bales of oil cloth, snuffing in odours inexplicable, which are nowhere else on this side of a nightmare to be discovered, and stumbling now and then over monstrously-proportioned chains and tarred ropes. The day was spent, and I was just congratulating myself on the success of this novel achievement in the way of killing time, when, hark! the winds blew, and the sea rose, and the good ship rolled and pitched in turn, and there was terrible commotion. Here a gentleman in great coat and weather cap declared, in chilled accents, that this was the stormiest night he remembered. A lady, who seemed fully

alive to the situation, gave it as her opinion that in case of accident gentlemen had many advantages over the other sex. Several others joined in, but their remarks were more encouraging.

In the midst of conflicts, internal and external, I retired, and lo! a gentle perspiration bedewed my countenance, doubtless the result of extreme nausea. The dew was gathering faster, until it fell. The heart beat, and then it beat all its former records, and then I began to think it might beat past itself, and forget to return—and then I bethought myself how I should be next day tarred and canvassed, and summarily sent forth with the God-speed of captain and crew, to found on an island; and then I tried to banish all such dreary thoughts, and think only of youthful pastimes, and green fields, and healthful mountains, and purling streams; and then I tried to call to mind all the admonitions of friends—no easy matter—and enemies transformed into friends; and then to fix my mind upon some one thing in particular. Nothing could avail. A terrible reckoning followed. Reckoning followed reckoning, until I had given myself up for lost, and nothing cared for things of earth, their pleasure, or their pain. My first thought, on recovering a little, turned on the possibility that some of the internals indispensable to existence had been forcibly evicted. But this was not so, and there came a gleam of consolation.

Some friends called in the meantime. One suggested brandy, another whiskey, another had a medicine specially for the purpose, obtained through the kindness of a friend at parting under the greatest privacy, which of course, served to enhance its value,



and this was no doubt infallible. Another thought it might be better to let the thing take its course, and spoke at some length on the advantages to be reaped thereby. My hatred of the fellow dates from that hour, and ever afterwards, when I bethought myself of him, my fancy painted him, mallet-in-hand, threatening my very existence.

In this way the night passed. Next day was calmer, and I felt proportionately at ease. I was gradually feeling better, and becoming accustomed to seafaring, —was sorry the journey should terminate so shortly. But dearest friends must part, and the most pleasing associations of life often end abruptly.

We had been for seven whole days traversing a vast expanse of ocean, where nought was seen but sky and sea, separated from the world, its sorrows and its joys, and we a little commonwealth in ourselves. Land hove in sight, and there was universal joy. For me, at least, that joy was not unmixed with sorrow, for I felt, all things considered, that one of the most enjoyable events of my life was past. One gentleman could now distinctly see the great hotel at Long Beach, and everybody a little later could see Sandy Hook, from which New Yorkers were to be apprised of our arrival. And then there was quarantine-station, at which all the steeragers were examined, passing in single file before the Republican officer of health, although they had been previously examined by the ship's doctor, and labelled to that effect. No others were questioned, and it was best for me, as I don't think I could have submitted myself to the ordeal.

Another halt to satisfy the curiosity of a tribe of

immigrant Government quizzers. These worthies were gifted with very warlike faces, and many of them, I am pretty sure, were remnants of American campaigns. I noted particularly the conduct of a youthful member of the corps. Hardly was communication established between the two vessels when he was on our deck bounding and rebounding, as if to show he was no worse for the feat, and still prepared for greater things. He was followed by an older and wiser man, who acted more rationally. The immense river boats, passing and repassing, with their vast crowds of passengers on business and pleasure, withdrew my attention from the others.

We had now to undergo a series of interrogations, and make a clear confession of our past life and future intentions. Our baggage in number and quality could not escape inquiry. The work, however, of searching into the secrets of old boxes, and eyeing carefully the contents of travellers' companion bags, which nobody except the owner ever had the audacity to attempt previously, was reserved for a select gang on shore, who entered on their duty, it must be said, heartily.

Our inspectors were not particularly civil, and took for granted that everybody knew all about their ways. They were generally abrupt and snappish, never once deigning to look upon the face of the subject of so much inquiry. I felt relieved when my case was heard, and gladly affixed my signature, not feeling peculiarly gratified at this first taste of American hospitality.

Now lay before us the most beautiful of harbours. There were the crowded steamers passing to and fro,

and hurrying as for a wager. They welcomed us heartily, and we as heartily reciprocated their cordiality. There lay to the docks a veritable forest of ships of all nations loading and unloading, with deafening sounds of machinery at work, ships of all sizes and makes lined out of sight, seamen in quaint costume, coal-heavers, black and white being no longer distinguishable, policemen, revenue men, express company men, hotel porters, hackmen, friends, and sight-seers, all on the tip-toe of expectation at our arrival. Right before us was Brooklyn Bridge—the world's wonder—and nearer, the famous Statue of Liberty by Bartholdi, presented by France to the United States. The colossal figure resting on a huge pedestal bears in its palm a lantern, which, while enlightening the harbour by night, is supposed also to symbolise the lamp of liberty and intellect which enlightens the world.

A French count, who spoke English tolerably well, waxed eloquent over its perfections. He was a great patriot, and thought this an excellent eye-opener to the Americans. But Jonathan smiled, looked piteous, and forgave the fellow.

The excitement was every moment growing, and by the time we reached the dock became intense. A gentleman shook me by the hand four different times, and each parting was as cordial as the previous one. A lady had lost her keys, and had no—no idea where to find them. I should say at a moderate calculation she received a sympathy from all sides fourfold their value. Another had lost one out of her three dreadful blackthorns. She seemingly believed in odd numbers, and was in a sorry plight. Her case did not evoke

so much sympathy, the average individual believing she had sufficient protection in the two that remained. A gentleman was quite surprised and disappointed at not seeing his friends, and was long awaiting his arrival, and was prepared to receive explanations and encouragement from persons who were perfectly disinterested. Another sees his wife, and wonders if she is yet able to recognise him. A youthful wife sees her husband, and is over-joyed; he recognises her and is equally delighted. She does not think he is much changed, although two years elapsed since she saw him. He might, she thought, be a little paler, but this was probably owing to excitement and anxiety. Everybody spoke to everybody, and the most reserved during the journey now threw aside restraint. All were satisfied with the journey, the steamer, the crew, and fellow-passengers. And everybody agreed that one more or one less would have made the whole an absolute failure. Such gracious partings! Such expressions of satisfaction! Such joy at landing, and such sorrow at breaking up such pleasant associations! Such glorious promises of abiding remembrance! Such hallowed friendships, the growth of less than half-a-dozen days! All this completely captivated my fancy, and yet I could not help thinking there might be an error somewhere. But at all events we were in New York.

## CHAPTER III.—NEW YORK.

I WILL be pardoned if I linger longer at New York than elsewhere, for New York is America. There is the greatest possible rivalry between Chicago and New York, each claiming the precedence. But so far the victory is easily on the side of New York, and there are weighty reasons for supposing this state of things shall continue. Chicago folk think very differently, and swear its boom is over. New York, they say, is built upon an island, fenced in by the North and East Rivers, the Harlem River completing the island, and anything outside of that space is not New York. They don't forget, however, that Brooklyn lies on the one side and Jersey city on the other, the North River and East River respectively intervening. That is so ; but these cities are not New York, and if New York, what of it ? To their mind Jersey is productive only of mosquitoes and butter-milk, while Brooklyn is a useless appanage, being the home of men once industrious, but now too wealthy or too lazy to work. I felt myself unconsciously drawn into the contest, and was at the time heartily interested. At New York I was an ardent New Yorker ; at Chicago I own I wavered slightly, not much. Now that I am free to speak, New York is by far the finer city.

I felt fatigued and ill-assorted after the sea journey, and considered a rest of a few days imperative. The

Fifth Avenue Hotel seemed about the best place to gain this comfort, and accordingly it was my home during the greater part of my stay in the city. But even here one is not safe against the onslaught of assassins. This has certainly been my experience, and I will tell how it happened. I had just been a day and something in the hotel, and was perfectly satisfied with everything—servants, cooking, apartments, and the rest—and felt myself already sufficiently recruited, and hoped to be able to make an excursion through the city next day, when all of a sudden I was assailed. An Irish servant was kindly showing me the different apartments in the hotel, pointing out with much pride the suite of rooms occupied by the Prince of Wales during his stay in New York a few years ago, as well as those lately in the occupation of Mr. Cleveland, President of the States, and just by the time we had been to every apartment of interest in the concern, a gentleman advanced with firm pace, placed his card in my hand, and asked me if I were such a person. On my answering in the affirmative, he at once requested permission to slowly torture me to death for the space, it might be, of half-an-hour or three-quarters. There was no alternative. I was in a strange land, far from friends, and I thought it better to submit with a grace, hence the work at once went on.

The would-be assassin was a representative of the *New York Herald*—tall, gentlemanly, and highly intellectual, and about the last person in the world one would suspect of mal-intent. Here he was, and how he had got there, there is a history too long to be told. His questions turned first on the political

situation in Ireland, the prospects of Home Rule, and the attitude of the opponents; next on the political sincerity of Mr. Gladstone, and if I thought he really believed at heart Home Rule could serve the interests of Ireland. He then wished to know what were my previous impressions of America and the Americans, and in what, and how far, my actual experience corresponded. He then entered on the American school question, asking my opinion upon it, as well as the financial question, and what he termed the new Catholic movement. I begged he would not press my views on such important matters, as I was only a stranger, and not sufficiently grounded on the political and social ways of the country. He returned to the charge again and again; but I was inexorable. Pausing a little for note-taking, and probably to afford me a respite—for I could see by him he thought me wearied of the interrogatories—he inquired my object in visiting America, the places I intended visiting, and if he might have the opportunity of meeting me at New York on my return.

I had from the beginning made up my mind to be reconciled, and, therefore, answered his queries generally, with as much good nature and as satisfactorily as I could. My friend seemed not in the least tired after an ordeal of fully three-quarters of an hour, and, rising, good humouredly took me by the hand, expressed himself grateful, and hoped at some future time to be able to renew our acquaintance. I have met many American pressmen, but none of whom I preserve so distinct a recollection, and none who seemed so wholly interested in the work of journalism as this representative of the *New York Herald*. So

much for early impressions. A word about journalism *en passant*. There is absolutely no attempt at style in the American newspapers. They are all facts, prettily told, with, if possible, an admixture of exciting romance here and there to give the whole a flavour. No difference if an error creeps into type. It is stereotyped with the rest; such things must be of necessity. And since people must read they may as well read exciting events with some foundation in fact as exciting romances with absolutely no foundation. Europeans are first attracted by their extraordinary advertisements. Professional men advertise in a style that should render in our country their case for ever hopeless, while men in business call into requisition terms the most extraordinary and wood-cuts the most ludicrous that human mind could invent. That is well enough for us, says the American, but what if it attains the object desired? They laugh best who laugh last, and if Jonathan outstrips his neighbour in the race, and becomes a millionaire, he can afford in turn to have a hearty laugh.

The great ambition of the young American is to become President of the States, a millionaire, or, the very least, a Senator. Latterly there is more time given to the fine arts, painting and sculpture, as well as music and literature, and many are taking advantage of the best schools in Europe to improve.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is about the finest hotel I have seen in America, and compares very favourably with the Grand Hotel, Paris, and the Hotel Metropole, London, and is in many respects even more modern. One is confronted on entering with spacious corridors, which have a striking similarity to those found in



European palaces. On the one side is the telegraph office, on the other the telephone department, whereby you are enabled to have a pleasant conversation with a friend at Chicago, nine hundred miles distant, and then the post office, all inside the building. A servant takes your baggage — not *luggage*, remember — introduces you to the clerk at the office, who requires you to sign your name and address ; you are handed a key, to which is attached the number of your room, and, being forewarned of the daily expenses, you are told to follow the servant. You do so, and, crossing the corridor, your help touches the electric bell, hardly noticeable to the ordinary passer-by, and presently the elevator boy descends from above. This elevator boy has a hard time of it, ascending and descending from early morning until far into the night. You are forthwith hoisted, you know not where ; but the servant knows his geography, instructs the driver to stop at the right place, and you are soon “fixed” in your room.

Your first thought is to prepare for the dining-room, and woe to him who should be obliged to take the bill of fare seriously, and in order. I counted no fewer than sixty items for breakfast. The programme for luncheon is quite as liberal, while at dinner in addition you can have tomatoes and corn (Indian corn boiled on cob, without which the American dinner is incomplete) and dessert, with pear, or peach preserves, and a fringing of cheese as an appetiser. How they go together I am unable to state ; the very look of the thing overcame me. When all is finished you are presented with a glass bowl of water and towel, by which you may there and then make your purifications.

The appointments are everywhere of the best. The servants are mostly Irish, no coloured men finding employment, and this is very exceptional, for in all the hotels I have been to, the waiters were generally niggers. You can also have your boots blacked, and left at your door, the only instance of the kind I have met in America, at least in the States. America is a free country, where no man is to be a bootblack to his fellow. Such a one, however, may yet be found ; but, in order to make the discovery, you must stand in your boots and descend very low, sometimes to the basement, pay the workman five cents, and be thankful.

You have here every convenience. If you wish to rise at a certain hour of the morning you apprise the night servant, who takes the number of your room and hour at which you are anxious to get up, and punctually at that hour a bell rings loud and long right at your ear ; you are supposed to signal back by pressing the electric bell. You are anxious to have ice-water, without which no American thinks of retiring to rest in summer, and accordingly press the bell so many times. Soon a waiter appears, having a large jug, with huge ice-capping. An additional pressure would have brought you hot claret, and one still more, brandy. You wish to mail a letter, but it is late at night, and as it is very private you do not much care to entrust it to a servant. What is to be done ? Well, there is a letter-box, even though you are on the fifth story, at the other side of the hall, in direct communication with the one on first corridor, where it straightway descends. If you wish to have a carriage from the stand there is communication from the hotel, and

the hackman knows by signal whether you require a one-horse or two-horse. Again, by telephone you can have quite a lively conversation with the butcher and green-grocer—tell them how you were pleased with their last transaction, inquire the state of their health, and bid a significant good-bye.

Everything is in proper proportion. The entrance corridor is tastefully flagged with marble, all the others are overlaid with richest carpet. The halls are spacious, with here and there sofas and couches in red velvet, the drawing-rooms palatially fitted with the newest and most approved styles in furniture and tapestry, with piano and music free to visitors, the washrooms redolent of sweetest perfume, and electric light everywhere. One is lost in amazement when he considers what the progress of the age has effected, and wonders more and more when he reflects how little has been done in the ages past to promote human comfort. Fifty years ago the Fifth Avenue Hotel was a wooden shanty.

## CHAPTER IV.—THE AMERICAN SCRAP-BOOK.

THE Mikado's soliloquy—Oo hoo, the heathen Chinese are again blaming their buttons, and we feel like joining the Koreans. We are the centre of all eyes to-day, but we are no pupils, I'd have them understand. The whole world is beginning to see that, though we are small, Japan stretches from one end of itself clear to the other. We are little, but, oh, my, my! we are old. At the call to arms the shoguns, the sorghums, the bee gums, and the gum elastics turned somersaults, and started for Seoul; they would have started to Sheol with the same alacrity had I only given the command. We have already taken enough junks to start a junk shop, and the yuens just suit we 'uns, and come right to our hands when they don't go down into the sea and pull the hole down after them. All we have to do is to touch the button, and they do the rest or the resting. When we get done with them they won't have a button to their suspenders, let alone to their hats. One touch of human nature makes the whole world kin, and one touch upon Peking will make all China very much related to Japan. We have already Japanned Korea in the most approved style, and it is warranted to wear. The fact is, I have got the Celestials in the suds, and am going to regulate the price of laundry, if it takes all winter on this clothes line. I'll fight it out. The soft soap business is for ever ended. I'd like to know what sort of a clothes-pin they have been

in the habit of taking me to be, anyway. It looks as if they had got it into their heads that we were a sort of small-sized Monday's wash, and that it would take no time at all to do us, and charge no extra rates. By the sacred tub of their grandmothers they have been rubbing us over the washboard long enough, but they can't hang us out to dry. We propose to fill their shirts as full of holes as they have been accustomed to putting into those of their unsuspecting customers.

Let me take a glance into this mirror. My name is Mr. Mikado, and I don't care who knows it. Everybody knows it now. It makes me feel way up to my size. A year ago and Eastern Powers hardly ever mentioned my name for breakfast ; but now, since I climbed upon my muscle and straddled my ear, it makes a commotion which is perceptible around every base burning throne in all Europe. Hum ! my last suit is, I confess, a little too short, but I'm all strictly in it.

I am a Mikado from away back in the dim distance. It was a long jump, but I got there with both feet. Jim Corbett isn't in the ring. I am the Oriental Mike, and don't allow yourselves to forget it. I said to the Chinese, "Don't you lay your hands on Korea, for if you do you will also lay your bodies there," and I guess folks have found that we are not the effete Eastern nation they wanted to take us to be. My picture (more or less mine) is in every paper in the known world, and I have arranged for damage suits against four thousand of them for the defacing of public property, and propose to collect it if I have to take my fleet over on wheels. I am getting so way

up in G--that is gore—that there is no knowing where I am going to stop, if ever I stop.

I begin to feel that I am the ruler of the seas, and if the foreign Powers interfere with any of my fun I will be a seizer of the rules, pitch in, and give them a free kindergarten lesson that will make them blow their fingers, and stick them in their pockets for all time to come. This is my pie, and Russia, England, France, & Co. will observe notices stuck up all round, "Keep off the Grass."

Five hundred million Chinese, with convenient handles to their heads, will be nothing more than a cold lunch for me! The Flowery Kingdom can't face the Japonicas of the East, who are not only well armed, but well footed and better headed. I ride in front of my men in spirit. I propose soon to ride in front of them in full uniform. I have lately been reading the lives of Zingis Khan (before he went into the clothing business), Tamerlane, Han Lane, Cyrus, Xerxes, Aleck the Great, Napoleon, and Coxey, translated into the original Japanese. The world was small in their days. If anyone thinks I shall stop with the simple conquest of China he is clearly off offally. I shall sweep Siberia like a servant girl just hired, bounce through India like an India-rubber tornado; having conquered Asia Minor, shall take Asia Minor with all her minors, gobble Turkey before Thanksgiving Day, clean out Russia with a rush broom, purify the germs of Germany, turn England upside down so as to commence life over on a new side, remove the gall from the Gauls, and then go over and capture the United States, and settle down on the summit of my earthly ambition as the president

of a Railroad Syndicate, until the other worlds heave in sight to grab. I think I only want the earth and a few smaller planets. I am sure an opening for the situation of the "Mikado of the Universe" is very fair.

Tourist—You've got rather a nice town here for its size.

Westerner—Town! Say, young feller, if yer want ter git back home ter yer ma, don't yer be callin' these 'ere western metropolises towns.

Wangoodle Lectures—The buffday ob Gawge Washington, de fodder of his kentry, happes on the 22nd of Febywerry. He was de fodder of his kentry, but he didn't hab any odder childrun, so I has been tole. Heah! yeah!

Dar was sumfin else erbout Gawge Washington what was wery singler, an' dat was dat he couldn't tole er lie. What yer standin up fur, Sam Johnsing?

Sam Johnsing—I wants ter know ef hit ham er fac' dat Gawge Washington swapped hosses, drunk whisky, went fishin', and flirted wid de gals.

Yes, Sam-mewel, de historian tells us dat he did all dem dings. I knows what yer is gwinter say, and dat is dat you don't b'lieve he nebber tole a lie. For onct I agrees wid you. Ef Gawge ran eround wid de gals and went fishin', leabin' de swappin hosses out de queshun, I bleeves dat he mus' hab tole some few lies. He jess nachully couldn't hab helped hissef. Heah! heah!

Somehow or odder, Washington was nebber er grate favorite wid the fair sect. He purposed ter half er

dozen girls, and when finally one did take pity on him an' married him, she was er widdy lady named Custis, but dey do say she was de cussedest purty woman in all dat part ob Ole Virginny.

What yer wanten know now, Sam Johnsing ?

Sam Johnsing—What I wants ter know, Parson, if when Gawge Washington was tryin' ter capture de Widdy Custis, wasn't he er relic hunter ?

Sot down, Sam Johnsing, an' if you insults de mem'ry ob de fodder ob his kentry wid one moah sich lamfiborous remark I'll slam you agin de wall so dat you will stick dar. Haint dar nuffin sacred in yore eyes, yo' bandy-legged moke, wid er mouf which looks like er cellar windy hangin' fuller icesickles.

Speakin' ob de courtships ob Washington, he had awful hard luck. I knowed ole Uncle Nace, one ob Washin'ton's body servants—Who's dat laffin ober dar in de amen corner ? We haint gwinter hab no quietness nor peace in dis church until I ties some niggah's legs in er bow knot cround his neck an' frows him fru er windy.

As I was saying, ole Uncle Nace tole me dat Marse Gawge kep all de fotografs ob all de gals who had fooled him, an' he would sit out in de moonlite an' look at dem fotografs an' beller an' beller so you could heah him half er mile erway. Den he got puffedly reckless, an' went an' married de Widdy Custis, an' libbed ter er good ole age.

Does anybody want ter ask any queshuns ? You has cotched de speaker's eye, Miss Snowball. What is it, Matildy, dat you would like ter know, chile ? Spoke out !



Yes, honey, Washin'ton was er good man. What's dat? "Ef he was so good why didn't he die sooner, if de good dies young?" Shut yore mouf, fool niggah! You is makin' er draft in dis eend ob de hall. Sumbody lock de dore while Uncle Mose will please take up de kerlecshun.

"Do you swear?" asked a ministerial-looking man of a sailor on the dock.

"Partly often," was the reply.

"Drink?"

"—m yes; I git dry onct in a while."

"Gamble?"

"When the voyage's over I shake a few dices."

"Chew tobacco?"

"Look here, shipmate, ain't you gittin' kind'r curious?"

"Answer me that; do you chew tobacco?"

"Wa'al, yes, I do."

"That's what I wanted to get at, and I meant to do it in a soothing, gentlemanly way, as it were. Gimme a chew, will you?"

If a lady approaches you smiling and gay,

With a book in one hand and a pencil in t'other,

Just pull out your money, there's no other way,

It means a subscription for something or other.

A number of girls in this Long Island town who had become weary of the dulness of Lent sought diversion last night in a rather unusual fashion, and came to grief. "What fun can we have?" they asked one another, and finally one of them laid out for her companions a most amazing scheme. It was nothing

less than go to a certain pool room in the village, which the young men of their acquaintance were in the habit of visiting, and peep in to see what they were doing. Without waiting to consider all the possible results the girls set out for the pool room.

They thought it safer to make a survey in the rear, so as to avoid the attention of passers-by, and for this purpose all went round into the yard. The foremost, for the better view, stepped upon an empty box and peeped in. "Oh, girls, I can see everything," she whispered in great delight. Then they all took turns on the box. All went well, until one of the girls thrust her elbow through the window, making a frightful racket. The girls screamed and ran through the alley into the street. Hereupon the proprietor and several of the young men who were inside came out to learn what had happened. Seeing the girls run they ran in pursuit. Such a race had never been seen in Southampton before. The girls grabbed their skirts and flew along, keeping up a perfect chorus of screams. One was caught, who proved to be about the best-known society girl of the neighbourhood. She struggled hard to conceal her face, when night watchman Rogers came along and inquired what all the fuss was about.

"I haven't an idea," the proprietor of the pool room said. "A lot of girls got behind my place and smashed a window. I don't know whether they wanted to steal anything or not."

"Oh, no, sir," sobbed the girl; "we were only peeping in for fun. We didn't mean any harm. Please let me go home. Ple-e-ease."

"Will you promise never to do it again?" the watchman asked, in a stern voice.

"Oh, sir, I'll never do it so long as I live."

"Very well, then, run home."

It didn't take her more than a quarter of a minute to get out of sight, and as she would probably be laid up with mortification if her name were published, it is withheld, although everybody in the village knows it.

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not easily get over his great surprise.

He tells the story in this way:—

"I went to the hotel, and says I, 'Is Mr. Smith in?'

"Says the man with the sojer cap, 'Will yer step in?'

"So I steps into the office, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and the walls of the building began runnin' down to the cellar.

"'Och, murther,' says I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?'

Says he:

"'Be aisy, sor; they'll be all right when yez come down.'

"'Come down, is it?' says I; 'and it's no office, but a haythenish balloon that yez got me in.'

"And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was with the roof just over my head; and, begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hivins entoirely."

Fifth year (after marriage),	Wooden wedding.
Tenth year,	Tin wedding.
Fifteenth year,	Crystal wedding.
Twentieth year,	China wedding.
Twenty-fifth year,	Silver wedding.
Thirtieth year,	Pearl wedding.
Fortieth year,	Ruby wedding.
Fiftieth year,	Golden wedding.
Seventy-fifth year,	Diamond wedding.

Newspaper philanthropists' advertisements—Everybody who buys a copy of the *Morning Dodger* is entitled to contribute to our great Christmas news-boys' chewing gum fund.

Buy the *Morning Shout*. Great Christmas charity!  
To furnish eyeglasses to near-sighted tramps.

On what were all my fancies bent  
Throughout the doleful hours of Lent,  
Flooding my soul with sentiment—  
What but my Easter bonnet?

This is genuine! "The acme moustache guard. Solid comfort while eating. No use for napkins. Neat and simple, easily and quickly adjusted. Does not interfere with free use of mouth. Works perfectly. Made of gold and silver. Can be carried in vest pocket. Every genteel person should have one. Price two dollars."

First Dog—"Are you going to eat?"

Second Dog—"Gnaw."

The saddest sight in all this vale of tears is a man with a full beard and moustache trying to eat a soft-boiled egg.

A customer drifted into a west side barber shop to get a shave. The barber, a coloured man, took up a very large and savage-looking razor. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the customer, "are you going to shave me with that?"

"Yes, sah; have to do it, sah. Hit am de only razah I got, sah."

"Well, then, give me chloroform and go ahead."

#### SONG OF THE COXEYS.

We're marching on to Washington,  
Our ragged coats we jerk,  
We're howling through the country,  
But we don't want work.

We're wadin' through the farmyards,  
Where the fattest chickens lurk,  
We're feasting on the country,  
But we don't want work.

There is trouble in the Royal Family of England—something little short of open secession, in fact—and of all men it is Prince Henry of Battenberg who has kicked. Henry, or "Batty," as he has been heretofore called by his fond mother-in-law, has been living with his wife's folks and on the British taxpayers ever since his marriage with Princess Beatrice. The Queen gave her daughter a wedding portion of 500,000 dollars, the British Parliament added 150,000 dollars more, which, with an annual allowance from Queen and country of 70,000 dollars, besides free rent, board, and washing, have enabled the couple to grow rich, and finally independent. Prince Batty, however, has not enjoyed a

sinecure. It was his duty to be in constant attendance upon Her Majesty at home and abroad. As the favourite son-in-law, he has to take the Lion and Unicorn out for their daily constitutional in all sorts of weather. He has to water John Brown's grave regularly, and pretend that he liked it. He has had to read the births, deaths, and marriages in the *Times* every day to Her Majesty; to explain with infinite pains the jokes in *Punch* and the poetry in Browning, and, worst of all, to listen to and admire Her Majesty's own poetry, wearing a pleasant expression of countenance, as the photographers say, all the while. At last he has revolted, and rented a private residence. We wish him every kind of luck, while condoling with his bereaved relative. His place is not likely to be filled by his brother-in-law, Lord Lorne, who is a *persona non grata* with all the Royal Family. Battenberg, however, is a shrewd young man, and differs from his new kinsfolk in not being half such a fool as he looks. He knows he will be missed in the Palace when the lion roareth, and the Whangdoodle mourneth, and when a royal but ungainly form pokes feebly with a sceptre under the bed in search of the burglar who is not there.

The report referred to in this communication is without foundation. Mr. Keppler went to Washington last week on business; but his business had no connection with the Higgins affair in any way, shape, or manner. Let us say, furthermore, that no man connected with this paper has ever spoken of political matters to the President. What we have to say we say in the paper, and if Mr. Cleveland cares to know

what we think he must buy his *Puck* like any other citizen.

The gander-legged young man in a sky-blue necktie came hurriedly into the squire's office, and laid a legal document before that potentate.

"Is that paper negotiable in this market?" he enquired anxiously. The squire looked over it long enough to determine in his own mind that it was a marriage licence.

"I suppose it is," replied the squire; "but it cannot be validated, so to speak, unless the party of the second part is present."

"You mean the gal?" asked the negotiator, more nervous than before.

"I do."

"She's all right. She's outside on the waggon holdin' the hosses."

"You don't expect me to go out there to perform the ceremony, do you?" asked the squire haughtily.

"Have you got the power to fix the business?" inquired the young man, apparently of the belief that the squire had to call in the police, or a preacher, or some other functionary.

"Certainly. I've got all the paraphernalia right here handy—all I want is the girl."

"And the whole caboodle wouldn't amount to shucks without her, would it?" asked the youth, with a smile as happy as it was sheepish.

"Hardly."

"Shake, old man," exclaimed the Romeo, extending his hand. "Shake once for luck. I'll go right out and hitch the hosses and fetch in the gal, and you

can hitch us. Here's fifty cents to show you I mean business," and he hustled out to hitch the horses, preparatory to the other hitching.

Jack—"I heard a man who is worth 10,000,000 dollars say to-day that he was happier when he hadn't a dollar."

Tom—"Just the same, he prefers the dollars to the happiness, and if you don't believe it, you try to separate him from one of his dollars."

Speaking of his poor health, Father Fulton said to me—"I once, while feeling very low-spirited, ventured to say to the Almighty in my most private communings with Him, 'Oh Lord! don't you think you could spare me now, and take me out of this suffering world?' to which the Almighty replied, 'Father Fulton, don't you think I understand my own business?'"

Dimensions of Heaven—And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs—the length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal—Apo. xxi. 16. Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room 16 feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for  $33\frac{1}{3}$  years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will



stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than a hundred rooms, sixteen feet square, for each person.

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CHAPTER V.—UNPRECEDENTED GROWTH OF  
NEW YORK.

THE growth of New York has few parallels in the history of cities. Within a few years after the War of Independence, whereby the British were made to evacuate the city, the population doubled, and has been ever since steadily and constantly increasing, until it is now one of the largest cities in the world. In 1643 it had but 1,000 inhabitants. By the latest census the population was 2,000,000, or, including suburbs,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions. In point of commerce it is equally important. At first the houses were a rickety get-up, constructed of wood, this material being everywhere found in such abundance. Gradually very substantial stone buildings took the place of the wooden shanties; then long wide streets, and showy shops, and public buildings, and tapering church spires; so that New York is now one of the most beautiful, in point of architecture and design, of modern cities.

Any person, however, who imagines that he shall find it another Paris is grievously mistaken. The old part of the city, as might be expected, is irregularly laid out; the new portion, like most of American cities, is about the nearest approach to a chess-board that can well be imagined, with one street crossing the other and running right through. The Germans have their quarter; the Italians their's; the Irish their's; and the Chinese their's, all remarkable for some characteristic or other. There is another notorious section called the Bowery, with whose qualities

you are made familiar by the humming of every street urchin before you have well touched American soil. Every smart New-Yorkian song begins anywhere, but surely ends with the Bowery. By the way, it just occurs to me how much my patience was overtaxed by a song entitled "After the Ball." Everywhere the hum-drum of this silly ballad sounded in my ears. When I went North it was there, when I went South it was there, the same when I went West, and still worse East. I thought I should at last be the victor on crossing the borders and entering Canada. But here again it was first to greet me on my entrance, following me everywhere with the most relentless cruelty, until at length at Halifax I got safely on board the steamer "Olivette," for Boston, and, wonders! the last words that fell on my ears, as we steamed from the harbour, were, "After the Ball." Anybody who has travelled will know how fatiguing it is, and that there is no earthly work so laborious. It is not all pleasure, rest assured, especially if you have a great deal to travel in limited time. When you are over-fatigued you are certain to have your moments of mental depression, and possibly wrathful thoughts at grievances real or imaginary, and you are very likely to concentrate your wrath on some person or thing. My wrath, under the circumstances, invariably turned on this song and its author.

In the excitement I have gone rather out of the way, having traversed the four corners of the vast Continent. But to return to New York, you shall not find so many marble fronts and polished granite buildings there as you had been previously led to believe. Broadway is a very beautiful street, five or

six miles in length, with an average width of eighty feet. Here are some magnificent buildings, and, though not so high as the buildings of Chicago, much higher than we generally find in our European cities. Here are the showy shops of the city, and here most of the business of the city is transacted. Fifth Avenue is another beautiful street over six miles long, but is mainly made up of private residences. There are also some interesting and attractive buildings near to the Catholic Cathedral. Among them are the residences of the famous millionaires, Vanderbilts. The cathedral itself is a beautiful church of white marble, in the Gothic style, one of the finest buildings in the city, and occupying certainly the most beautiful site. The City Hall is also a magnificent building, occupying a very pleasing site. Were it not for the streets just mentioned, New York would be a commonplace enough affair. The other streets are no better than those found in our own cities, except that they are longer. Vestiges of the wooden shanties are to be found now and then, and particularly towards the outskirts of many of the streets. It has always been a great disappointment to me, at least, to find a wooden building, surrounded on both sides for quite a distance by very attractive designs in stone, painted and finished like its neighbours, as if to mock and deceive the public. This is very common in American cities, even in important streets, and always seemed to me to destroy their effect. There is something of it in New York, but not at all so much as elsewhere.

There are numberless places of amusement, including theatres and concert halls, which are largely patronised. All the American actors and speakers of

note whom I chanced to see gesticulated furiously. Should the author of a play be an American, he is sure to paint his countrymen as honest, outspoken fellows who just speak what they think, and invariably turn out the right men in the right place. In contrast, the men of European climes are pictured as polished, oily-tongued society speculators, who are certain to turn out deceivers. I never cared much for the Americans as singers. Of course, there are a few of world-wide fame, but generally their singing is grating and nasal. It is usually regarded by them a great perfection to descend to tones inaudible, and ascend to the highest note on record. Here is where the training comes in, no doubt, but too many attempt the task who are quite unequal to it. The places of amusement are pretty much closed during the summer months, especially July and August. Even in the churches there is comparatively little preaching during that period.

I should not omit to mention another favourite rendezvous of which New York folk are so proud—to wit, Central Park. It embraces an area of 840 acres, with grounds well kept and tastefully laid out, having an esplanade, the Mall, a quarter of a mile long, with busts here and there of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Burns, and Daniel Webster. There are various other walks and carriage drives, two immense reservoirs, and Zoological Gardens. An Irish-American, who was my guide on the day of visiting the Park, asked me if I had ever seen anything so fine as the Zoological Gardens. On my answering in the affirmative, and stating that we had many such in our cities quite superior, which is the fact, he looked "awful cheap,"

to use an Americanism. Not to be outdone, I was led almost perforce to the Eden Musée, which is taken up principally with exhibitions in waxwork, and boasts also of a chamber of horrors, in which many notorious characters—murderers, and robbers, and such like—are exhibited life-size and wonderfully life-like, being made seemingly to breathe by some artificial electric appliance. This department is in the basement, faintly lighted, which serves to make the figures more horrifying. I own a creeping terror came over me as I gazed upon them and read their deeds of crime. My friend thought me completely nonplussed. "This is believed to be the finest exhibition in the world," he observed. In point of fact, it is only a toy-shop as compared with a similar show in London, and I, not by any means to give offence, but rather to set him right, had the audacity to say so. I shall not easily forget the storm I created. The museums in America are quite inferior to similar institutions in Europe, just as might be expected, considering that the country is young and not sufficient time for collections. It has, so far, comparatively little history. Perhaps the best museum to be found in the country is at Washington. Curiosities of the American Indians muster strong in every collection.

The average American is sufficiently convinced that his country is first, not in one but in every particular respect, and you may expect little gratitude for your trouble in trying to set him right. Again and again I have been asked my opinion of the country. If my answer was favourable, it gave satisfaction; if unfavourable, it failed to convince. I have found the people generally most sensitive to criticism, and anxious to

have the good opinion of strangers. Should you tell them you were harshly or rudely treated in a particular place, you are instantly informed that such is the characteristic of that quarter, and only to be found there. If you say you have been to some place of great interest, and in which they pride themselves so much, having been previously admonished over and over again how you should find it the finest in the world, and, alas! inform them that you have found much less to admire there than you expected, you are at once set upon and questioned rigidly upon the minutest detail. Should your answer fail in the smallest minutiae, Jonathan scores a victory.

The electric cars have not yet found their way to New York, although they are in full swing hard by in Brooklyn. It is the cablecar system in the former, with cars hauled by horses in the less frequented sections. The cars are sometimes "awful" crowded. I have seen them crowded so that you would not find elbow room enough to extract your five cents wherewith to pay your fare. One car succeeds the other in Broadway, so that there is hardly its own length between each, and this goes on from early morning until far into the night. There are, besides, elevated railways supported on iron pillars, and carrying each day a fabulous number of passengers. These lines run through the streets along the second or third storeys of the houses, making things pretty unpleasant, I should think, for the occupants. There is no more protection than our ground railways have, and the wonder is that there are not accidents daily. The turns are sometimes very quick. In one instance the turn is so abrupt that I prepared myself sure for a cap-

size. There is no difference in the classes of the cars of the elevated railway ; this is also the case with regard to the cable and horse cars, and in a great measure with regard to the railway cars generally. But, as shall be seen, a more comfortable corner can always be found for the moneyed individual. I did not find the car officers anywhere a whit too civil. If you knew what to do, and did it, all went on well ; if you did not know what to do, and asked questions, then the trouble arose. Most of them wore a scowl of contempt, and seemed to say, " Look here, we are in a free country ; perhaps you did not understand that America is a free country ; everybody is equal here, the only difference being that I am your superior."

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## CHAPTER VI.—RICH AND RARE IRISH-AMERICANS.

THE Irish are wonderfully soon formed to the manners and ways of America. I have met some who had been but a few months in the country, and yet might easily be mistaken for natives. 'Tis true, at times in imitating the Americans, some overshoot the mark and consequently come in for trouble: but surely those are to be equally reprobated who adhere to time-worn native customs, customs behind the age in which we live, and especially unsuited to a free and progressive country. The Chinese never become assimilated to American manners. They always retain their own native dress, and have little intercourse with any but their countrymen and thus are unable to speak the language of the country. Sometimes they become master of a few English sentences, but are barely able to make themselves understood. I believe I have but seen one Chinaman in native dress during my sojournings in America, and have not seen even one trying to be obliging or social. Of foreigners, the Chinese are by far the most unpopular. The English adhere very much to English ways, John thinks the British Empire the greatest in the world, and imagines at its nod every stubborn neck should bow. But Jonathan does not much care to bow before anybody, much less before his old enemy, John, and hence there is always a little rasping. Just

as at home, Sandy is very clever and shrewd in business, not much caring about the old quarrels between Jonathan and John, so long as he can succeed himself. He falls pretty quickly into American ways, but strange, he finds great difficulty in getting over the broad Scotch. Not so with the Irish, they soon get over the drawl, and you may probably hear them make use of some smart Yankee expression before they have formed one week's acquaintance with the country, and are soon more American than the Americans themselves. All at once they are heartily interested in the success and prosperity of the country, and wish all foreigners and newcomers to be impressed with a sense of its greatness. If you are a stranger, Pat considers it his duty to entertain you hospitably, for he is accountable for the good name of the country. Meanwhile, he devotes much time to convince you that you are now in a free country, and the best on the face of the earth. He is very much pleased if you acquiesce in his views; if not, he is pained and disappointed.

I had intended here to speak only of the Irish. At some future time I shall have occasion to make reference to fortune-seekers from other European countries, and hope to give my views in strict accordance with experience. Apropos of Irishmen, here is one I stumbled against in New York, at one and the same time poet, patriot, and scapegrace. I caught him in Duane Street, not drunk, but feigning drunkenness. Nor can I recall the circumstances that led to our introduction, but if I rightly remember, there was little time wasted in ceremony. Commodore Reilly, or as he prefers to call himself the Cavan Bard, is one

of those Irishmen who seek and attain notoriety at the expense of their countrymen. Not content with posing as the typical wit and only genuine Pat, whenever the opportunity arose, he has taken care to give to the world his poems with a long historical introduction, descriptive of his career, in which, it must be said, the Commodore is the hero throughout. I procured a copy, for which I have to acknowledge, the author, in his generosity, would not accept any recompense. The saying that a man is sure to write himself, whatever else, was exemplified to the full in this production. Well, I had a strange curiosity to learn its contents, and embraced the first opportunity of doing so. Forming the frontispiece is a picture of the Commodore, better looking than the original, and a good deal more staid, while Washington is relegated to the last place. This can hardly be called patriotism. It appears to me the patriot should have allotted the first cover to the Great Father of the Republic, instead of the last. But Washington must consider himself pretty liberally dealt with when he finds a place anywhere in or around the volume. As to the introduction, Cornelius Reilly, or Commodore Reilly, or the Cavan Bard if you prefer, is described as a youthful rebel who gets mixed up in a shooting affair, and in consequence disappears mysteriously, only to enlist in a British regiment for the more security. Most of the members consisted of Orangemen from Belfast, which did not make things quite congenial to a patriot so ardent. In due order the regiment was transferred from Dublin to Cork, where several recruits of his own sympathies joined them, and thus so many clouds were brushed away. The excitement was but

commencing. Cork, it would appear, was reserved for the Commodore's best feats. Here he forced the bandmaster to continue the music to the Catholic Church, the first time, it is stated, such a thing could be accomplished in the English army. And here he broke from his guard, and throwing off his belt and knapsack, jumped into the river to save a child that had accidentally dropped from its nurse's arms, and was being carried away by the stream. For his kindly intervention the British Government rewarded him by a sentence of two months' imprisonment for deserting guard. This sentence, however, was commuted. But this was not all. Shortly afterwards, during a review on the Mall, there was a blunder owing to some wrong word of command given by the adjutant. The latter, adding insult to injury, made use of the expression, "You Irish hogs." This was more than the young enthusiast could bear, and jumping from the rank, clubbed his musket, and knocked the adjutant off his horse. Then the flight and hot pursuit. He escaped to Liverpool on board a packet, where he had, as fellow passengers, no less than two serjeants and a corporal of his own regiment, specially despatched for his arrest. But he managed to elude their grasp, and lay concealed in a sub-cellar, among bones and barrels in a lodging-house in town, until things quieted. He then set sail on board "The Star of the West" in company of an Irish emigrant named Flannigan, and his sister Ann, passing as a second sister Nellie, and having of course assumed very substantial disguises, evaded detection, and landed duly at New York. Little was heard of him afterwards, until the Orange riot on 8th Avenue, when he displayed his wonted

intrepidity in pelting the Orangemen from a roof of one of the houses hard by with cobble stones of convenient magnitude. But even in America, courage and philanthropy, it would seem, receive not due recognition, for the Commodore lost an important position by trying to help a young friend who had got into trouble. On losing his situation he appears to have found the Muses. However, it is uncertain, if the world is much the gainer from the fact. I select the following, which is, I believe, of the whole, the only piece worthy of the name of poetry :—

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEE.

One morning for sweet recreation, when the wind's soft breezes  
did blow,

'Twas down by a clear crystal river, where sweet purling waters  
did flow,

'Twas there I beheld a fair damsel, some goddess it appeared to  
be

As she rose from the rippling water on the banks of the green,  
mossy Lee.

I up and I bid her good morning, good morning, most amiable  
maid,

I am your captive slave for the future, "come, sir, do not banter,"  
she said ;

"I am but a plain country girl, and that, sir, you plainly may  
see,

And yonder my father is coming, from the banks of the green  
mossy Lee."

I waited till up came her father, and summoned my spirit once  
more,

"Kind sir, if this be your daughter, this beautiful girl I adore ;  
Ten thousand a year is my fortune, a lady your daughter may  
be.

She can ride in her chariot and horses, o'er the green mossy  
banks of the Lee."

He welcomed me home to his cottage, and soon after in wedlock  
we joined,  
And there we erected a mansion, for pleasure and pastime combined ;  
And now the American stranger great pleasure and pastime  
will see,  
With adorable gentle Eliza, on the green mossy banks of the  
Lee.

This is not too bad, but 'tis, without doubt, the best in the collection. I refrain from quoting the Bard's valedictory poem, in which he complains old age is upon him, and that he alas must pass to the great majority. It is to be hoped Irishmen at home and abroad will survive this misfortune. Such as the illustrious Commodore make the Irish in America ridiculous.

It is as absurd to imagine every Irishman is a wit or poet, as to believe every Irishman could be a Swift, or a Moore ; or every Englishman a Dickens, or a Shakespeare. I don't know how many of my countrymen I discovered trying to play the traditional *role* which the Americans so unconditionally assign them, that of wit and clown. 'Twas easy enough for me to see how unsuited they were to the part, and how badly paying such an effort would be if attempted at home. My experience is, the Americans are to be dealt with as the people of other nations, and that the best motto is, " Know your place and keep it."

On the other hand, I have met many of my countrymen who had made great headway in the land of their adoption, and could take their place as respected citizens of the Great Republic. I have heard it asserted that the Irish devote their spare hours solely

to politics, and that the America of to-day is absolutely in their hands. It is true, they are much devoted to politics, and their vote goes pretty solidly in the same direction, but it is equally true that their vote is cast for him who, in their estimation, has the best interests of the country at heart, independent of creed or class. In this they are to be highly commended, and show themselves worthy successors of their co-religionists of Maryland, who extended religious freedom to all, at a time when that privilege was, anywhere, exceptional. At the same time, it must be considered strange that during a century's existence of the Republic, not one Catholic has filled the Presidency, in a line of twenty-four Presidents, nor, I believe, the Vice-Presidency ; while a Catholic in the Cabinet is a rare bird. If the Irish then, who are mostly Catholics, wield such power in politics, and have, notwithstanding, submitted tamely to this condition of things, it must be freely admitted, they have maintained a very commendable freedom from religious rancour. I much prefer not to touch the religious question, except under pressure, but at the same time, I am free to state that America owes its greatness largely to those who professed the Catholic faith, and has, at this hour, no more ardent supporters and admirers than Catholics. Was not Columbus a Catholic? Was not Lord Baltimore, the pioneer of religious freedom, a Catholic? Did not the Catholics, Carroll and Lynch, sign the Declaration of Independence, and did not the Catholics, Lafayette, Moylan, Sullivan, Dillon, Barry, and a host of others willingly pledge their lives in defence of that Declaration? And did not the gallant Kearney, Corcoran, Meagher,

Shields, and Sheridan, all Catholics, fight bravely for the Union? No; there is not a single tenet in the Catholic faith that could warrant Catholics in being disloyal to the Constitution; on the contrary, they are being constantly warned by the ablest American prelates, through the agency of press and pulpit, to remain faithful to the laws and institutions of the country, while the same sentiments come re-echoed from the head of the Catholic Church. Yes; Catholics have repeatedly proved their loyalty, and let us hear when have they betrayed the trust reposed in them, whether in the battle-field, the civic chair, or councils of the nation?

But I have departed somewhat from my original purpose. My intention was to speak of the Irish wholly apart from religion. Circumstances however have arisen lately, whereby I am forced to touch somewhat upon the religious question. The position of the Irish of to-day is very much different from that of the Irish of fifty years ago. To-day, the Irish immigrant is educated more or less, and his ambition is not, as his predecessor, to try his strength and durability in digging canals and making railways, so much as to secure some convenient and easy position in the towns or cities, and shortly become member of half a dozen social clubs. His natural temperament drags him into politics, not so much for the sake of politics, but because he finds therein scope for intellect, and all the associations that are so congenial to his enthusiastic nature. The politician, sooner or later, is bound to display his best or worst qualities, and extremes appear to have a peculiar fascination for the ardent. In general, the Irish adopt American citizen-



ship, and are undoubtedly a great power in politics, and yet, I can only unearth one senator of Irish birth, out of a possible number of eighty-eight. Mr. P. Walsh, of Georgia, enjoys this unique distinction. In the House, members of Irish birth are comparatively few. William Bourke Cockran, Timothy J. Campbell of New York City, Ryan of New York State, M'Gann of Illinois, Weadock of Michigan, Clancy and Graham of Brooklyn, and M'Aleer of Pennsylvania, were born in Ireland. This to be sure is a small proportion, considering the complement numbers three hundred and fifty-six. I could make no effort to classify the many of Irish descent who have held, and are still holding, the most eminent positions in Congress, in law, in literature, and business. The American of Irish blood possesses all the keen perception and intellectual endowments of the native Irish, but is possessed of more avarice, and appears greatly alive to the fact that no matter how many and how distinguished his other qualities may be, a goodly alloy of dollars is necessary so as to become perfect. America is pre-eminently the land of the dollar, and that euphonious name falls upon your ear at every turn. Let it not be imagined uncle Sam is a niggard. He is liberal after a fashion; he delights to make money, and he delights to spend it, provided he makes vastly more than he expends. The Irish born even catch up this spirit, and long to be millionaires. A few realize their ambition. Why not, if they are so deserving? In America, it is boasted, the fittest always survives.

I am here reminded of the recent deaths of two esteemed American citizens of Irish birth—Senator

Fair, of Nevada, and Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, millionaires. Both came to the country with but a few dollars in their pocket, and both had to encounter all the difficulties that so often fall to the lot of the penniless, even beneath the star-spangled banner. Speaking of Senator Fair, I can hardly omit the names of Flood, M'Kay, and O'Brien, Irishmen like himself, who came to the United States poor and friendless, and were so closely associated with him in his successes and disappointments. All four engaged in silver and gold-mining, forming a company, and from poverty, one day rose to find themselves millionaires. They meanwhile kept their heads, and for long engaged in their ordinary duties as miners, until, having secured immense fortunes, sold out and retired. Here is confirmation, strong, that all Irishmen do not become intoxicated with success ; nor is it by any means the fact that all Irishmen, who grow from poverty to wealth, are unable to draw the line between independence and impudence. The career of the late lamented Mr. Kelly is another proof that the Celtic temperament can bear with prosperity. No stranger himself to hard times, he yet could pity the distressed, and when good fortune raised him to that happy condition of opulence, that is certain to command the respect of the American, he turned not his face from his countrymen, but contributed largely to every charitable work and object that tended in any way to elevate his race. The Irish here and in America deeply mourn his loss.

Passing over the many departments in which those of Irish birth or blood have distinguished themselves, I may be here permitted to refer briefly to their distinctions in literature. A good average of the

American prelates is of Irish birth, and most of them of Irish descent. Of these a large proportion is literary in some way or other. The names of the late J. B. O'Reilly and Father Ryan are quite familiar to us, while America can still reckon upon James Jeffrey Roche, Margaret F. Sullivan, Richard H. Clarke, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Maurice F. Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Patrick Donohoe, and Mary J. Onahan. I was about to omit Katherine E. Conway, which would be something of a blunder. Miss Conway is not the new woman, but the womanly woman. If there were more Miss Conways and more Mary Andersons, a more healthful feminine atmosphere could be generated. These are the names which readily occur to me ; but I do not pretend by any means to give an exhaustive quotation of the eminent litterateurs whom Ireland justly claims, whether by reason of birth or blood. No, they are counted by hundreds. But the Americans claim to recognise no distinction in race or religion for all are to become blended in friendship and harmony. I am glad it is so ; and in all earnestness, say to my countrymen and kinsfolk, the sooner they become merged into the Great Republic, and are heartily interested in its welfare, the better. How I could wish every Irishman would learn, and apply in his individual case, the noble words of Colonel Corcoran ! " I am here not because I am an Irishman, but because I am an American citizen, faithful to the oath I voluntarily took upon myself when I sought the protection of the flag of the United States—its enemies shall be my enemies."

## CHAPTER VII.—IRISH GIRLS IN AMERICA.

**I** PART reluctantly with New York, but circumstances force me on. When might I expect to arrive at San Francisco this way? In passing thence let me say a word of the Immigrant Girls' Home, in which the Irish all over the world are especially interested. The Home is at 7 State Street, but a visit to Ellis Island, where the steerage passengers are disembarked for examination, is well worth the time. It is better to begin at the source; and I must say that my visit proved highly interesting, as well as instructive. At present the first and second class passengers are exempted from the ordeal, but there is an effort lately, to include second-class, which, however, is not seemingly succeeding. Ellis Island now takes the place of Castle Garden, in this department. It contains five acres, and is covered for the most part with government buildings, which are wooden structures. The Americans call them buildings; we would call them sheds. I happened on a time when there were vessels at the pier from several European ports, so that I had ample opportunity of witnessing the arrangements and pronouncing on their merits or demerits.

In reference to the immigrants, however, I was mainly interested in the Irish, and am pleased to say that in physique, and even dress, they looked the finest of the crowd. Many of them seemed completely bewildered, and dazed, and in cases 'twas almost impossible to obtain coherent answers. Here may be

noted the peculiarity of dress, the difference of manner, the Babel of tongues of the different countries of Europe. The immigrant inspectors are supposed to know the various languages, at least to satisfy themselves of the eligibility of each for admission to the States, and if they are not perfectly understood, 'tis not for want of an effort. So articulate were they that they might be distinctly heard at the utmost end of the building, which is 460 feet by 180. This, too, like everything American, is gigantic. As soon as the vessel strikes the pier, they are driven like cattle into pens in this building, and well secured, so that there is no possibility of escaping until the officers are in readiness. The bolts are then removed, and they pass in order to be examined. Failing to answer the queries satisfactorily, there is another pen to which they are relegated, pending further investigation. I have seen several such cases, and their look of helpless agony made me heart-sick. Sightseers would do well to visit the Island and see the machinery at work. They should find, no doubt, much to engage their attention ; but from any other point of view the whole process is in the last degree disgusting. I suppose it is one of those necessary abuses that must go on.

I had just seen as much of the proceedings as I cared, when the rev. director, of the Immigrant Girls' Home, to whom I had been already introduced, questioned me on my impressions. The Americans, I found, prided themselves on their uprightness, and gave their judgment on men and things frankly and honestly as they found them. In the present instance I was peculiarly American, and withal my frankness was not so much relished as I expected. I was then

presented to an Hon. Joseph Senner, who is, I believe, an Austrian by birth, and is much interested in our Irish. I surmise it was intended that my impressions might be corrected, having expressed my sentiments so freely with regard to the vociferating genii before mentioned, and, indeed, I must as freely own that the contrast was pleasingly striking. I had also occasion to form the acquaintance of an Hon. E. MacSweeney, who is a Massachusetts man by birth, but of Irish descent, and a splendid specimen of an Irish-American. Both these gentlemen occupy very eminent positions as officers of immigration, and are most indulgent to our Irish emigrants. In the second instance, as in the first, I was most favourably impressed.

The Rev. M. O'Callaghan, director of the "Girls' Home," is one of the best known ecclesiastics in America. He receives notice again and again in most of the papers and periodicals of the country, and the good work he is effecting is referred to in no mistakable terms. I read with much interest a cleverly written article on the subject in *Donahoe's Magazine* some time ago, in which it is stated, that the Home each year on an average cares for 4,000 girls who have no friends until situations are provided for them. This institution is intended principally for Irish girls and Catholics, but no one is excluded on account of religion or race. It is supported entirely by voluntary contribution, receiving neither State or municipal aid, but all classes readily subscribe. The director, who is Irish, born in County Cavan, is small of stature with fair complexion, and exceedingly unpretentious and simple in manner. He is, however, a rare adept in his business, and possessed of detective qualities of no

mean order. The stories told me of rescuing unwary victims from the jaws of demoniacal landsharks would fill a goodly sized volume. Many of them bordered on the fantastic, and I could only wonder how human malice even was able to descend to such low, hellish devices to entrap the innocent. I learned, too, that he had been pastor of an important charge in the diocese of his adoption, before undertaking this work, and has never since received any pecuniary recompense for his labours. All day he is at the landing jealously guarding the interests of the immigrant girls. It is such as he who make religion respected. In the good work he is ably assisted by a Mr. McCool, formerly of Derry, who acts as secretary to the Mission. What must have been the havoc before such precautions were taken? I notice there is an effort to form an association in Ireland to work in harmony with the one at New York. How could this be possible? So far it is only theory. I should like to hear the theory thought out.

The Irish girls always remain Irish in sympathy, and hanker after the simplest fare and enjoyments of home, notwithstanding the sumptuous tables and gorgeous shows of America. I had occasion to call on quite a number, and their expressions invariably were, "Ireland is my first thought in the morning, and my last at night." In talking of home and friends they paled and flushed in turn, and were clearly labouring under great emotion. I bore innumerable messages, but in no case was my information sufficiently satisfactory. I was literally overpowered with inquiries. The first question was very general, such as "What news from Ireland?" but the matter did not drop there. I was supposed to know the most

private affairs of families and the gossip of every district, and questioned accordingly. In all cases there was the firmest resolution of returning home, and had in store for themselves a world of enjoyment there. The best determinations, however, for one reason or another are found to collapse, and thus their fondest hopes are never realised. In manner, in dress, and speech, I found them more American than the Americans themselves—quite as business-like, and guessing and calculating in the same ratio. In speaking of things American they were nasal, and given to cant phrases like the native Americans of their class ; but when they came to speak of home and Ireland, they were as Irish as ever. I remember bearing a message to an Irish girl whom I had known for years before emigrating. She seemed just as Irish as when last I saw her, although several years in the country. During our interview the landlady unexpectedly appeared with a host of mandates. The change of a sudden was extraordinary. At once she was all tension and sinews chiming in now and then, according to the requirements of the case, with the politest “ Yes, ma’am,” and ready for action like a military private under command. That was well enough, but when the good lady disappeared she was rated in first-class Irish fashion.

Most of the Irish girls are domestic servants. The Yankee girls can’t see their way to be serfs to the fancies and caprices of any overbearing madam. They can well enough understand to commence at six and stop at six, but to be all day on strain, as well as a goodly part of the night, is too much for their natures. In consequence, they prefer shopwork or factory work, where the hours are fixed, and thus have the



time over and above entirely at their own disposal. Hence the Irish have the monopoly, and are much appreciated. It is wonderful how soon they become cooks, housemaids, laundrymaids and nurses, all in perfection. Their adaptability for instruction, and their knowledge of the language help them ; whereas the Germans, Italians, and others are awfully at a discount, not knowing any language but their own.

Mistresses in America delight in pointed thrusts at the characteristics and blunders of their Irish maid servants, while the masters pun eternally on the brogue, the misapplication of Yankee terms, the whiskey drinking properties and the general clumsiness of their Irish man-servants. I do not think that I have been in a single private family where some such good-natured topics did not crop up ; and, if my host and hostess were Irish themselves, or even Irish descent, all the worse. I found the Irish who by hard labour and perseverance had made for themselves means and position were particularly critical and severe on their own country folk, and yet rather indulgent and considerate to others. Here is what the Irish-American landlady says of the Irish girl :—

“As you see, my servants are all now Swiss or German. I could no longer trouble with the Irish. In the first instance they required to be trained, but when I had just trained them carefully, having given much time to the task, they at once ceased to be obedient. They were often disrespectful, and in several instances I was confronted with a storm of abuse. They aped the manner of our best-toned Americans in public, while in private they were disagreeable and insolent. I could not purchase a dress

nor trinket that they did not follow with something in imitation, though much inferior in quality, as if in mimicry of my tastes. Like all of that unfortunate country, they took drink when the occasion arose, and it was never safe to expose them to the danger. They did all sorts of unmeaning things. One new arrival some time ago for her greater comfort sat upon the stove, and finding the position less comfortable than expected, set to righting it by the free use of ice-water, and this again failing took to whipping it into subjection. Another who accompanied me through town, finding the cars too thronged, and seeing in certain instances some enjoying the hospitality of their friends' knees, without the slightest apology or excusing herself in the least, took this unheard of liberty with me. Perhaps she thought this was the general order, but I was so shocked I did not form the smallest resistance."

Needless to continue. The other good things told were just in keeping, and enjoyable, no doubt, from their absurdity. The good madam had not much sympathy with her race. If she had learned to treat her helps with the respect due to them, they in turn would treat her respectfully. In happy contrast, here is what the real native American says of the Irish:—

"If there is on earth a disinterested people, 'tis the Irish. They have helped to build up great nations, by fighting their battles, that now seek to despise them. Their own history is one of wrongs and sufferings, borne with the most unexampled patience. We are particularly brought into contact with their best qualities through the Irish girl, who is a blessing in our homes. She is always cheerful, never churlish, and oftentimes witty. She is ready to be taught, and has a

great capacity to learn, and is wonderfully soon initiated into all the household duties. Her devotion to her parents and home are remarkable. At certain fixed times she is certain to forward to her aged father and mother a portion of her honest earnings, and is ever deeply interested in any project for the deliverance of her country. Though bodily in America, her heart and sympathies are in Ireland. It is always safe to entrust her with the most private affairs of families ; she is strictly honest, much devoted to her Church, and generally a good example for our children. Eventually she becomes part and parcel of the family, and is heartily interested in its well-being. When a separation occurs, we mourn her loss as one of ourselves."

Which opinion is to be accepted ? Judge where is the less prejudice. The emigration problem is certainly a great question, and its importance bursts upon you in all its reality when you see the Irish girl in America, young, pretty, open-hearted, and confiding, pining in exile far from friends and congenial associations, giving her best blood to the United States, and probably her bones to her native country—all in pursuit of the phantom dollar. It is impossible to stop the stream in its onward course. We must stand by and look on. Nature seems trying to create irresistible attractions in countries uninhabited, so as to draw population. The most we can do is endeavour to keep the stream in its proper channel. Just fancy ! some 15,000 Irish girls pass through Ellis Island, at New York, each year, not to speak of thousands who are disembarked at other ports in the States, and the many who emigrate to Canada.

## CHAPTER VIII.—OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

WHAT will Brooklyn folk say about my description of New York, I wonder? There is hardly any rivalry between New York and Brooklyn, because the former is too far ahead. If there was any comparison between the cities in resources and population competition would be the natural sequence, but, as it is, the people of the City of Churches content themselves by gazing across the river in admiration, and lauding the prosperity of the huge city, feeling proud to live so near. They will tell you their's is a beautiful city, but, of course, there's no city like New York. I don't know that I can ever dare to re-visit Brooklyn, not that I have said too much of New York, but that I have said too little of it—with its 800,000 inhabitants. That's no trifle of a city. A city hereabouts with half that population is certain to command respect, and be thought about. But here I am, after I don't know how many chapters on New York, without even mentioning the name of Brooklyn, save and except when it was impossible to get over the difficulty. This is surely a recompense for the hospitality so generously and so generally accorded!

Brooklyn did not strike me as a new city. It looks very brickly, and there is by no means the bustle or hurry to be found across the river. If you are not pressed for time, the most interesting way to get to Brooklyn is to walk leisurely over the world-famed Brooklyn Bridge. Here you can have a splendid view of the bay, the river, and the cities on both sides.

This is one of the first feats I attempted in America, and, notwithstanding the many attractions, I was glad to see the end of it. Just fancy a bridge a whole mile long, and 85 feet wide! There are two towers on each side 278 feet in height above high water, and proportionately solid. From these are suspended four cables of steel wire  $15\frac{3}{4}$  inches in diameter, which support the central span. The floor of the bridge is 135 feet above high water, so that any of our Atlantic Liners can pass under in full rig. Thirteen years were spent in its construction, and it cost £3,000,000 sterling. Now, is it strange the Americans should have their boast now and then?

The principal business street is Fulton Street, while Clinton Avenue is the handsome street of the city. Here are the homes of the wealthy citizens of Brooklyn as well as New York, and if this world's comforts can create happiness, then their cup is brimful. The street is lined on both sides with trees, and many of the residences have ornamental grounds. I noticed, in addition to evergreens, that our rowan tree is a great favourite, and looked upon as being very ornamental. Many of the streets are paved with very hard and very real stones, whose heads would be nothing the worse for being crushed into better order. Brooklyn is pre-eminently the City of Churches. Churches are everywhere, but I was most interested in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, which is famous for its music, and the Tabernacle of world-wide reputation, as being associated with the name of Dr. Talmage. The city is largely Catholic, and the ceremonies of the Church are carried out with great solemnity.

The Brooklynites do not much parade their city for

admiration, but they usually ask you, if you are a stranger, whether you have been to Prospect Park. This park is one of the largest and most beautiful I have seen, and there is no time when it appears to better advantage than on Sunday afternoon. 'Twas my privilege to see it then, more from accident than any pre-arrangement, and the immense crowds of people passing and repassing, as well as the incessant whirl of vehicles, made me dizzy. On the same occasion a friend drove me to Coney Island, some five or six miles from the city, so that I might have an opportunity of deciding how the good folk there observed the Sabbath. I shall not easily forget our journey thither. Vehicle followed upon vehicle in such quick succession that there was hardly standing room. The pace was pretty rapid, but one followed after the other in good order. Soon the line was broken, and a gentleman, apparently anxious to be seen to the best advantage by his two lady friends, ran almost abreast with us, but sufficiently in advance to show his superiority. I rather enjoyed the situation, but it was quite otherwise with my friend. Several times he expressed his dissatisfaction at this mode of treatment, and his willingness to uphold his dignity. It appeared to me I had a character to lose, and did not wish to engage in this contest. Seeing, however, that it was useless to raise objections, I somewhat approvingly permitted things to take their course. We next erred against good order, and the battle went on. The struggle was a fierce one, and the victory for a long time seemed doubtful. A bicycling group of nigger girls stopped operations to see the result, and a little farther a gentleman and lady driving bicycle

tandem in the excitement overbalanced. Many were the plaudits for both sides, and the struggle was a long and hard one. Victory at length rested with us, much to the chagrin of our opponent, who, extremely crest-fallen, edged off at the next crossing. On reaching our destination 'twould seem as if the inhabitants of Brooklyn, New York, and Jersey had fled panic-stricken from their cities to find refuge at Coney, so vast was the assemblage there. Seeing that their time was so much taken up in amateur horse-racing, switch-back railways, miniature Ferris wheels, the retailing of beers and small brandies, as well as sea-bathing, I did not think the occasion suitable to investigate how far they read the Bible and devoutly prayed, and, therefore, after a few hours' delay, steered once more to town. On our way we took occasion to visit Calvary Cemetery. I had heard a good deal of this receptacle of the dead. Many times it cropped up in the society of friends, who hardly hoped to see again their native land, and resignedly settled upon resting their bones in Calvary. The touching way in which they expressed this resignation much affected me.

The whole as a cemetery is not exceptionally fine, and I must rather confess I was disappointed. Some of the monuments, bearing unmistakable Irish names, are very fine. As to the church, it is entirely out of keeping with the place, and is an old wooden structure, not very well kept in order at that. Calvary is the Catholic burying-ground.

I had almost forgotten to speak of the electric car system, which is in full swing in Brooklyn. In this respect it has the advantage of New York. I took occasion to mention their remissness to the citizens of

the latter, but in reply they informed me of the terrible evils inseparable from that system. Among other things, I was informed of the great destruction to human life, several persons being killed daily through the falling of wires. Strange to say, the folk living in immediate proximity to the supposed scenes of disaster never once heard of such fatalities. So much for the authority of jealous neighbours!

The people of Brooklyn are much more retiring and not by any means so much absorbed in business as their friends across the river. You will not find the continuous rush that is to be found in New York, nor so many able-bodied storekeepers hurrying between their several stores to see that all is well, coatless, vestless, braceless, and sometimes hatless. This is what Americans call business! Much more time is devoted to the social joys of home, and the people seem better to understand that wealth is to be acquired only so far as it contributes to make life happy. They are very hospitable and refined, and I may say I have met some who would do honour to our most distinguished drawing-room parties. So, Brooklyn! good-bye. I'm off to Philadelphia!

New York is woefully wanting in railway termini, and when you wish to proceed elsewhere you must usually cross the Hudson to Jersey. The Hudson is a magnificent river, and the scenery on both sides for thirty or forty miles is sublimely beautiful, and is often compared with the Rhine. As to Jersey, nobody ever thinks of saying a word about it, although its population is over 120,000. I had again and again made up my mind to visit Jersey, but was as often diverted from my purpose, my friends assuring me that it was



the most God-forsaken of places. In such matters, however, I did not always find friends reliable. According to them, all the great sights were to be seen in places I had not yet seen, and particularly, having heard my programme, where I was not likely to visit. Jersey, I found, was a very regularly laid out town ; the streets are broad, running at right angles to each other, and solidly built. There are a great many manufacturing establishments, but it is principally noted for its connection with most of the railway systems of the United States. I looked hard for the proverbial Jersey farmer, but could find none to correspond to my ideal. The ferry boats crossing in connection with the railways might well be termed floating islands. They have little pretensions to style, but in extent they beat all records. Here you will find passengers, horses in vehicles, gentlemen quite at ease in their buggies, others on horseback, professional hucksters and their wares all jumbled together as best they can, and regarding the whole with perfect indifference as the most matter of course thing in the world. What is there wonderful in this ? The wonder rather is that the whole train of railway cars, locomotive included, is not floated across, as happens in other parts of the States.

Arrived at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, the conductor rings out in accents clear, "Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and the West," and you forthwith take your seat. The American cars completely out-distance ours in point of comfort. They are, in plain English, veritable palaces on wheels. Every home comfort can be had. There is no difference in the classes ostensibly, but the enterprising railway men get over

the difficulty, and at the same time preserve the democratic principles of the country. Several companies, such as the Pullman, the V'agner, and Palace Car, totally independent of the railway companies, undertake to supply them with specially-constructed carriages, which, for convenience and arrangement, are perfect boudoirs. You first procure the regular ticket, then go, say, to the office of the Pullman Company, and there pay the extra. The companies afterwards arrange matters, and, no doubt, chuckle over the success of the scheme.

Instead of entering at the side, as in our carriages, you enter at the end, and can walk right through to the locomotive, there being a central passage all the way. You are just as comfortable as in your own room. Each compartment contains about twelve seats on each side of passage, accommodating respectively two persons, and arranged so that all passengers face in the direction of engine; and are, therefore, much more agreeable than ours, where fellow-travellers inevitably glare into each other's faces. They can be also arranged to serve for couches, and parties of four can so settle matters as to have the pleasure of seeing each other face to face. The porters accompany the train, and on arriving at each station announce its name at the entrance of the respective cars, so there is no difficulty on that head.

You are not quite seated when the coloured waiter shouts at the top of his voice, "Last call to dinner," or, as it may happen, "supper," but the "last" is always sure to be appended. I have several times taken meals on the cars, and received as good attention, and was presented with quite as good a bill of

fare as at any first-class hotel, the fee being in all cases, wherever or whatever the meal, one dollar. The waiters are nearly always niggers, extremely good-natured, and liked to be joked with. Their faces are very happy, and the darker the complexion the better. In fact, the darkies turning white wear a sort of scowl or mournful look, as if regretting the misfortune that had befallen them.

The Americans have reduced the fatigue and inconvenience of travelling to the minimum. There is the drawing-room, smoking-room, sleeping-room (there being usually two beds, one over the other, as on ship-board), wash-room, reading-room, lavatory, bath-room, and barber's shop. There is also an outlook car to accommodate tourists who are interested in the scenery of the country. In case you wish to write a letter, you have a writing desk quite convenient, with pen and paper, and may at once set to work. Perhaps you are not accustomed to writing under such circumstances, and find the duty difficult to perform, and notwithstanding, still imperfect ; so the best thing to be done is to entrust it to the typewriter at the other corner, who will execute your order with cheapness, neatness, and dispatch, and have the same mailed at the next stopping.

I was just having my first experience of American railway travelling, and regarding with no small amazement the delicious luxury of the compartments, the furniture, upholstered in rich velvet, of the drawing-room, the high and wide windows and their sumptuous draperies, the beautiful writing-desks and book shelves, when the porter shouted clearly and sharply, "Philadelphia." We had come to the City of the Quakers.

## CHAPTER IX.—SOJOURN AMONG THE QUAKERS.

A FRIEND said to me a few days ago, "I have been reading your 'Sketches,' and if you sojourn among the Quakers as long as you have dallied with the New York folk we can hardly hope to hear of your arrival at Chicago and the Fair, about which we are so anxious, sooner than twelve months hence."

"While extremely grateful," I rejoined, "to anybody who gives me good advice, and admitting that I have been rather prodigal in my attention to the folk aforesaid, I must state on my own behalf that I had endeavoured somewhat to prepare my friends for this trouble, and, besides, I was then fresh at the business. You will be rather surprised," I continued, "how quickly I shall label the Quakers and place them one side."

My friend smiled approvingly, and said something to the effect that the public should hardly ever know to whom they owed so deep a debt of gratitude.

Philadelphia is styled the "Quaker City," but the title seems inapplicable just now. The city was founded by William Penn, who bought the site from the Indians, and from whom also the State of Pennsylvania derives its name. He was an Englishman and a Quaker. Emigrating from England about the 17th century, he brought with him a colony of his brethren, and settled on the banks of the Delaware, there founding the "Friendly City," which rapidly increased in population and importance. Although the Quakers, or, as they would rather call themselves, the "Society

of Friends," grew to be a large and respectable colony, they had never much influence as a proselytising sect, partly on account of the cold formality of their worship, and partly from want of a clerical organisation. The society, therefore, never became anything like general, and at no time could the whole reckon upon more than 200,000 members. They are said, however, to be honest in their dealings, and generally upright in their lives. The sobriquet "Quaker" is applied to them on account of their extraordinary reverence for the very name of God.

'Tis about time Philadelphia should cease to be called the Quaker City, Quakerism being a thing of the past, or, if still existing, its professors keep very much indoors. In all my wanderings there, which were many and varied, I had but the good luck to hit upon two real Quakers, donned in their quaint grey costumes in the style of two centuries past, and notably sage and silent. They sat quite convenient to me in the cars, so that I had ample opportunity of pronouncing on their movements. Although apparently in the relation of man and wife, being of corresponding ages, and occupying the same seat, no word once escaped their lips, and when after quite a distance, it was their time to decamp, they did so, taking with them their little parcels, and still preserving the same unbroken silence and antique look. "No wonder," I thought, "that a religion which bears upon the very face of it such gloom is destined to die of rapid consumption." So much for the two old Quakers of that former stronghold, and probably by the time this work reaches the second edition, they, too, shall have ceased to *quake*.

Speaking from experience, my best belief is the "Friendly City" should in all future time be called the City of Psalmists, judging from the psalm-singing tendencies of its people. This trait appeared to best advantage on board the "Republic" sailing down the Delaware to Cape May one gloriously fine day towards the end of July. There could not have been less than 4,000 individuals on that excursion all in holiday attire and spirits; and to all appearance, a few thousand more could find good accommodation—such is the extent of these floating islands. Towards evening on our return, when all were flagging from excitement and sight-seeing, a lady gathered around her a group of Sunday School children, and sang in sweetest tones some of the more favourite church hymns. She was severely pitted, but her voice made up for defects, and was exquisite for an American. Soon afterwards quite a crowd collected and helped to swell the strain—youths and maidens, elderly matrons and their partners through life's joys and sorrows, weather-beaten seamen, dandified stewards in their blue jackets and gilt buttons, and neat stewardesses in their trim bodices and white coiffures, all came together, whether actuated by devotion or curiosity, and the general change from gay to grave was remarkable. There was a parson in the crowd, dressed somewhat as those of his calling in our own country, except in that he wore a brownish straw hat, a particularly white vest, flaunting a massive albert and huge locket. He was very social and obliging, and talked much to a Catholic clergyman of our party on various subjects, although there could not have been any previous acquaintance. He, too, joined in the psalms, singing

with earnestness, and at times sustaining the drooping voices, all the while seeming perfectly in his sphere. I was so completely hemmed in on all sides that there was no escape, and was thus obliged to keep my place until the first zeal had passed away. They sang various psalms, but I particularly remember the well-known hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." The voices blended beautifully, and the refrain was enchanting. Attractive as was the whole, the throng shortly disappeared, and I was again at liberty.

Well, to be sure, this was something unlooked for in the "Land of the Free," and I almost imagined myself suddenly transplanted to the "Land o' Cakes," among the psalm-singing, bible-reading, Burns-reciting Scotch! In the name of wonder, cannot people sing and pray to their hearts' content at home or in church for the rest of their lives without parading their piety on excursion days, before those who could, under no circumstance, sympathise with them, much less on holidays?

Cape May is a very fashionable bathing resort, especially for the Philadelphians. The village, however, contains but a few thousand, remarkable for nothing in particular, except its hotels, boarding houses, and villas, such as might be expected at any watering place. There is a splendid drive along the beach, five miles long, which is very generally availed of. Persons unaccustomed to American ways will be rather shocked on seeing the ladies and gentlemen bathing together, but there is, after all, little objectionable, considering that both are dressed in special bathing dresses, with sandals, and even bathing head-dress. I rather think if the Americans came to our

bathing resorts they should have more reasonable grounds for complaint on seeing the after-date customs of many even of our pretentious sea-goers.

I fancy old Stephen Girard, like myself, got rather much of the psalms in his lifetime. So it would appear from the nature of his bequests. I forget now how many volumes make out his will, but I do remember that he is particularly severe on evangelisers. No clergyman is admitted to the institution which bears his name, Sunday or week day, even as a tourist. Our party had determined on visiting Girard College, and the permits pointed out this fact in no mistakable terms. There was the inevitable clergyman in the number, and what was to be done? Well, that clergyman got us into more trouble than anything I can recollect, and when next I visit America I'll take precious good care his reverence shall stay at home. One advantage he had over the rest—he always travelled for a little over half fare in the States, and, when he was come down upon, he turned pretty quickly about with this rejoinder. The same was the custom of Canada, but 'tis fast disappearing. Now, here we were deliberating and thinking out the most likely successful scheme. His reverence began to apologise for being a clergyman at all, and was prepared to forego his part of the sight-seeing, apparently thinking the game was not worth the playing. "Not at all," said an enterprising American, "under other circumstances, that might be so, but the opposition doubly enhances its relish. Just leave the matter in my hands, and I promise to lead you to certain victory." All was entrusted to our friend, and he did the engineering with much tact. Soon his reverence underwent



such a change that he could hardly recognise himself in Wanamaker's best mirrors, or say to what profession he really belonged. Everybody enjoyed this feat, and good-humouredly advanced to seek admission. The porter sat in awful state, although without livery, and inquired in tones decisive if there was a clergyman in the party, gazing fixedly on the real culprit. Our American friend answered for all, and in tones as determined, assured him he was no clergyman, and that the others were European tourists, which was true. There were no further inquiries, and we all affixed our signatures to a very voluminous roll-book, and passed through, extending many mutual congratulations on the successful issue of the little plot. At various places through the buildings and grounds we were questioned as to whether we had come by the highway, or had taken advantage of the bye-way. Our pilot again led, and answered for the party somewhat gruffly and defiantly that we were not people to take advantage of bye-ways, and so we were permitted to explore as much of this mysterious institution as we cared. In the laundry, which is composed in a good measure of Irish girls, there was much chuckling, the villains knowing right well there was an offender in the crowd.

This College was founded by Stephen Girard, a native of France, who was singularly fortunate in the New World, and acquired considerable wealth. He bequeathed £400,000 sterling for suitable buildings, endowing the institution with the residue of his property, for the support and education of destitute orphan boys. The estate is now valued at £3,000,000 sterling. The buildings are of beautiful white marble,

about four storeys in height, the halls and corridors well ventilated and very architecturally designed. There might be 1,400 boys on the play-ground, engaged in all sorts of out-door games. They are kept in the home until between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and are taught a trade, receiving at the same time a pretty liberal education, and finally provided with situations. No clergyman of any denomination has any say to the concern, and there is no form of worship practised, except that they assemble on Sunday in a spacious round room, which in turn serves for amateur theatricals, to hear the reading of the Bible, but without comment. On leaving the institution, they are at perfect freedom to adopt whatever form of worship they may think right, and it is very remarkable that seldom do they become Catholics.

It appears to me, Stephen! you made a mistake in this matter. In what respect could these boys be the loser for being trained to the religion of their parents? But Stephen complains of the great plethora of religions, and the many winds of doctrine, and, therefore, gives them time to mature and decide for themselves which course to pursue. And hence in this particular they are placed in a better position than if they had not been orphans? How inconsistent! I do not blame the author of this original idea. He was clearly in his way benevolent, but as clearly had his fads. However, I do not blame a law which carries out to the letter a bequest so unreasonable. What will the folk two centuries hence say of this arrangement?

During my stay at Philadelphia I was the guest entirely of friends, so that this time I was released

from the go-by-machinery way of hotels, and had better opportunity of seeing the Americans at home. The residences of the wealthy compare favourably with the best residences of New York and Brooklyn, while the middle and working classes are housed much more comfortably than in either. The system of living in flats does not prevail in Philadelphia, while in New York this thing exists to an alarming extent. There are nine and ten families in some houses, all entering by the same door, using the same corridor and stairway, perfect strangers to each other, and wholly ignorant of each other's name and occupation, with a janitor to keep things in order. In the "Friendly City" people have their own houses, large or small, but still solely in their own occupation, and thus have more of the real joys of home. Much of my time was spent in West Philadelphia, and I will ever remember the neat, quiet street of my abode, with its comfortable and commodious cottages. My hostess was still early in the twenties, lately entered upon the responsibilities of home-keeping, and I could easily see how proud she was to be queen of the little empire.

The middle classes are very comfortably housed, and their food is substantial, using meat as a rule three times daily, and the indispensable tomatoes, muskmelons, water-melons, bread always, and a moiety of fried or mashed potatoes. Tea is not much in requisition ; but the tea that is used by the working classes, and even the coffee at home, as well as at the ordinary restaurants, are unfit for human use. At the better class hotels, and with the well-to-do people, you can have tea and coffee of the best flavour, but you must be careful in ordering your tea, to mention English breakfast tea.

Breakfast is usually at seven, dinner at twelve, supper at six, and your most intimate friend will expect, if you do not chance upon meal-hour, that you will patiently await the next meal, or patronize the nearest restaurant. Neither are you going to have your old-country whim for having your boots cleaned and ready for use at your door, gratified. Your friend is too much interested in your welfare to consult your little weakness in any such way, and candidly informs you the sooner you get cured of your antediluvian ideas so much the better. You must, therefore, do this piece of work in your own interest or wait until you find a professional in some quiet place, or adopt the third and only remaining alternative. A little incident happened to me at the home of a very respectable business man in Philadelphia, which was to me then highly amusing, but which afterwards I came to regard as an affair of every-day life. Being a stranger, and anxious to know as much of the customs of the country as possible, I gladly availed myself of an invitation to dine with him on Sunday. He received me with much warmth, and was clearly bent on making things as pleasant for me as possible. The party consisted of my host, hostess, and family, a gentleman and his two lady friends, a gentleman friend of mine, and your humble servant. Conversation went on swimmingly until dinner was about to commence. My host approached me, and, in tones that showed he was neither ashamed nor afraid, desired me to put aside my coat, and that I should be ever so much the more comfortable. I was on the point of saying that mine was not an overcoat. If I had made this slip, what should have been the confusion of my host as well as my

own ? He pressed the suit again and again with as much earnestness as an Irishman, which he wasn't, and, although not showing signs of displeasure, considered my refusal at least unaccountable. However, I succeeded in getting my way and he had his, presiding with much grace in white shirt, characteristically American, having all its perfections on show, and not so much as a vest to hide one of them. Gents in America do not wear vests in summer, but go around, even on Sunday, preceded by remarkably white fronts, without offering the smallest apology. Now, how should I have looked thus divested in the presence of three ladies in a country where ladies rule the roast in all things, and whose decision is ever regarded final !

In Philadelphia I had a real good time, and find it difficult to say—Adieu ! I may have occasion again to refer to its population, the general disposition of its people, and its public buildings.

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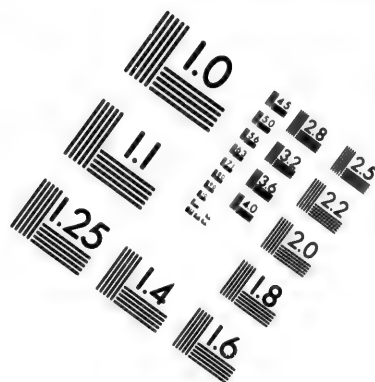
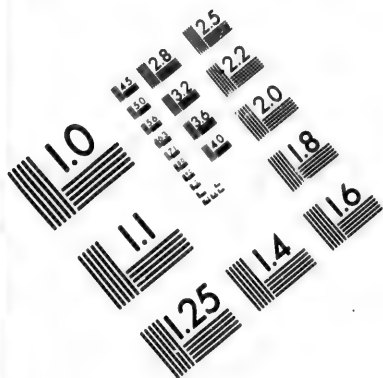
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

## CHAPTER X.—BALTIMORE.

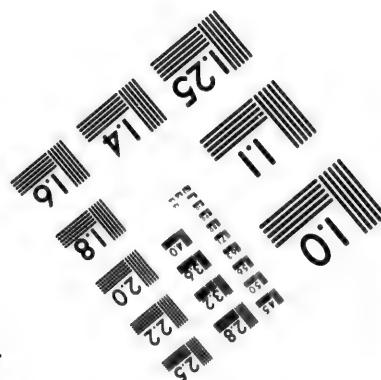
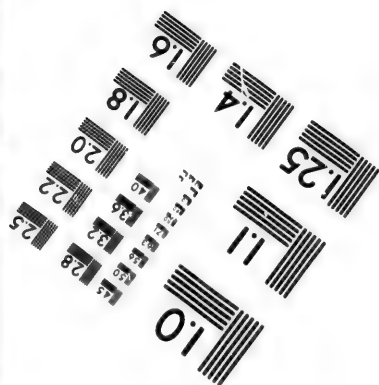
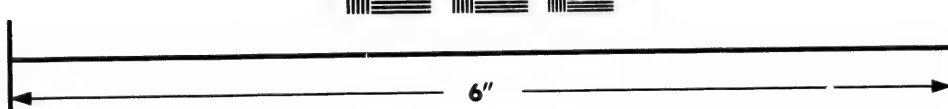
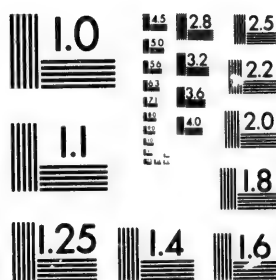
IN going through American cities the stranger is somewhat puzzled to learn the significance of the words "free lunch" over the entrance of so many beer shops. As a matter of fact, it means that you can enter and without further ceremony partake of luncheon free and forthwith go your way unmolested. This you will consider a rather strange mode of procedure, and will wonder how the barman can live and extend such generous hospitality to the public. But don't be alarmed; he makes it pay. The polite thing to do is introduce yourself by ordering your beer first and partaking of luncheon afterwards. The materials which make up the latter are highly seasoned, and you are not likely to have made much progress when a most distressing thirst overtakes you. Then, of course, you order more beer, and, this failing, more, until you have fairly paid your footing. This is an old institution in the country, but, like many another good thing, ceased in a great measure since the civil war. Men's hearts then became harder.

I was particularly interested in these little details, and went out of my way oftentimes to see how they came off, for it is by such traits you get at the character of a people. An American gentleman on board the steamer asked me if I was about to make America my future home and become a citizen, speaking somewhat flatteringly of my prospects. I assured him that was not my intention, being no great admirer of the Americans and their institutions. "Do not," he said,





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"speak thus of America. My friend, you will not be one week in the country until you'll have your rocking chair, your water melons, your iced lemonade through a straw, and your free lunch." Before I was quite four days in the country I had partaken of all four, and then only recollected the prophecy. Why should people, therefore, draw rash deductions?

The free lunch institution is at its best in New York and Chicago. Philadelphians are too staid for such trifles. Their neighbours speak of them as extremely cautious in all their sayings and doings, and, though obliging, very reserved and taciturn. On my departure for Washington, a Philadelphian took his seat with me in the cars, and kept talking on various topics with much earnestness and intelligence. At length he came to ask me in what respect I hoped to turn my experience in America to account. "Well," I said, "I hope to write a few sketches on my return, giving my impressions of the country." "Have you taken many notes?" he asked. "I have taken none so far," I answered, "and don't believe much in note taking." "And you're going to write on America without so much as a note?" I nodded, signifying that such was exactly the state of the case. He only said, "Hem! hem!" and suddenly became deaf and dumb. My efforts to draw him into conversation again and again failed, and about the end of an hour's journey of unbroken silence he went his way quite forgetting to say good-bye.

Woe to the man in Philadelphia whose character is not above suspicion! He must be careful how he walks, and how he talks, and with whom he associates; the restaurant where he takes his lunch and the shop

where he sips his iced lemonade must be in keeping with his condition, otherwise he shall find himself shut out the next time he attempts to poke in his head among respectable people. There is a good deal of pretension to piety, and you can judge so much from the general manner of the people. That effort at sober, quiet dignity, which the Yankees elsewhere disdain as characteristic of John Bull, is pretty conspicuous in the Philadelphians.

As to the city, its plan is most regular. The population numbers something over half of New York, and yet Philadelphia covers much more ground. Formerly the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, which run somewhat parallel, formed the boundary of the city, but lately the entire county of Philadelphia is incorporated. The public buildings are about the finest I have seen in the country, while the newspaper buildings are many and exceedingly pretentious. I remember having visited the office of the *Times*, which is a paper deservedly of good standing, not only in the city but all over. The city editor, to whom I was introduced as a European tourist, received me with much cordiality, and, as his work was all but finished, showed me everything of interest in the building, and, therefore, I had the opportunity of witnessing the whole process—type setting, stereotype printing, both sides being printed together, until I saw the paper thrown off, folded, dried, and ready for use. What wood-cuts I shall never forget! It is hard to think they are an imaginative people when they require so many and such figures to set their mind a thinking. “How,” I said, addressing the editor, “do you manage to keep your paper out of trouble? People now-a-days are so

susceptible that they are ready to pounce on the news if their Christian or first names aren't given correctly." "Well," he said, "once in a while we get into a mix. But in difficult cases we have often out twenty reporters, so as to get at the facts. Then when we receive their respective versions we put the whole together, stir carefully, and accept the extract." I entirely acquiesced in his views, and took my leave, expressing myself highly pleased with the establishment in general and his attention in particular, which I was. I afterwards took occasion to refer to the genial manner in which the editor received me, and the interest he displayed in pointing out everything worthy of notice in the place; wondering that he could inconvenience himself so much for a perfect stranger. My friend who accompanied me, and led to our introduction, was gratified. "A capital fellow," he said, "and a good Christian; but a little bit sceptical on hell," he added, with a significant leer. "We often have a tremendous war on the subject, but it is the old story of Shakespeare's boxing match—Laertes wounds Hamlet, then there is a scuffle, and Hamlet wounds Laertes, and always part in good terms, both feeling victorious."

Of all the buildings in the city, Independence Hall is the most interesting, and no visitor thinks of leaving Philadelphia without making a pilgrimage thither. Here was the memorable Declaration of Independence signed, and proclaimed to the excited populace in 1776. Here is preserved the Bell of Liberty, that first sounded the note of freedom when that Declaration was passed; and here Washington, whose memory shall be ever dear to his country, delivered his fare-

well address, touching for its earnestness and pathos, on his retiring from public duties to his quiet country home at Mount Vernon, and his more congenial employment of farming wheat and tobacco. Philadelphia was originally the seat of government, until its transfer to Washington, and, of course, the residence of the first President. Independence Hall, therefore, played an important part in framing the Constitution, and many relics of the youthful Republic are carefully treasured there. The building itself is preserved in all its originality, but is far from imposing.

The Mint, where the United States coin is manufactured, is a beautiful building, of white marble, with a graceful portico ; and a visit there is most interesting. Here may be seen the whole process of coining, beginning with the bullion and ending with the money pieces ready for circulation, and here may be seen a rare collection of coins of different periods. The employés are mostly women. They handled the pieces with the dexterity of conjurers, and never once noticed our invasion. In America, women are in a great measure employed in Civil Service departments. In most of the public offices at Washington women officers confront you at every turn. Everywhere women receive the greatest attention and respect, but at the same time, are not considered above earning their own livelihood, and that reverence does not reach such a degree of superstition, as with us, that they are shut out from honourable employment. In what regard will reverence for woman clothe her delicate frame and nourish her with the bread of life? At some future date she may be thrown on her own resources, and why should she not be prepared for

such contingency and able to make her own way? What does respect, and especially in such circumstances? If anything, it only creates more dependence. Woman was not created to be absolutely in man's power; she has a distinct destiny of her own. Jonathan's daughters realise this to the full, and they are right. All, therefore, no matter what their position, have some means of earning a living if occasion arose, and in most cases utilise the means, being employed in one way or another.

There is much more business in the quiet, sober, city of the dead than folk elsewhere imagine, especially in Market Street and Chestnut Street, which are very elegant streets, as is also Broad Street, which is made up of magnificently-designed private residences. The store of John Wanamaker, at the corner of Chestnut Street, is certainly the finest it has been my lot to meet. It begins as a drapery concern, but I have no very clear idea of how it ends. Every sort of ware I could think of, is to be found there. The whole reminded me much of a section at the Columbian Exposition, even in this particular, that when you are tired you could have refreshments within its precincts. Our clothiers will be rather amused to learn that their Yankee brethren do not utilise shelves for their goods, but counters, running parallel to each other through the building, and there they are scattered in all manner of shapes. Indeed, it is often difficult to know which the customer and which the salesman. Neither does the salesman receive your money. He sells you the goods, prepares your parcel, and makes out your account. You forthwith hand your account with the sum to the receiver hard by, who places both in a

little receptacle for the purpose, which is hoisted into its track for the cashier's office, where it quickly drops. In less time than it takes to tell, the account returns marked "paid," as well as whatever balance remains. Thus, weak salesmen are saved from temptation. The manager took much interest in showing us all the arrangements, and meanwhile created much merriment by styling one of our party *professor*. If the American does not know your position he calls you professor, because he assumes you profess something. If you do not know his title call him colonel; if this fails, call him judge; and if he is very fussy and talkative, call him senator. Inside of this triangle you are pretty safe; but professor is sure to catch him. In some of the larger firms there are four, and often five thousand odd hands employed, all lively at work.

A word of advice before starting for Baltimore en route for Washington—Go and see Fairmount Park! It is hardly a park in the proper acceptance of that term, but a vast district of country running for seven miles along the both banks of the Schuylkill and embracing 33 miles of driveways. Without a visit thither the Philadelphians will regard you the merest tyro in the knowledge of their city.

I should have hurried past Baltimore, for me necessarily uninteresting, were it not the home of America's greatest dignitary, Cardinal Gibbons. Throughout the Catholic world his name is a household word, and especially with the Irish. Born of Irish parents at Baltimore, he is more Irish than the Irish, and, by whatever coincidence, his father returned to Ireland when the future Cardinal was but ten years old, and



here he received Confirmation at the hands of Archbishop MacHale. However that be, and although born in America, he is Irish to the core. He is as accessible as the most untitled of his clergy. You at once feel at home with him, and forget he is the highest Catholic dignitary in a vast country of 66 millions. Cardinal Gibbons is about sixty, but he looks much younger, and his genial Irish face brightens to its best when he comes to speak of Ireland. He is one who is not ashamed of the Irish blood that is in him, nor spoiled by dignities and titles. He is very inquisitive on the affairs of Ireland, and earnestly hopes that some redress may soon come for the people's grievances. The Cardinal does not impress you so much with his great talents, which are undoubted, as his extreme good nature which sweetens all his surroundings, and you at once realize that he has worked his way to the top by humility, perseverance, and uprightness.

As to Baltimore City, it is the capital of Maryland, and, of course, very Catholic. Its growth has been rapid, and it now numbers over 400,000. The harbour adds greatly to its picturesqueness, and its churches and public buildings rival those of the largest cities of the Union. Niggers are everywhere, and you are often puzzled to make out the difference between two of the brethren. I was sitting on a seat, surrounded with flowers and flower-beds, for quite a distance on both sides, right in the centre of a street of beautiful private residences, and trying to make up for wasted energy consequent on too much sight-seeing, when two negro women, one bearing a child of two years old in her arms, advanced and occupied the seat

opposite me. They took to conversation, and, as I was too fatigued to leave the way, I was subjected to the annoyance of overhearing them. The coloured mother of the coloured scion took to speaking of its perfections, and told how it knew father, and loved him, and how father reciprocated that love, and how it tried to meet father on his daily return from work, and how disappointed father was if that little meeting did not take place, and how intelligent it was, and how it slept at the proper time, and always awoke at the most convenient hour—in one word, that the little negro cad, with its woolly head and chubby face, was perfection personified. The lady friend nodded assent, and disputed the account in no particular. Why should she? Are there not on this side of the Channel and elsewhere mothers, whose faces are white enough to have better sense, and yet, whose ideas are just as dark upon the same subject?

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## CHAPTER XI.—COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA.

THERE is the very notable saying of a very notable American, "Go West, young man, go West." I, too, should counsel my young friend to go West, but prepare for all the consequences. Here and there as I went, in addition to personal experience, I encountered many of the experimenters whose story of disappointment and hardships minutely coincided, that I shudder for the West-bound youth. Whether as farmer's assistant, or farmer, lumberman, or miner, all the same, the inconveniences to be borne with are such that few at best can form but a faint idea of the fate that awaits them. The life of the farmer and his assistant are so very much akin that 'tis difficult to draw the line. He labours side by side with his help, chats, laughs, occasionally loses temper, orders, is at times imperious, and all the more to his own countrymen. In this regard the Irishman—whether as farmer, business man, or else—forms no exception, and now and then twits his old country friend, and informs him that his aspirations to succeed in a great country like America, of such brilliant talents, and education, and enterprise, are too silly to be even scouted by sensible folk. I may here mention that I have met a certain class of my country people, in whose presence I had no small difficulty in keeping my balance. They were such as I had known as dependents or in poor circumstances, and had grown to be wealthy. Soon they informed me that America was the country where merit only was rewarded, so

different from the old country, where position fell to those for which they were by no manner nor means adapted. At times they came down with severity on the customs, ignorance, and general stupidity of the mother country, their experiences being pitifully confined to the mountains, and glens, and out of the way places, of that same. Generally I found they had the most profound contempt of their countrymen, and that contempt was generated by revenge on the one hand and petty jealousy on the other. They preferred to see others succeeding, and received no small delight and amusement from the blunders and mishaps of their country folk, especially the new arrivals. For the latter, in addition to the American vocabulary, they often take pains to invent new titles, which they call into use the earliest opportunity. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," so sings the poet, and, perhaps, the same might be said of a little experience—aye, and a little wealth. Altogether I should say to you, to cautiously avoid the class herein stated, for your better peace of mind.

Farming in America, as with ourselves, is not an employment by which vast wealth is to be acquired. But it is more secure than business speculations peculiar to the city, and is, besides, healthful. In the city the general tendency of health and morals is to deteriorate. Few families solely of the city, it is said, can be traced for even a century, and few contribute to the greater happiness of their parents. If this be so with us, it is all the more in a country where hardly any city can boast of being a centenarian. The son and daughter, true to the traditions of liberty, learn to throw off the yoke of the parent and

seek freedom behind the protecting shield of the law, which duly emancipates them after a certain age. This emancipation is too frequently availed of, and often they are known to find shelter in the hotel or boarding-house within sight of the old homestead. And hence the parents must rest satisfied with this the sole recompense for training them to earn their own livelihood. The custom of living at boarding-houses and hotels, even for whole families, is a very general one, but the system is by far too conventional to ever beget the comfort of a home. However this be, retired business people, shopmen, assistants, employés of all kinds, as well as married people and their families, live together in the same hotel or boarding-house, and there they live and there they die. There is, therefore, ample opportunity for pampered children to betake themselves from the restraints which the presence of parents naturally enforces, and secure the smiles of those whose office it is to let them have their own way, and who have long since regarded it as their duty to overlook all such pet transgressions as a matter purely of business. Not to speak of the endless divorce cases, and the causes leading to them, 'twill thus be easily seen that the domestic relations are not always of the happiest.

In the country the home relations are pleasanter, and the causes which lend to create unhappiness in the city are more remote. Marriage, being too often in the city regarded as a commercial transaction, too often, as many commercial transactions, ends in failure. In the country the case is different. There, marriage is regarded as entailing obligations of a sacred nature, and from it often dates an entire

reformation. Not unfrequently the victim of evil company, who, originally well inclined, has since experienced life through all its grades of dissipation, eventually settles in the country, gets married, and for the first time through many a varying year realizes that he is a human being. His child smiles in his face, and the hard heart of the adventurer is softened—aye, even to tears. Then the clergyman lays hold of the infant at its mother's knee, watches over it as child, and boy, and man; attends to its secular and religious education, and endeavours to guard it from corrupt surroundings. This task is comparatively an easy one, and hence under such fostering care, and face to face with such good example, his charge develops into an exemplary citizen and a useful member of the community. From such like sources have again and again sprung a colony, which proved to be the warp and woof, the bone and sinew of the country.

Let it not be for a moment imagined that country life in America is dull and monotonous, and lacking in interest, and at the same time bereft of life's comforts. In the very isolated quarters the condition of the settlers is certainly not to be envied, but in the more populous districts they have every home comfort of the best farming quarters of England or Ireland. They have their churches and schools, their evenings of amusement, called into existence usually by the local clergyman; their social gatherings, their weekly papers and periodicals, their substantial food, using meat often thrice daily; their cellars well stocked with beer, and cider, and fruits, and vegetables of all kinds. To obtain a farm in such a locality requires a

plentiness of dollars, and land is quite as dear in places as it is with us. But he who has the hardihood to go West, and lease land from the Government too, requires some money, but far more courage and patience. The Government agents distributed over the various cities give all desirable information as to the terms upon which such lands are to be obtained. Quite possibly the land may suddenly become of immense value, owing to the influx of a new colony; nobody knows but it contains a gold, or silver, or copper mine; it may have the advantage of a mineral spring, which is a blessing and a boon to men, and enriches the owner. All this is possible, but, alas! it happens that the adventurous speculator finds no such treasures in his holding, no new colony forthcoming to enhance its value, and not unfrequently gives up the case as utterly hopeless, after a long term of distressing dreariness, if not absolute danger. Such a one have I met in the Far West. "When I had spent," said my friend, "a wearisome lifetime of twenty years in the bush, such a life as Defoe dare not picture, with a heart sick of disappointment and my surroundings, I determined to go East. With this view I sold my property to an adventurous spirit like myself, at a rate which netted me forty dollars for my pains. This was heartbreaking; but worse, this same farm, before three months and before I had succeeded in getting out of the district, was sold at a price that netted the owner £1,000 sterling." This is but a very commonplace example of life and speculation in the wild West.

'Tis clear enough then that the Western ranchman must not only have daring and courage, but an

amount, too, of quiet, patient resolve. Here there are no schools, nor churches, nor places of amusement, as in the more central quarters. The district may become in a very short time populous, and it may not for an average lifetime. The nearest village may be fifty miles distant, and at that, but a few wooden shanties, somewhat after the form of a street, with a monthly station for clergyman and doctor, a post office at one and the same time grocer's shop, apothecary, and spirit store ; and also church and school of the most primitive pattern, constructed, too, of wood. This is a *facsimile* of a country village. Twenty years may establish it a city of 50,000 inhabitants, with half a dozen daily papers, colleges, schools, literary clubs, public buildings, and all the modern conveniences for travel, including electric street cars and railways. Happy the individual whose speculation has chanced on this spot ! But it may as readily happen the current of fortune-seekers is directed in a different channel, and hence it may still remain the same little town of rickety stores, or even cease to have any existence. Quite a number of dawning cities have met an untimely end, and been wholly abandoned. All the worse for the speculative settlers in the vicinity, who sometimes learn to love their homes for their very wildness, but as often on the earliest opportunity, betake themselves to the cities, and shudder at the thought of returning. Home comforts must be created. The shanty must be raised from its foundation. Where is the artisan to be got ? Where all the outfit that is required in every home ? Well, the nearest neighbour, who is only twenty miles distant, is not averse to lending a hand, knowing the



difficulties he had himself to encounter, and, therefore, places his oxen at their disposal, and directs them to the village, which is only twenty miles farther off. But, what! there are no roads. The roads in country places generally are much inferior to ours, not being macadamised. Here there is not even a semblance of a road, and in the face of such odds the new-comer undertakes his first marketing. I cannot afford to trace the proceeding in every detail until I behold him a snug farmer, the sole owner of oxen, cows, sheep, hogs, wheat, and the other possessions of the thriving settler. If a family goes into the wilds, that is a little community in itself. But should the individual, which is by far the commoner way, muster courage enough for the undertaking, let him be careful lest his nerve fail him, and he abandon the project crestfallen and dejected. Many such, after a long wearisome hermitage, have I met, and should, therefore, counsel my adventurous friend to be prepared for a career somewhat akin to that of Alexander Selkirk in the island of his soliloquy, but with infinitely less of the poetic. Let him be careful to bring with him his rifle, if not to shoot men, at least to shoot game. I don't know whether I dare, in addition, give him the unsolicited advice so frequently given to myself—namely, to use, if necessity arises, but never threaten. Every man is armed, at all events in certain localities and circumstances, and the moment your antagonist sees you resorting to such methods of self defence, at the instant, true to custom, he calls into use all his safeguards. According to this bit of advice threat and act must be simultaneous. For myself, I have been to all sorts of out of the way places; have been to

town and country in season and out of season, and have had all through no better protection than a small pocket knife, originally intended to assist me in note-taking, but as I resigned the idea early on the journey, knowing I could remember more than any person could have patience to read, it had throughout the most undisturbed repose.

I was staying with a friend in a Western city, and had got through my first sleep. About twelve there was great bell-ringing, and my host, who was a professional gentleman, got up, regarding it as an ordinary night call, and inquired the messenger. There was no answer. Again and again the ringing was repeated, and, as the night was dark, the operator could not be detected. The whole seemed, therefore, a fair case of mystery, as no reply, which is unusual, could be obtained. My friend armed himself for the conflict, got in readiness his revolvers, and paced the hall for hours, but with no decided results. The results fell, however, in another direction, for next day on opening the evening papers my eye at once lighted on a stirring column headed, "Daring burglary in the city." Here I was, the guest of one who was more than overjoyed to see me, and yet could not afford me the luxury of a peaceful night's rest! Happy the country where people have not the necessity of cumbering their dress coats with the newest invention in revolvers and can sleep on both ears without fear of burglars!

In connection with life in the country may be mentioned a department called "lumbering." That it may be understood 'twill be necessary to state briefly that the workers in this calling are styled "lumbermen," their duty in the main being to fell trees. From

what I could collect, 'twould be well for the United States Government to learn for themselves how many go into the woods in this pursuit and do not return. The lumberman himself calls the life a jolly one, but anybody else would call it a savage one. The men are usually the employés of a company, and set out for the scene of action in the fall, remaining there all the winter. Arrived, their first duty is to construct a hut, which is of the simplest, with a fire-place, or, as they call it, "caboose," in the centre made of stones and clay. Logs are sawn and roughly nailed to up-rights, and with them the sides and roof are constructed. The openings are stuffed with dry grass and moss, and in this way made comfortable and proof against the winds and rain. The beds are arranged one over the other in such a manner that their occupants have their feet turned to the fire, which is intended to burn all the night. Not unfrequently there is a mistake in the architecture, and the weary slumberers can awake to find they can survey the moon and stars through the ceiling. But what ! This only gives the thing a romantic turn, and affords all the more zest. The spirits who have found their way hither would not be content with life in the usual monotonous style and methods. Well, it would seem to me they can have all their strange notions of living sufficiently gratified in the woods. They have in addition to provide sheds for their oxen or horses.

Their food consists for the most part of pork and bread, while they manage to secure a plentiful supply of beer and whiskey. Wild fruits are often in great supply in the immediate neighbourhood, including grapes, apples, blackberries, and many others. Then

there is game of various kinds to occupy in hours of idleness the attention of those whose disposition runs in that direction. With all this, I don't know that I can hope to make many converts to the profession. Neither the food, nor the drink, nor the fruit, nor the game seems sufficient; there must be gambling besides. In the excitement the intoxicants are too frequently called into use, with the result that there is a general fight, sometimes with fists, sometimes with sticks, aye, and knives and revolvers. Next morning reveals the horrors of the night before, and two or three are found dead from bullet wounds, possibly who had no connection in the dispute whatever. What is to be done? 'Tis clearly enough an accident, and can't be remedied. Everybody is sorry, and as nothing can be done all agree to let by-gones be by-gones, and the victims are carefully stowed out of the way and buried. There the matter drops, and all return to the shanty perfectly reconciled to one another. They, too, endeavour to have a dance and concert during the session, their standard in both not being considered very elevating. But they have not lady partners, and this is a serious mischance. Well, they have been known to undertake a difficult journey of fifty miles to supply this want. The season over, the next duty is to have the lumber sent to the respective centres, where it can be shipped or railed. The nearest river is utilised for this purpose, and the beams are marked each with the mark of the owner and price, and permitted to float the river. There are sometimes drivers for this sole purpose, who live on the river on rafts, and whose duty it is to accompany those floats. At times they get jammed on the

journey, and hence create a great dam, so that the endeavour to extricate them is fraught with the greatest danger. Hardly a year passes but several lives are lost through this cause. In all, I do not envy the condition of those who follow lumbering.

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MR. CLEVELAND.

## CHAPTER XII.—WASHINGTON.

IF you bear any antipathy to the coloured folk, you had better get cured before arriving at Washington, otherwise you and Mr. Grover Cleveland shall feel pretty uncomfortable on the same platform together. The President has taken them into his confidence, and awarded them some of the highest posts in the Government. This course at the time was thought somewhat strange and unusual, particularly as it did not form a special part of his original programme, and there was a great outcry of the Press. For my own part, I rather liked the niggers, and was pleased to find them getting their due. It was always a great source of amusement to me to see them laugh, displaying their beautiful white teeth, which are seen to all the better advantage for their surroundings. Several times I took occasion to have a chat with them, when my business might without any serious inconvenience be postponed; and, whenever the conversation took a jocose turn, it was always an infinite source of merriment to me, the blunt, good-natured way, in which they retorted. They are much in request as waiters and coachmen, but are liable, when opportunity arises, to take a strange fancy for other people's property. They have also a peculiar trick of engaging the next best suit of clothes they find disengaged, and thus respectably performing their visit to church or friends. Water-melons are to them meat and drink, and if they have not wherewith to procure their favourite, they beg or steal it. But of all their traits their curious



predilection for their neighbour's chickens is the most remarkable. A gentleman who had considerable experience assured me that theft was not with the nigger a crime, but a necessity. Be this as it may, their pleasant faces and general cheerfulness made me forget their faults, and I was more than amused whenever I heard them take to compare notes on the characteristics and blunders of their brethren. I compute that I have seen 15,000,000 faces in America, considering the many States through which I passed, and my lengthened sojourn at Chicago, where the average attendance at the Fair was 350,000 daily. Of the whole I do not believe that I have seen a face quite unfamiliar to me. In the case of the niggers even I always fancied that I saw some old familiar face peeping from behind the darkness.

Washington is the capital of the United States, not by population, but as being the seat of government. It is without doubt the most beautiful city in America, but not the most beautiful in the world. Its population so far is but 250,000, which includes Georgetown, but its founders clearly designed it for a population of one million, and, judging by its increase for the last few decades, their anticipations were well founded. The city is very skilfully planned, with the Capitol and White House as centres, from which radiate great wide avenues intersected here and there with parks, having neatly kept walks and flowers and shrubs and grass-plots, so very green by the constant jutting fountains. It is hardly necessary to add that the Capitol is the house of legislature, which is about three-quarters of a mile distant from White House, the residence of the President.

I visited Washington twice—first, soon after my arrival in the country, and again after an extended tour in the Southern States. On my first visit the President was absent at his country seat, but on my second I found him at home, and Congress was in full swing. Mr. Cleveland, who is a native of Caldwell, New Jersey, is tall of stature, somewhat dark in complexion, and with a great deal of natural dignity. He is a man of powerful build, some fifty-five years old, with a face stamped with energy and resolution. His appearance impresses you more as an Englishman of position than an American, and when he talks his manner and accent savour more of England than America. There did not happen to be any public receptions during my stay, owing to the terrible crush of business, the great financial question being then on the boards, and hence the President's time was too much taken up. His private secretary, who is a gentleman of much culture, greatly regretted his inability to receive visitors, and assured me if I could wait for two or three days he could manage to secure me a private reception. The honour was too great, and I thankfully declined. I was nevertheless grateful for the promise of a privilege so singular, and in a fitful moment of exultation referred to this exceptional favour. An American, to whom I communicated my feelings of gratitude—nay, pride—smiled hard, and assured me he had known street scrapers accorded a similar distinction. However, I saw the President talking, walking, driving, and what more did I require, except to take him by the hand and say, "How are you, Mr. President? I hope Mrs. Cleveland and yourself are well," which he would much prefer to be omitted.

There is comparatively little curiosity about personages in the States. I have met quite a number of people at Washington who had grown gray there, and never yet attended a public reception at White House, which happens thrice a week, and were wholly ignorant of what the President looked like. Each day about four o'clock, when the work is over, Mr. Cleveland drives his special drive, but with absolutely no guard nor protection. I met him, and for inquiries' sake, asked a fairly intelligent specimen of an American whom I chanced upon at the time, if that was the President who passed. "It may be," he answered, "I don't know him. We never trouble about old Grover right around here."

As a matter of fact, there is little interest centred in the personality of the President, the people knowing full well that in four years' time he must take his departure, bag and baggage, and make room for a successor, or, if he is very fortunate, at the most eight years, but never more. The founder of the Great Republic set an example in this matter, which has been ever since strictly followed, and no one has yet attempted to outstep his limits. In about two years, therefore, Mr. Cleveland and his whole party and retinue shall get cleared out, and, of course, the coloured door-keeper up stairs with the rest. I for one won't be sorry for the latter. I had just been to the South, and had there seen some very palpable traces still remaining of the barbarity with which the negro race was treated in the days gone by, and bitterly felt for their wrongs, and read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and wept, and read again and wept. But here I was now confronted by one of those in whose

interest I mourned, and who seemed the sole protector, with absolute authority to insult everybody but himself. His attacks on the visitors, myself among the rest, were made in a bitter, unbearable undertone, which was maddening. For the time I could not help thinking that I had been previously carried away by sentimentalism, and I grieved for my grief. Enough of this homily. I am glad the negroes are emancipated, but emancipation, to be sure, cannot mean unrestrained liberty of saying and doing as the fancy leads. It is pretty certain that the President of the greatest Republic on earth is unaware that he has such a snarling cur at his gate. Is every person who visits the White House supposed to be an office-hunter, or a designing politician whose visits to the President should be made as few and as far between as possible? Isn't it well for people in the high places to descend at times and see for themselves how their underlings behave towards their subjects? Be this as it may, the officers in the States are placed there by politics, and politics alone can cast them aside. I hope the next election will not be favourable to the darky at the door at White House.

The public reception by the President is the simplest thing imaginable, and the lack of formality is conspicuous. Republican methods seem to entirely discountenance Government displays. My own personal opinion is that the world is yet far from being sufficiently advanced so as to dispense with them, and in proof thereof it will be remembered that two Presidents within a very short time have had to pay the forfeit of their lives for their unostentatious democracy. Mr. Cleveland is a little bit more wary than his

predecessors, and I don't see that he can be blamed. Three times a week the President descends to the great room on the first floor, looking out upon the Treasury, and receives visitors of all climes and all conditions. As soon as the Secretary announces the President all stand up, and advancing in order, and without any deference to rank, each in turn approaches him and takes him by the hand, and, if there is any anxiety to be voluble, enquires the state of Mrs. Cleveland's health and his own, along with the satisfaction afforded by so distinguished a meeting. This sort of thing is tolerated, although it must be to him very annoying. The reception is thoroughly democratic in every detail, and all, the lowest with the highest, are received with the same courtesy and kindness. The military have little to do at White House, as is also the case in all the government departments to which I have been, and thus you can approach the head of the greatest country of the future as a friend and helper, without being dazzled into blind subjection by the sheen of countless swords. I did not observe even a policeman inside the walls, while persons of every grade were constantly entering the President's apartments. Nor could I help thinking of the ceremonies observable in similar circumstances when approaching the pettiest of our European princes. At one time senators called upon him, of course in great flurry and excitement, and then folk from different parts of the country by special arrangement, and some of them coloured at that, and all were admitted at once into the office of the Private Secretary, except for the qualification obtained at the hands of the biting, snappish door-keeper. As soon as the Secretary is

satisfied of your business, there is hardly any further delay. I noticed, among the rest, a coloured youth of some seventeen very restless and nervous, and in great anxiety to see the President. This was a test case, and I watched with much interest the treatment he received at the hands of a brother of his own ilk in office. The coloured janitor was particularly severe upon him, and aggressively questioned him in every detail. The youthful nigger managed somehow to keep his temper, which was no easy matter, and, having a good case, in the end succeeded in obtaining the required interview. So much for perseverance. Next day I witnessed a similar attack on a middle-aged negro woman, who had also come on special business to White House. On the whole, I became reconciled to my own treatment, and concluded as abuse was so plentiful I might with good reason expect a portion.

When speaking of the President, I cannot omit saying a word of Mrs. Cleveland, the most charming and accomplished of American women. There have been some to find fault with the administration of Mr. Cleveland, and latterly I learn with much regret that his popularity is waning with the democratic party, to whom he owes his elevation. But all are agreed, whether Republican or Democrat, that the present mistress of White House has filled her position with great tact and ability, deservedly eliciting unbounded praise from all sides. She is very much the President's junior, being scarcely thirty, while her personal attractions are considerable. Her maiden name is Frances Folsom, and is a native of Buffalo, New York. Gossips have it that Mr. Cleveland calls her "Frank"

when alone, but she always dignifies him with the title of "Mr. President." There is no special precedent in the matter, it appears. Mrs. Washington called her husband "General," while the wife of President Hayes styled him Mr. Hayes, and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield called their husbands respectively by their Christian or first names.

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CHAPTER XIII.—THE STARS AND STRIPES OF  
AMERICA.

**M**Y last day in America was spent at Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. Many sad as well as joyous memories cluster around the Mount, connected as it may be said with the beginning and end of American history. However this be, my visit there was highly interesting, but with a goodly assortment of sadness. I had come to the country a stranger, and had made many friends, and formed most agreeable associations, which I found well nigh impossible to break up. Though prejudiced as every stranger was, I was forced to conclude that the Americans were a great people, their country a great country, and destined without doubt to be the greatest of the future. On the other hand, everything about me reminded me of a brave general leading a brave people, goaded to rebellion by the tyranny of unscrupulous oppressors. Their earnest and reasonable petitions, so respectfully presented and so scornfully rejected by their merciless rulers, their resolutions, too clearly the resolutions of men driven to desperation, and whose patience could no longer withstand the strain, the parting of friends for the scenes of battle, and the heartrending events during the many weary years of warfare, irresistibly burst upon my mind and painfully affected me. And then my



stay in the country had dwindled to days, and now 'twas hours. How hard to think! That night I was on board the "Etruria" for Liverpool, and bade Columbia a long farewell. All this saddened me in the extreme; and some strange spell came upon me, and the tears started to my eyes.

There are two ways by which the Mount may be reached, but the more picturesque is by the Potomac River. By this route an excellent view of the river and the country around Washington may be obtained. The Potomac is the broadest river in the States, being at its mouth seven and a half miles wide; at Washington it is nearly two miles in width. The journey by the river takes about two hours, but the time is most enjoyable and passes quickly. On reaching your destination you are forthwith set upon by the photographer, who insists on taking your picture with the others, and before the operation to all appearance is completed you are presented with a negative. If you are satisfied with your looks on settling your account you can have as many copies as desired forwarded in a few days to any address. The good folk who visit this Mecca of America are called pilgrims. I may mention that there is another route—namely, to Alexandria by steam cars, and thence by electric cars.

Mount Vernon domain is at present in the hands of a ladies' association, and contains six acres. The sum necessary to purchase it from the descendants of Washington was raised by subscription, and it is still necessary to exact a small fee from visitors to meet incidental expenses. An aged negro acted as our guide, and took great pride in assuring us that his

forefathers had been long slaves in the Washington family, and that he himself had had the good fortune to be a slave to relatives of the great General. He had a strange drawl, but was civil and communicative, and ready to give all the information of which he was master. His countenance was very grave and somewhat mournful, and you felt that every word of his was reliable. On the whole, he was just the sort of person one might expect in such a place, and his selection as cicerone does credit to the nation's taste. The first point of interest to be seen was the old vault, in which the remains of Washington were first placed, which was in no respect different from a vault in our own country, except that it was very much neglected. A little farther on may be seen the vault in which at present repose the remains of the great leader, where they have been transferred, and also those of his wife Martha. The Sarcophagi are surrounded with a brick structure, and may be distinctly seen through an iron grating. Here the old negro became still more sorrowful. Near to this place is the wooden pump, with its old-fashioned bucket, descending by a chain to fetch water. Everybody drank of it, and all used the same tin vessel for the purpose. Even in this particular the democracy of the Americans is conspicuous. In all the public institutions and Government buildings, even in the railway cars, there is ice water at every turn, and everybody drinks regardless of consequences, and, of course, out of the same bountiful cup. Should anybody's ideas rise above the recognised custom, and bring his own drinking cup or glass, he is immediately pounced upon, and there is hardly any mercy, except the whisper goes round that he is an

ignorant stranger, and then all are highly amused at his eccentricity. We next viewed the walls and trees designed and planted by Washington, which might have been equally well done by any other. The kitchen, with its old stove and cooking utensils, is just as it existed in the days of its renowned occupant. The house is a wooden structure, the centre being built by the brother of Washington, who was the former owner, and who bequeathed it to George. The wings were added by the latter. The bed upon which Washington died is still preserved, and the room is just as it was then. Martha, who survived him, then forsook the apartment, and occupied a room on the attic until her death. This room is preserved in the same way as at her death, and shown to visitors. The room occupied by Lafayette seems as if still in his possession. On the first floor are the dining room and great reception room, still excellently preserved. Various relics of the great leader are carefully treasured in the building, including his picturesque military costume and sword. The building itself is a plain two-storeyed house, constructed of wood—and there are a thousand and one country houses almost in the immediate vicinity superior to it. But the site on a beautiful elevation overlooking the Potomac, and commanding an extensive view of the country, wooded on all sides, is the loveliest I have anywhere seen. Owing to the material of which it is constructed it cannot be preserved in its originality, although so far there are absolutely no signs of decay. 'Twould be indeed a pity if this relic of Washington were permitted to come to ruins and be no longer traceable.

Mrs. Washington had been previously married, her

widowed name being Mrs. Martha Custis. On her marriage with George Washington, she is said to have been wealthy, and their union was a happy one. There was no issue of the marriage, and, consequently, the General left no direct descendants. Perhaps in the nature of things 'tis best. Considering the great benefactor he was to his country, this day the Americans with all their democracy would have exalted his children's children into deities.

It will come as a revelation to some that the "Stars and Stripes of America" are of English origin. 'Tis well enough known that the Washingtons emigrated from Northamptonshire, England, where they were of a high social standing, and held some distinguished positions. The family crest was stars and stripes. In compliment to the Deliverer and Father of his Country, 'twas retained as the national emblem. 'Tis very difficult to convince the very anti-English in America that this was the real origin of their banner, or if convinced they are prone to grievously find fault with the framers of the Constitution for this little bit of leaning to Britain. The best Americans use pretty strong expressions when speaking of England, but the lower classes regard her as a monster, and their language is unbearable even to her enemies.

Not far from Mount Vernon is the house of General Lee, who played such an important part in the Civil War. A visit thither is well worth the trouble; and hard by is the national cemetery. No fewer than 16,000 soldiers repose there; the white and coloured troops occupy distinct portions. The granite sarcophagus over the remains of 2,111 unknown soldiers collected after the war is most noteworthy. It is

surmounted by cannon and balls, military honours, and bears the following inscription :—

BENEATH THIS STONE

Repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven  
Unknown soldiers gathered after the war  
From the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock.  
Their remains could not be identified, but their names and  
Deaths are recorded in the archives of the Country,  
And its grateful citizens honour them as of their noble army of  
Martyrs.

May they Rest in peace.

September, A.D., 1866.

Well, why not write *Requiescant in Pace* or *R.I.P.* at once? What would the Orangemen of the North say to the latter appendage on the tomb of their beloved kinsmen? But then the Americans are accountable for this, and with characteristic common sense believe it as rational to wish the dead rest as wish the living good health.

I should not omit the Capitol, which is the most interesting sight in or around Washington. Needless to say, the building is the finest in the country, and the site most commanding, and there, a complete view of the city on all sides can be obtained. It is constructed for the most part of white marble, and at the distance looks rather like a church, with its magnificent dome, its graceful columns and porticoes. In front there is a long ascent of steps, while in the rear the entrance is almost on a level with the driveway. Surmounting the dome is a colossal Statue of Liberty in bronze,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height, and weighing 8 tons. The dome is not the highest in the world, being 36 feet less than the dome of St. Peter's, in Rome.

As to the interior, entering by the front, the House

of Representatives is on the right, and the Senate House on the left. I had the pleasure of visiting both when oratory was at its best, and the great financial question was uppermost. The Senate House is in charge of the Vice-President of the States, and the Speaker rules the House of Representatives. Their time was pretty much engaged keeping order in that crisis. The Senate House may be said to correspond somewhat with the House of Lords in England, and the Representatives with the House of Commons. There is hardly any formality, and wigs and policemen are conspicuously absent. The place of the latter is supplied by citizens for the most part who had served their country in the Civil War, and the loss mayhap of some of their members attests as much. Their dress is civilian, and no bunting. When a message was announced from the President there was something of formality, but otherwise the whole was as commonplace as the proceedings in the commonest of our courthouses. Most of the orators spoke a long time, varying from three-quarters to hours, and frequently appealed to their notes. They gesticulated a great deal, but except in a very few instances they were clearly unpractised speakers, whose position was above their education, and an occasional hint from Lindley Murray would have done service to many of them. However they are largely composed of lawyers and pressmen. Each had his own seat and desk, with writing materials. The seats are detached, and are so arranged that the whole presents the form of a semi-circle with the Speaker or Vice-President as centre. Very often both were obliged with good reason to use their authority, and call upon order, directing senator

for so and so or member for so and so to take his seat, and dispense with undertalk. 'Twas no unusual thing, especially in the House of Representatives, to see groups of threes and fours collected here and there and having their talk while some member was thundering forth his eloquence and making his mark in the world.

The comicalness of the orators often forced me to laugh outright. At the end of every ten or fifteen minutes their gestures suddenly became frequent, their flow rapid, and then at length one tremendously long sentence with tremendous effort and furious gesticulations being got rid of, their arms were forthwith flung behind their shoulders, and there they remained. During the applause there was some time for arranging notes. Soon they twirled their beards, set to work again, and proceeded with renewed vigour. Alas! how vain are human efforts! The President is empowered to draw his pen through the proceedings and there's the end. In other words the laws of the United States are absolutely at the nod of the President, and he is as absolute as the most absolute of our European monarchs.

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## CHAPTER XIV.—SMOKY PITTSBURG.

WHOLE volumes might be written on Washington City and the distinguished General whose name it bears. The character of the latter is best summed up in the words, "First in battle, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Washington folk generally are not so refined as might be expected. Most of them are, of course, importations, who came to position with the present Government and who are liable to go with the next, and, therefore, not particularly caring to consult for sensitive people. There is hardly anything in the shape of manufacturing, and the people are for the most part depending on visitors or in Government posts. The permanent residents appeared to me very English, and in manner reminded me much of the inhabitants of summer resorts in England; but do not improve on acquaintance. However, 'tis not for want of colleges and schools. There are many such, including the Catholic University, where is the temporary residence of Archbishop Satolli, and not far distant the Georgetown University, which is in the hands of the Jesuits, and is the oldest Catholic college in the country. I shall hereafter have occasion to refer to the Papal Nuncio, and his mission in America.

The Congress men, too, go to swell the throng and enrich the city. They are paid a salary of £1,000 and mileage, but are liable to fines for non-attendance. They are often very comical. A member of the House of Representatives is tall, thin, dark, wears glasses and



moustachios, carries an immense quantity of old letters and new notes, which he is careful to make out daily, is always in a hurry, sports a cane, a white straw hat, a remarkably white vest, and gold Albert chain, assumes an intellectual air and is ready to improve, is less than forty, and hopes to be President. To find a Senator—make him ten years older, more staid, less fussy, give him an air of authority, a newspaper always; let him talk loud and with accentuation; let him discuss subjects of grave moment, political if possible, with consummate earnestness, and a look of sincere conviction; dress him as above, subtract the cane, and add an umbrella, and you have a Senator.

'Tis hardly necessary to state that the President receives an annual income, for which he has to work hard. Hard work is the order of the day, and the Americans pride in their hard-working people. Nobody boasts of being able to live at ease on the patrimony of his fathers. This spirit has built up the country, and may it long continue. The President forms no exception, and his position is no sinecure. For the greater part of the day he is in constant tension, receiving deputations, senators, private individuals from various parts of the country, signing documents, giving public receptions, and the rest, *ad infinitum*. Different from the common herd, he cannot afford to lose his temper. This itself would be a relief, and often dissipates monotony. Many people under pressure of business could by no manner of means bear up without an occasional ebullition of temper. It serves to brace the nerves, arouses dormant energy, while the angry voice acts on its author as musical sounds on the tired, exhausted, and wounded soldier.

Why should a little digression so beneficial be so bitterly opposed? Positions of eminence preclude this luxury, and thus the President is handicapped. All the work must be got through with apparent equanimity, and yet the pecuniary recompense is comparatively trifling.

I was waiting for the next ascent of the elevator at the Washington Monument, which is the highest of stone on earth, when I was joined by a party from the Southern States. Like myself, they were out on a holiday, and were very agreeable and communicative. They entered with much warmth on the Civil War, and spoke bitterly of the treatment received from the North during that event. All of them were of English descent, and their forefathers had emigrated with the great exodus from England generations ago. They made many inquiries about the land of their fathers, and hoped yet to pay a visit there. From all they had been able to learn they should much like to see England, but not by any means to stay, for they understood it was notable for red-tapeism. The conversation afterwards turned on the British Empire—its vastness and wealth, and the various sources of income to the Royal Family. The Americans often inquire how much money a man is worth, what can he make in the year, and, in conversation with foreigners, inquire how such matters stand abroad; and, if their country has the superiority, they consider you the veriest fool, no matter what you are, not to avail yourself of its advantages. As to the incomes of the Royal Family they were astounded, and, not to be outdone, took to scolding Her Majesty and all her clan out of house and home. "How much did you

say the old Queen took yearly?" observed a rather elderly individual of the party with an air of one upon whom some serious injustice had been perpetrated. "Well," I answered, "she is yearly in receipt of £385,000, not to speak of her income from private sources, which is considerable, and, in addition, the various members of the Royal Family have also their annual stipend." "Great Scott!" exclaimed one of the junior members, "£385,000. That's 1,900,000 dols. and over, whereas the President of the United States has but 50,000 dols. in all, or £10,000 a year!" The very sound of a million or two of dollars has a peculiar fascination for Jonathan, and makes his pulse beat hard. Silence reigned supreme for some time, and nobody attempted to speak, but there was a strain in every face. At length the elderly gentleman renewed the assault. "Did you say something about the annual allowance of the other members of the Royal Family?" he inquired, with the same air of injustice. "Yes," I rejoined, "all the members have their annuities, beginning with the Prince of Wales, who has £76,000, which is 380,000 dols., down by degrees to the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who has but the modest annual of £3,000, or 15,000 dols." "And what do they do for all this money?" he continued. "I am not sure," I said, "that their duties are specifically defined, but it is considered the duty of the nation to place them in a position of opulence corresponding with their exalted dignity." "That thing would never work around here," he added, angrily. "Our President is paid for working, and how he supports his wife and family is no business of the nation."

At this stage the conversation was interrupted by the notice of ascent from the elevator man, and I was glad, for the atmosphere was getting too hot to be comfortable, and a discussion of much length ended with a few pithy sentences such as "We don't wonder that you people in Ireland are looking for Home Rule;" "'Tis good to be Queen of England;" "I guess the old gal has got plenty of dollars;" and so on.

After a sojourn of some length at Washington, I took my departure for Pittsburg, going by way of Harrisburg. The scenery along the Susquehanna River is delightful. On the passage from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, especially in the vicinity of the former, by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the picture that meets your eye of wooded mountain sides, sparkling waters, one while moving onward and again so lake-like, little islands here and there so very verdant, such sights as only come to us in pleasing dreams, made me more than once imagine that I had revisited our own Killarney's Lakes. Not far, too, from Harrisburg is the Cumberland Valley, where was fought the famous battle of Gettysburg, one of the most momentous during the Civil War, and fraught with the greatest slaughter. At various places in the country there are panoramic views of this bloodiest of contests, and the scenes are very real, the artists having done their work in a masterly style. At Chicago I spent hours gazing upon a representation of the conflict. The figures were very natural and life-like, and I seemed to feel as if an actual spectator.

Nearer to Pittsburg is the Horse-Shoe Curve, which the Railroad Company guides describe as the greatest

of modern wonders. It is, without doubt, a remarkable piece of engineering, the cars proceeding on their way along the foot of a precipitous mountain, and making a tremendous sweep, with fearful chasms on both sides, in a perfect circle, until a point is reached at which you are exactly parallel with that at which you began the circuit. After all, this is not so very strange. Don't mathematicians tell us that a circle is made up of straight lines? On you go through tunnel and cavern, and overhanging precipice, and rivulet, and past trim cottages here and there in the plains, which plains seemed to have been formed there by accident, rushing on by mills, and mines, and furnaces, until you reach the ill-fated Johnstown. This town was destroyed a few years ago by the overflowing of a badly-constructed dam, and several thousand lives were lost. It is at present a great resort for visitors. You are soon in the natural gas country, and pass village after village lighted by this means, and now and then descry blazing fires belching from the ground, as if the country of volcanoes, being, of course, supported by this same natural gas. At length Pittsburg is reached.

I had been told again and again how beautiful was Pittsburg, and assured if I failed to pay that city a visit my tour should be woefully incomplete. All through I did pretty much as I was told, and why should the present case be an exception? I visited Pittsburg, and was woefully disappointed. To be a beautiful city it must be demolished, built anew, and purged of its glass works, steel works, iron works, and the rest which may be said to form a centre, around which the city buildings congregate. Everywhere

was smoke and gas without limit, and the dingy appearance of the city betokened as much. The people are perfectly satisfied with the existing state of things themselves, and why should fault-finding strangers disturb their peace of mind? When I complained of gas I was told that gas was exceedingly nutritious. When I complained of smoke I was informed that smoke purified the air, and that in swampy districts it was impossible to live without it. When I complained of glass works, and iron works, and the noise of machinery, I was led to believe that the practical advantage of all this was highly comforting each Saturday night. In fact, my arguments disappeared as by magic in the face of such overwhelming proofs. Nevertheless, I could not be prevented from forming my own private judgment, which is that Pittsburg is about the last city in the Union I could think of adopting as my home. It is said to be very wealthy, and, considering the great number of public works and the great circulation of money in consequence, it must be. In the suburbs there are some very beautiful private residences constructed mostly of wood, having, each, its tract of greensward always green by artificial watering, and flower beds, and shrubs; and then the children at play, and parties at tennis in their loose, bright costumes, and street cars rushing past with their crowds of labourers, who merely glance at the games, and seemed to say the good folk might be better employed—these are among the sights of Pittsburg. The wooden houses are very comfortable, and when you find yourself quartered there you soon forget that you are in a wooden cage that may be burned to ashes in five minutes' notice. These

houses are painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and the same house often rejoices in four or more different tints.

The Irish muster strong, and many of them are engaged in the iron and steel works. I had occasion to visit the works of Messrs. Carnegie & Co., and there I found some of my countrymen engaged in such duties as were unfit for human beings. In some instances they were completely naked from the loins, without even head-covering, and seemed bathed as in a Turkish bath. Quite a number of them collected to have a talk and learn how Home Rule was getting on, and, faltering though they were from fatigue, there were many sprightly arrows of wit. During the interview several were caught with thirst, and took to satiating the same by copious supplies of water from large tin pitchers. Suddenly they appeared to chill, and soon the perspiration reappeared, and more, as if reinforced by the liquid, which must have rushed through the system as quicksilver. I don't envy the poor souls who must earn their bread at Messrs. Carnegie's.

The whole process of iron and steel manufacturing was to me as complicated as astronomy or the differential calculus. Everywhere the workers explained their portion, and everywhere they thought me capable of understanding every detail. The thing was far different, and I took my way wearied with the grating sound of machinery, the gurgling of prodigious fires, the stifling gases, the blinding smoke, thanking Providence that I was not under the necessity of earning dollars amidst such surroundings.

CHAPTER XV.—RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE  
UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES!

THERE is, alas! an association in the United States known as the A.P.A. This Society, it will be observed, ends where it begins, or, in other words, begins with A and ends there. Its patrons call it the American Protestant Association, and occasionally, for variety's sake, substitute Protective for Protestant, thus calling it the American Protective Association. Methinks, however, having carefully considered its workings and tenets, it is best called the American Profligate Anomaly. In Canada a society on the same pattern goes by the name of the P.P.A., which, when translated, means Protestant Protective Association. We are not surprised to find such an association in Canada, but that a society whose greatest attribute is sectarian hate should spring up in the States is something for which we in this country, with our preconceived notions of American liberalism, are wholly unprepared. Yet this is the unhappy state of things, and not much wonder we should be filled with astonishment. How hard to think that that faith whose devoted children bled for the Republic, signing the Declaration of Independence and sealing it with their blood—and more, built up in no small measure by brain and energy a great country, whose progress and advancement are the wonder of the universe, should be subjected to a flood of virulent abuse and vilification,



and its adherents regarded as the covert enemies of the State, plotting to upturn the laws and institutions which they contributed at such sacrifices to establish !

This is the light in which the twelve million of Catholics in America are viewed in this nineteenth century by a notorious association known as the A.P.A. ! It is not the fault of the Constitution. Hear it for itself. " And whereas the enforcing of the conscience in matter of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and unity among the inhabitants, no person within the province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be in anyway troubled, molested, or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof."

Well said, Washington ! but you had calculated without Mr. Charles D. P. Gibson, of Elizabethport, New Jersey. Hear him ! And, first, let me say, Mr. Gibson sells watches in New York, and, according to his own statement, keeps watch upon 40,000 A.P.A. men, in New Jersey, fully organised, and ready at any time to hunt down Catholics. Great, glorious, and free America !

" There is no room in this country for Roman Catholics," declares Mr. Gibson, " and the American Protective Association will soon demonstrate this. They will have to go elsewhere. They cannot exist much longer here or they will starve. They will find it impossible to get anything to do. I will not employ a Roman Catholic under any circumstances, and neither will any member of the A.P.A., unless we cannot

get a Protestant to do the required work. I proclaim that openly. I will not have one about me in my business. I will not have a Catholic servant girl any more than a Catholic clerk. Any man or woman who goes to the Roman Church and kneels to the priest is a bad, dangerous, infamous person.

"The Catholics are beginning to feel our power, and the priests are. There are 6,200,000 members of the A.P.A. in this country. That was the total number up to last Saturday evening, from figures sent from all parts. Don't you think we are a power? In politics the Romanists have felt our hand even more severely than in business life. There is no Roman Catholic for whom I would vote, no matter what his qualifications were. I tell you that no Roman Catholic is fit to hold a public or private position while he yields obedience to the Pope. He does not feel any obligation to his fellow-men, if they are Protestants; he does not feel any obligation to his country; the fountain head of his belief and obedience is the foreigner who is at the head of his Church. At his dictation he will do anything, commit any sin.

"Look at General Meade. He should have been shot for the traitor he was, on the day after Gettysburg. He deliberately did everything he could to throw the battle away to the Confederates. He was from Rome to help the Confederacy. He had at his side a Jesuit from whom he took his commands. That fact is susceptible of proof. We know that in every Cathedral, in every Catholic rendezvous, these people are gathering arms. Any shrewd man can find out that for himself. But we are not afraid of their arms. Let them arm all they want to, and

drill. We won't interfere ; but if ever they show their hands and try violence, we'll wipe them out. We are not armed, but it would not take us half-an-hour to prepare ourselves.

"We don't recognise any one party. We work with anybody who will help us down with the Catholics. As soon as we elect a man every Catholic is turned out of the public employ. We do not consider Catholicism a religion. It is simply a superstition fostered by the Roman Catholic Church to aggrandise itself, to build great Church structures, and organise a political machine that shall enable the Pope to control this country. A Catholic has no religion. We all know what the Catholic Church fosters, what its convents are, and how corrupt it is. We are going to root them out. Then we'll look after some other classes that are dangerous to the Republic—after the Jews, for instance. We say America for Americans every time."

'Twould be interesting to learn what class Mr. Gibson regards as Americans, if he belongs to that class, and on what grounds. This much is certain, that his remarks, along with being un-American, are un-Christian. He makes statement after statement without adducing the smallest authority or proof, and takes as conclusively proved and admitted on all sides, what no sane man who knows the first principles of Christianity could for a moment entertain. 'Tis hard to think such people sincere, and that there is such a state of mediæval ignorance in these our days. I am greatly afraid there are on earth mountebanks who clamour for fame, I should have said notoriety, at the expense of truth and right

judgment, and greatly to the detriment of their neighbours. In reference to such I would say that the press seems to me to defeat its own purpose in parading to the public such spirits and their pet foibles. Better relegate them to the dust whence they sprung, and treat them to quiet contempt, otherwise the object they most coveted shall be attained. I was about suggesting this course in reference to Mr. Gibson : but retirement and obscurity ill befit that gentleman, and I have better work for him. Mr. Gibson sells watches and is lost to fame—not so should he arrive with us. Whether as preacher on social reforms, lecturer on commonplace topics, actor, or in any public capacity of this sort, the author of the famous sayings just quoted is certain to secure attention and attract crowds of followers. The only condition necessary for absolute success is a certificate of his identity. We have had in this country not long ago three months of civil war, during which the sayings and doings of the belligerents were blunt and off-handed enough for any taste. Happily, 'twas for the most part a war of words, but action was to follow on the smallest notice. As fortune had it there was no necessity for actual conflict, and the fierce, fiery orations, and all the machinations of war went to waste. The Pope and all his followers are still unmolested, notwithstanding the many threats at utter annihilation. But 'tis not impossible that we may at some date not far distant be treated to a somewhat similar course, and advised of our own failings and that of our fathers for many generations, all for the greater peace of men and the stability of the Empire ; and in the meantime I would say to Ulster-

men to secure the services of Mr. Gibson. Since he makes such a stand beneath the Stars and Stripes, an atmosphere so uncongenial, what might he not accomplish backed by so many brave men of Ulster, who have made up their minds, at the expense even of their lives, to preserve our great Empire from committing suicide. We have had a good deal of plain, blunt talk during the late civil war, but, if I am not grievously in error, Mr. Gibson, for his surroundings, has completely outdistanced anything on record, and his services in the next civil war in Ulster would be invaluable.

But what are we to expect from the common herd when such a man as Bishop Coxe lends himself to an anti-Catholic party, and foment the fire of sectarianism. The Right Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, as he signs himself, is Protestant Bishop of Western New York, and in a letter to the *Buffalo Express* lately, assails the Pope and his sympathisers in language that would have done credit to our most furious zealots in the height of their Ulsteria. Isn't Bishop Coxe supposed to represent a Master whose grand precept is love and fraternal charity and good-will among men? How well he has fulfilled this commission let the reading world decide. How, in the name of religion and justice, could Bishop Coxe or anyone with a shadow of conscience remaining, approve or encourage an association whose oath runs—"I do most solemnly promise and swear that I will use my influence to promote the interest of all Protestants everywhere in the world ; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if I can procure the services of a Protestant ; that I will not aid in building or in maintaining by any resources any Roman Catholic church or insti-

tution of their sect or creed whatsoever but will do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope ; that I will not enter into any controversy with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or create a disturbance whereby the Roman Catholic employés may undermine and substitute the Protestants ; and that in all grievances I will seek only Protestants and counsel with them, to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them anything of any nature matured at such conferences ; that I will not countenance the nomination, in any caucuses or convention, of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for, nor counsel others to vote for, any Roman Catholics ; that I will endeavour at all times to place the political positions of this Government in the hands of Protestants. To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen."

This is charity ! This is love ! This is doing unto others as we would have others to do unto us ! There are to be sure Protestants, lay and clerical, of broader views and sounder judgment, who scout the very name of A. P. Aism., as utterly un-American, not to say un-Christian. But isn't it sad to think that men of high social status should lend their influence and name to any secret combination for the purpose of harassing their fellow men without investigating the pros and cons, and having fully made out their conclusions with regard to the rectitude of their course ? The venerable Bishop of Western New York is too clearly one of this class. Here is a skit upon him and his

confreres, I have clipped from "Religious Tolerance," and which is peculiarly adapted to the case.

"Once it happened that as a sweet and beauteous young maiden (God's Church) was passing along the highway, she noticed a particularly deep and nasty mud-puddle which the inhabitants of that place called 'politics.' Thereupon the tender heart of the maiden was moved with pity for the passers-by, whose sight and nostrils were offended by the grievous thing. So she spake into herself, and said, 'Behold am I not fair and pure and beautiful? Are not my garments clean and spotless? Therefore, will I cast myself into this puddle and purify it?' Thereupon, brothers Peters, Coxe, Shinn, Romer, &c., &c., threw her in. But when in the mire and rolled in it, the effect on the puddle was not perceptible, but oh! the effect on the maiden."

Let the A.P.A. churches, and Romer, Coxe, Shinn, Peters, &c., thoughtfully digest and pick out the moral. Yes; this allegory covers most of the ground required, and let us hope the brothers will act on this advice and thence draw wisdom. Any society that cannot see the light is to be reprobated by all well meaning men; and although this association and its workings are in the main known to the public, owing to the aggressive and outspoken speeches and letters of certain blustering members, there are good grounds for supposing its worst features have not yet been discovered. But it is enough for us to know that it is secret, that its members are bound by oath, and that their venom is concentrated on the Catholic Church. What are right-minded men to say of any society which binds itself on oath to oppress and persecute a

section of its fellows differing from it in religion, actuated all the while by mere suspicion or prejudice, and blinded thereby to all sense of justice. Any association of the kind, whether Oddfellows, Freemasons, or the countless other so-called benevolent leagues, having even remotely in view the oppression of men, who refuse to accept certain opinions on certain things which should be left perfectly free to all, is highly reprehensible, and the individual who lends himself to such an association, be he prince or peasant, should be regarded as an unsafe and dangerous person. Can it be that the rulers of great countries are found at the head of such institutions? If so there must be somewhere very serious wrong, when 'tis necessary in order to secure influence and authority to have connection with such associations, and I hardly think much confidence is to be attached to a ruler whose policy is shaped in darkness.

'Tis regrettable that the old spirit of know-nothingism which was productive of such evils so lately, should be again revived, and that anything in the shape of religious rancour, should get foothold in the States. America boasts of being the pioneer of liberty, and especially freedom of conscience, and why not teach those charlatans and notoriety-seekers, whose conduct is calculated to seriously blacken the fair name of the country, a lesson. I was just contemplating the wonderful changes that had taken place for the last decade in America, with regard to religious tolerance, and wondering what Washington would have said to the whole, when there is a knock. 'Tis the postman, and I am handed a letter all the way from America. I open and read, "Office of the



Converted Catholic, 60 Bible House, New York. Tracts for the Times. No. 2. Roman Catholicism, as delineated in the Roman Catholic Bible." The text is taken from the 17th chapter of the Apocalypse of St. John, and is made according to the ingenious author, to have clearly reference to the Pope and Catholicism. Let me quote from this printlet, so that Catholics may have the advantage of judging the strange notions entertained by outsiders on their faith.

"Whatever else the Church has neglected, she has certainly succeeded in embittering the Catholics against Protestants and their teaching in making him believe a lie, when she tells him that the host is Jesus Christ, and when she sends him to a priest to get forgiveness of sins, which he could get without a priest, if he only accepted Christ as his Saviour. It is no wonder that the ease of confession and the facility with which absolution is obtained, leads many Roman Catholics to think lightly of crime. Indeed, it is easier to get absolution for the most flagrant offences than for an error of mind regarding a law of the Church. A priest will give a murderer absolution, but he will not if he doubts the Infallibility of the Pope or the Immaculate Conception; and a marauder who would not hesitate to filch a shoulder of mutton would not on any consideration eat it on Friday. In this manner the laws of the Church are set above the commandments of the ever-blessed God. Men can get pardon for the breach of the one, but never for the infringement of the other. Such is the religion of Roman Catholics. I have now shown that Romanism is portrayed in the Roman Catholic Bible as a drunken harlot, guilty of unhallowed intercourse with the kings

of the earth. I have also shown that the doctrines of this false Church are injurious to her people. Human nature is a bad thing naturally, and Romanism does not improve it. What remains now? My Roman Catholic friends, I have not wished to speak too strongly of your Church. I have only wished to make a plain and faithful comment on the Scripture. If I have misjudged her, I am ready to account for it to my Lord in the day of His appearing. If I have spoken as His word warrants, then woe, woe to all who continue to believe her doctrines, obey her laws, or refuse to renounce her errors."

What a mass of contradiction and statements utterly devoid of authenticity! What Catholic who knows the A B C of his religion will not regard this as the sheerest travesty on his faith? Can a man not remain a Catholic, and at the same time a useful member of society, and exemplary citizen? Does not Catholicity admit of the highest social culture, the highest education, justice in the highest degree, and respect for the rights of others, the highest precepts of fraternal charity and peace among men, full freedom of thought and action, everything in fine that can make a people great, prosperous, and contented? Why, therefore, all this waste of breath about casting aside the bondage of the Church and its superstitions? Does not a Catholic believe and hope in Jesus Christ, and the adorable Persons of the Trinity, and can it be for a moment imagined that he who believes only in the all-saving power of faith and the Bible, shall be more acceptable than he who tells his beads, and fasts, and gives alms, provided the latter is sincere? Why then all this energy expended, and so many artifices

employed to rescue poor, erring Catholics from idolatry? America should be the last country to rise up against Catholicity, for it spurned not its Declaration of Independence, and its members fought and bled therefor, and would again uphold it. And Catholics, too, fought, and bravely, for the Union. Now, when they have the pluck and energy to build great churches, which cost the State nothing, and endow their schools at their own expense, meanwhile paying to support the public schools from which they derive no benefit, and, that the Pope, purely as a matter of ecclesiastical discipline and convenience, thinks well to have a representative at Washington, the cry is raised on all sides that Rome is set upon completely controlling the secular as well as the religious interests of the country, and hounding to death such as would dare oppose its progress. I do not attribute this outcry to the Americans, but to a section of our own people who have gone to America, and there fostered the religious bigotry so dear to them at home. I am glad to observe that they are rapidly rising above this narrow-mindedness. There are but twelve million Catholics in the United States, whereas the whole population is not less than sixty-six million, and therefore I say the A.P.Aists must be the veriest cowards to clamour so loudly.

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## CHAPTER XVI.—THE BUSHMAN'S STORY.

IN whatever sphere of life our lot may be cast, most of us have to contend and grapple with many difficulties. But there are times when all our joys or sorrows come together. Fortune smiles upon us, and that happiness which we experience beams forth in every look and word, diffusing itself to those around us, and infecting them with our cheerfulness. We see smiles on every face, no matter of our follies and indiscretions, our friendship coveted, and our opinions prized while we are welcomed to every fireside. For the nonce we are pleased, and allow ourselves to be trifled with, and flattery have its way, although there is a creeping terror that a tear shall be exacted for this joy. Withal we enter into its spirit and enjoy the sunshine, and for the time disposed to forget the struggles and trials that have been, cheat life of its cares, and baffle ourselves into forgetfulness of the dangers and anxieties that may yet be. We looked forward to this in our darkest hour. 'Twas a beacon to which we were battling, when life's troubled waves were seething and bubbling around us, and we vainly fancied that on reaching this haven, we should have attained the summit of human felicity. Alas ! for the vanity of our wishes, we have been disappointed. 'Tis pleasant, notwithstanding, to look back to the dangers we have run, and the artifices employed to cheer the drooping heart ; to think our efforts have been crowned with success, and that our desires have

been realised. When the angry clouds have disappeared, and the troubled waters regain their place, leaving us unmolested to enjoy that fruit for which through weal and woe we strained every energy, 'tis pleasant and comforting, but not everything we anticipated. We quite forgot that unhappiness exists not only in difficulties, but also because there are no difficulties to be contended with ; that the rich as well as the poor are its victims, and may be found in the palace of kings, as well as in the huts of the lowliest of their subjects. No position nor rank, nor age, nor sex, is proof against its inroads.

But there is another aspect. We have been considering the case, where life's rugged path is crossed in safety, and where we find after a long and difficult journey a garden beautifully ordered, in which we can rest after our many fatigues and regale ourselves with its honey-scented flowers. I fear we have not considered sufficiently the various pitfalls and precipices with which it was indented. The storms o'er, we are rather inclined to forget them. When the summer comes, and the fields teem with rich luxuriance, and the trees donned in their best, with here and there a warbler of the grove tuning its soft notes, vary the beauty of the surrounding landscape ; when the cold, piercing winds have calmed into fragrant, balmy air ; when the threatening storms have disappeared, and there is not a ripple on the blue vault of heaven, 'tis difficult to recall the beating rains, the piercing cold, the parched fields, the hushed songsters, and the general dreariness of the winter. Some effort is needful, and we care not to use that effort.

In this way 'tis difficult to realise the perils that

have passed ; nor care we to summon the ghost of adversity. Albeit, we had our darkened hours, when our best meaning friends with the magic of instinct shrank from our path, fearing to intrude on our humours and meet a speedy repulse ; when smiles merged into frowns, and our judgment ceased to be valued. We were no longer the centre of a happy family circle nor the boast of admiring patrons. The stream turning, we found ourselves deserted. The sharp points of disregard were hurled upon us, more bitter than the poisoned barb of an arrow, and worse, they were left to fester and rankle in the wound, for no one would plead for us, no one would lighten the burden of grief that was pressing us, no one quell the torrent of reproach bursting o'er us, nor raise the voice to palliate our failings. They feared to breast the storm, especially as no return could accrue from their pains, for we were a wreck, a broken reed, and who would lean upon us ?

Are we then to remain in constant dread of this hapless fate ? Are we to live in perpetual anticipation of evil fortune ? Are we to regard a frown or an omission of courtesy as an ill-starred omen of future suffering ? No ; let us guard against such fears, for sorrow has its own consolation, and on the darkest night there is a glimmering star. We must not regard the world as a desert peopled only with shadows incapable of gratitude, incapable of affection, and all the higher emotions of the heart. The mother will sit by the bedside of her dying child. She will watch every movement and twitching of the lips. She feels every pang and pain with that acuteness of which only a mother is capable. She sacrifices

time, sleep, and health to the reigning deity of her heart, and, should it pass away, 'twere well if her reason passes not with it. Shall we stand by an eye-witness of all this, and say the world is but a wilderness, bearing only briars and thorns, with naught but selfishness and ingratitude, and wholly void of love or feeling?

A little farther and see the fond father by the bedside of his only daughter. He watches the hectic appearing and disappearing from her fair form. Every symptom, every wavering word, every sigh is noted with the most anxious concern. He stands by her to the last, and little though this may be he has neither rest nor consolation elsewhere. When the pulse grows feeble and the lips pallid, and there are evident signs of a speedy dissolution, he endeavours to be reconciled, but the essay is fruitless. He bears her in his arms, and supports the drooping head, for she is his child, his hope, his comfort, his all, and cannot imagine the cold earth is to separate him from her in whom he centred every happiness. If we are ever disposed to exclaim against Divine Providence, and ask heaven to withhold its chastening hand—if a sight truly heavenly is ever to be witnessed by us mortals here below—surely 'tis now. Her spirit fled, and her remains consigned to the grave, he returns to his home and employment, but will not be comforted. She is never to be forgotten. She hovers before his mind in the day and haunts him in his dreams. He remembers her, not as the pale emaciated victim of disease, but she rises before him in the flush and prime of womanhood, his boast and his pride, and, oh! can it be she has withered as the grass of the field? 'Tis

too much for him in his old age. 'Tis too deep a wound to be healed, and soon he sinks into the grave beside her without whom life itself were a torture.

Not to speak of that love which has been the theme of poetry and fiction from the beginning, there is here, forsooth, a lesson for the sceptic. There is here a soothing lesson for him whose heart has been congealed by a series of crosses and trials, and in whom every kindly feeling has been extinguished. He will learn that there is a filament, though finer than the finest gossamer, that is never broken, which shrinks not in danger, in sickness, nor in want, as firm as adamant, as unbending as the rock against which the surging tide lashes in vain, which neither time nor distance can weaken, and this is pure affection. 'Twere too bad, indeed, if this world were a waste and all its smiles enamelled frowns ; that man, so visibly stamped with heaven's image, should be capable of no higher instinct than self-interest ; that friends should be regarded only as enemies at peace ; and while we shook the one hand in fellowship and friendship we should dread from the other the steel-barbed arrow of scorn and neglect. These are base sordid minds, it must be owned, ungrateful for benefits and forgetful of favours, too prone to regard the welfare of others as secondary, and destitute of all the finer feelings. Nor is this strange in a world of so many varied dispositions and so many different pursuits. From particular instances, however, we are not to draw general conclusions, and perhaps we should be prepared to attach some blame to ourselves. As man is a social being, and seeks a crowd, so he is willing to give and accept sympathy. He deems it his duty to succour the distressed, but



not to sacrifice all his happiness thereto. So frail is he, and so liable to despondency, that even in success he must be supported, and, conscious of this, he labours for and thinks himself entitled to a return of sympathy from his protégé. Are we then to expect unfailing help from a crumbling pillar or unbroken sunshine from a cloudy sky? We should try and bear our own woes and disappointments, nor be too ready to hoist the flag of distress, and, above all, be slow to attribute baseness or ingratitude to the world justly chargeable to our own imprudence and want of foresight.

I was led into this train of reflection by an incident on board the "Passport" sailing down the River St. Lawrence. The morning was charming, and seemed all the more by contrast, as the night preceding had been so stormy. 'Twas such a morning as fellow-travellers enjoy the sunshine, and the breeze, and a talk together. My next neighbour on the saloon deck opened the conversation, and questioned me as to my sphere, whence I came, whither I was going, and what I thought of the country. I answered all his queries in a manner that gave him satisfaction, and soon he entered, without any pressure on my part, into a long account of himself, of which the following is the substance:—"I am now forty-five years old, and have just completed my twenty-fifth year in the United States. During that period, I verily believe, I have had more ups and downs than any man in the whole world. At the invitation of an aged relative, I came to America, and took up my abode at his country home in Idaho. I was then little more than a boy, but, notwithstanding, soon began to realise I was going to be first used and next abused.

Promises of the inheritance of a considerable fortune had been held out to me. However, I learned in a short time the conditions were too revolting to be borne with, and the fulfilment at best very uncertain. The tyranny of relatives is, above all, the least bearable, so I took my departure, not without rating in no complimentary terms the patrons who had brought me thither and now left all my hopes blasted. I summoned what courage I could, therefore, and went farther West, settling fifty miles from the nearest village, and twenty from the next settler. In fact, on one side I have no knowledge where or who was my neighbour. I took some strange fancy to the place, as it bore in my mind a close resemblance to the dear little spot where I was born in the old country. Here I was at one and the same carpenter, cook, milkman, farmer, together with a host of other occupations. The working days were pleasant enough, but the Sabbaths dreary, and the nights unbearable. In course of time I lost the record of the days, and months, and even years. I seldom visited the village, and still less frequently the adjoining settlers, who, I could see, were distrustful of strangers. During many weary years I had but one visitor—an Irishman, who had tramped from the Pacific Coast, and was on the road to Chicago. His tales of adventure, in some respects, outstripped my own, and, as I had long been led to believe my career had yet to find a parallel, the spirit of jealousy was at once aroused in me. This sensation I must add was but momentary.

“My cabin was of the plainest, constructed of wood, having mainly for its architect, builder, and glazier its occupant. Here I spent many a lonely hour, with no

other friend and comforter than my faithful dog, and even he at times seemed to regard this sort of life monotonous. At night I sang some favourite airs, and read and read again my little stocks of poems, and prose, and stories. One song always stirred me, 'The bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond,' for by that lake I wandered as a boy, and all those gladsome thoughts that inspired me then came to me anew, and cheered me in the gloom. I knew something of the violin and pipes, and often played some cherished Scottish airs. I had always wherewith to take up the attention by day, whether farming, shooting, fishing, hunting, but as the nights advanced my condition became intolerably dreary. Not the least important of my bed-chamber outfit were my revolver and rifle, which were always held in readiness, and often I awoke with a thrilling sensation that the robbers were upon me, or in deadly conflict with wolves, bears, and snakes. I had, however, no encounters of this kind specially deserving of notice, except an accidental meeting with a bear or snake, and, to be just, neither was very aggressive, but, on the contrary, much preferred to keep out of the road. In this way the time passed, and I was not becoming a whit more reconciled to my position. I should have stated that my object was to establish a right to this property, which I hoped would soon become of great value, owing to the expected rush of immigrants. When I had finally decided to take my departure, and abandon the enterprise, a colony of Germans migrated to the neighbourhood, and, as I could have nothing in common with the new settlers, I gladly accepted their offer, and bade adieu to my hermitage. Well nigh

independent, I now sought the first scenes of my painful experiences in the country. My old friends were too glad to receive me, for I found the estate had become considerably encumbered, and entreated me to take upon myself all their responsibilities. I did so, although I had no right, but not without sure pledges of the long promised patrimony. From then I continued to take absolute control, until death after death, the latest being an imbecile daughter, left me the sole possessor. I shortly sold out, have since resided in various cities of the Union, own many interests in business concerns, got married, and have now the most interesting family, and most charming wife in the world."

At this stage the bell rang for dinner, and, as he took his departure, I remarked, "I observe you have, too, become thoroughly Americanised." "Yes," he rejoined, "America is, and always shall be my home."

He did not appear to understand the significance of my remark, but the gentleman and lady hard by did. During our conversation the gentleman incessantly puffed his havannah, apparently perfectly abstracted, while the lady industriously kept reading her periodicals and pamphlets, occasionally raising her eyes in our direction, and seemingly thinking herself unobserved.

"You have had quite an interesting conversation," remarked the gentleman. "Yes," I said, "my friend appears to have had pretty rough handling."

"Allow me to tell you, as one perfectly cognisant of all the facts, and wholly disinterested," he continued, "there is absolutely no foundation for the charges

which he so unqualifiedly makes against his relatives. Far differently, it has always been held that he treated them with great want of consideration, if not absolute harshness, and 'tis even said that death after death was the result of a broken heart."

"Yes," observed the lady, "the treatment they received from him created an extraordinary feeling in the neighbourhood. But it has ever been my experience that those who complain are the very individuals to whom it is generally unsafe to entrust power. In fact, persons in power have no idea of the dreadful punishment of which they are so often unwittingly the cause."

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## CHAPTER XVII.—JONATHAN AT HOME.

**J**UST another city, and then for the World's Fair. In crossing the Atlantic I formed the acquaintance of a priest, who was just returning to his home at Cincinnati after a six years' sojourn in a Belgian University, where he had completed his studies. He could not have been much over twenty-three, and must have left home a mere boy. We became very good friends, with the result that I received an invitation to become his guest for some portion of my tour. Cincinnati was not on my original programme, and I don't think it cost me a second thought since I left school. Considering the cordial invitation I received, I at length determined to avail myself of his hospitality, especially as I hoped to gain a good deal of information about the city in a comparatively short time, as well as of the country generally. The reception was everything that could be desired, and my stay was most enjoyable.

Two weeks had just elapsed since we parted. He was then in great anxiety to see his friends, who, as I afterwards learned, were as anxious to see him. Not much time, however, was given to him to this end, for I found on my arrival he had been appointed assistant at one of the churches in the city a week before, and had preached thrice. Even the go-a-headism finds its way into the Church. I did not, therefore, find him at the given address, but was, notwithstanding, received there with much favour. The mother of my good friend it appeared had been apprised of my coming,

and as I had been acceptable with him, no further recommendation seemed necessary. She was a widowed lady of Irish descent, and was as proud as any Irish mother to have a priest in the family. She became extremely voluble on the first meeting with her son after such a lengthened absence, and clearly wished to keep talking on the subject. It was utterly impossible for some time to get edging in a word at all, and I was at length obliged to leave her the monopoly. Her description of the great change that had come upon him in such a short time, as well as the change effected in his general bearing and temperament, was particularly dramatic. At first she was unwilling to acknowledge him, thinking such a change an impossibility. She had known the steamer by which he was to set sail, but he had arranged to send a message on reaching New York, and had not, so this was circumstantial evidence against him. At last she recognised him through his voice. Descriptive particulars here are a little bit touching. 'Tis a pretty little scene between an affectionate mother and a dutiful son, where absence had helped to strengthen duty and affection. I cannot afford to trespass on the sacredness of the occasion, so let me pass on.

I afterwards called upon him according to directions at his new charge, where a most cordial reception awaited me. Well, when the Americans undertake to shake hands they mean it. It is not, as so often happens with the grand folk hereabouts, one formal shake and there the matter drops. No; Jonathan takes you by the hand and makes you vibrate to such an extent that you are disposed to cry aloud, "Enough, enough; for mercy's sake, enough!" This

was the treatment awaited me, and I found it rather pleasant. If shaking of hands means friendship, why not dispense with formality? Formality is not friendship; otherwise, as was the case with the Italians not so long ago, try and get rid of the process entirely. After the preliminaries I was led forth to explore the beauties of the city, and was meanwhile presented to quite a number of friends and relatives. Much to my chagrin, I passed for an American. There are few Irish at Cincinnati; the great majority of the people are Germans, and many of the newspapers are in German. Everywhere advertisements and placards in German confront you. They are not, therefore, much accustomed to the Irish, but see a good deal of them now and then in the press and periodicals, with, of course, the usual colouring. Every Irishman in their estimation should have a long drawl, requiring about twenty minutes to pronounce the words of the Lord's Prayer, and at the same time a curious knack of doing everything wrong. I did not come up to the ideal, and had the advantage, my friend good-humouredly keeping the secret, at times of hearing what manner of man the ideal was. The particulars were highly flavoured, and so comical that several times I was forced, in spite of all efforts, to lose my balance. In more serious moods such attacks completely nettled me, and I could not help thinking how unreasonable it was that the inhabitants of a country but a few centuries old, themselves merely transplants, should make such uncalled-for raids on a good old race that had tasted the fruits of civilization and learning long before America was dreamt of, and produced the greatest scholars, the greatest poets, the



greatest generals, and the greatest statesmen of the world. There is not a known branch in which Ireland's sons and daughters have not excelled. But as I was out for amusement and information it would by no means pay to lose temper, and thus everything passed pleasantly. My reverend host enjoyed the thing immensely, and doubtless, when he afterwards returned to make out accounts, there must have been many heart-sores.

Cincinnati looks much like our own cities, the streets being not so wide as those of other American cities, and about the business and central part looks very much like the thoroughfares in Manchester. In this portion the houses are four storeys in height, and sometimes five, solidly built of brownish freestone, and the shop windows are very attractive. Across the canal, which they have designated the "Rhine," the Germans alone exist, and some of them do not attempt a single English word. Here everything is got up after German methods, which are not the worst, and, judging of what I have seen of the Germans here and there, they must be a great and enterprising people. Beautifully sloping hills environ the city, upon which are costly residences, mostly of blue limestone, with extensive and tastefully adorned grounds. Cincinnati is built on the banks of the River Ohio, and is designated the "Queen of the West." Here poets seemed to have found subject matter for verse. I remember two lines of a long poem on the subject, which run—

"The Queen of the West, in her garlands drest,  
On the banks of the beautiful River."

It is not the "Queen of the West" by population, having merely 300,000 people, but one reason why it

is called the "Queen of the West" is that it is about the oldest Western city. The folk elsewhere speak of them as being very fast livers. This much, however, can be said of the American cities—if there is vice it must keep indoors and dare not parade itself on the streets. There is hardly anything objectionable to be met with in public, even in the worst cities of the Union. In general they are anxious to be thought an upright and moral people, and the law points to this. The authorities at the Fair grounds jealously guarded the introduction of anything that might be offensive to even the most fastidious, and several times swept off dramatic representations. It could not be wondered at if there existed considerable vice in a country that is constantly receiving foreigners of all tendencies, but it is well that such a spirit exists. Robberies, however, are not unfrequent, and murders and lynching in the face of day and before the public gaze. Your friends will always inform you in every city that there are certain portions that must be avoided, and that individuals suspected of dollars are never safe thereabouts. Everywhere dollars appeared to be more secure in the safes of the bankers, except for financial collapses, than in the possession of the owner. Nor is this strange, although not the less excusable, in a country overrun by speculators and money seekers, who have rushed thither from every clime with utopian ideas of accumulating vast wealth, and returning home independent in a few years. It is encouraging to note that the laws uphold morality and honesty, and the general tendency of residents and natives is to strengthen the laws. The story runs that women here and there, who are sticklers for

decorum and good order on the streets, have occasionally organised themselves into bands and swept without mercy thence anything that appeared to them savouring of impropriety. Might not their sisters in Britain gather courage from their example, and effect some reform in English cities, whose streets are from nightfall a disgrace to civilisation? Methinks they would be thus better employed than wasting time and postage stamps in forwarding tracts and silly leaflets all over to procure conversions. Why form chimerical schemes, never to be realised, when so much is to be accomplished at our own doors? If conversion renders no better service than it has afforded to the christianised at home, then in the name of rest let it pass.

The country outside the city looks fertile, and at places luxuriant. Nowhere are the fields so green as ours, and the grass blades are not so thickly set. This is owing, doubtless, to the great drought, for there is luxuriance in great perfection wherever there is sufficient artificial watering. It must not be forgotten that all sorts of climates are to be found in America, but generally there are very sudden changes from heat to cold, from extreme drought to regular downpours of rain. Indian corn, which is always designated corn without any qualifier, is one of the great products of the soil. Out of this more dishes are formed than I could think of for some considerable time. Fields of great stalks like sugar canes, ending in large cobs, beset with grain, are to be met with everywhere. Potatoes, too, with shrivelled and burnt up stems, are now and then to be seen, and tomatoes so very red and rich, and squashes—what huge unwieldy things they are—

and water melons without limit. In the South the products are cotton, fruit, and sugar-cane. Some of the vegetables that go to enrich America might thrive with us. Is not the potato an American importation?

Under the guidance of my reverend friend I had in a short time seen a great deal of the "Queen of the West," and gleaned much information of the country and people. Nothing was sought to be concealed from me, while at the same time I was presented to most intimate relatives and friends, and partook of their hospitality, being made to feel perfectly at home. I have found commonly that the best Americans are not good society people, and often burst into slang and doubtful terms. They clearly feel at a discount in the presence of Europeans of education and distinction, and are quite willing to admit of their superiority. For my own part I could not lay much claim to either, but had sufficient opportunities, notwithstanding, of forming this conclusion; and the English of eminence seem to them specially worthy of imitation. Their servants complain that there is no putting up with them once they return from their European tour, with all their new fashions, of late dinners, and the rest. They affect to despise our titles and personages, and at the same time their daughters are crazed to get married to a lord or a count, or some such mortal as has a family crest, so as to be sharers in the honours. Except for an occasional digression, by way of slang, the people of fashion speak the English language very accurately, and with an accent that rests midway between that of the educated people of London and Dublin. If they do not catch what you said they inquire, "What did you say?" Some time this is

shortened to "What say?" They never make use of "Beg pardon." That is English, *you know*. If they stumble against you, or do some similar injury, they go so far as to say "Excuse me." "Beg pardon" to them sounds the language of a criminal. When you make some statement to which they cannot agree they inform you of their disagreement, and point out the better way. The middle and lower classes flatly contradict you. In this case the refined English prefer to let the matter drop, and change the subject.

'Tis better not to carry the genteel too far; it becomes at length monotonous and tiresome. In the face of such generous and open-hearted hospitality as was accorded to me so very generally, I was quite prepared to overlook little faults in etiquette—faults I should say from our standpoint—and think American ways equal to ours or superior. Many a time, as well as in the present instance, I found myself seated at a table in a family of rosy boys and pale girls, presided over by a cheerful father or mother, who made things so comfortable for me that I could not for a moment regard myself as an intruder. This is wonderfully enjoyable, even though everything does not come up to strained standards. Such standards cease to attain the object of their institution as soon as they begin to make people feel on edge. In Cincinnati I chanced upon a groove where all formality was dispensed with, and things went on beautifully in its absence. My friend had some special facility for making you feel at home—was well educated, spoke French and German fluently, having preached in both, and also Italian, and was, on the whole, very promising. For the few very pleasant days spent there I am entirely indebted

to his kindness and generosity. My time was limited, and I was obliged to take my leave, with many pleasing remembrances of the city and people. It only remained to create new friendships and visit other scenes.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.—CHICAGO.

'T WAS a beautiful evening in September, breezy and healthful. By railway time 'twas ten ; and soon we descry in the distance a beautiful circlet of dazzling lights. Nobody can explain the phenomenon, and the conductor is sought. We are at once informed that this is the wonderful Ferris Wheel in the Fair Grounds, illuminated by electricity, and that Chicago is right at hand. Not until after considerable time, however, do we behold the lights of the great city, scattered over a vast area of country, and seemingly endless. We are come at length to Chicago, the city of wonders, the city that rose like the phoenix from its own ashes in a day, the city of the great Columbian Exhibition, that stirred the world, and brought together the intelligence and resources of the universe, the city about which the press daily teemed with some new and startling sensation, and on which the eyes of all the world are rivetted.

The first impressions of Chicago are not to be easily forgotten. And as to the Fair, I approach it with much diffidence, feeling quite inadequate to do the subject justice. I may state that I have visited several such exhibitions, including the last two in Paris, and I am, therefore, in a better position to speak than most people. But the World's Fair has completely outdistanced them all. I caught up here and there as I went some smart terms, the real significance of which I am unable to propound to the present day ; but of

what service are they to me? Adjectives alone can help me, and superlatives if possible. Meanwhile let me rest at the Leland Hotel, and then take a stroll through the city and gather breath.

Chicago is built on Lake Michigan, one of the largest of the American lakes, and is, in consequence, very healthful. No matter how much the heat in day-time, there is a pleasant breeze during the night, which favours sleep, and thus the dollar-seekers go forth each morning with renewed vigour. The Chicago folk are the most selfish I have anywhere met, and the rudest. A civil answer from one of them is a rarity, and whenever you are treated to this rarity you turn round in amazement, and fancy there must be something wrong. Even the public officers answer your queries by "Yes" and "No," and seem awfully distressed while under the operation. Everybody seems to regard his fellow with suspicion, and the record of crime is appalling. Each day the papers announced some thrilling event sufficient to crush the heart of the bravest. During my stay a hotel outside the Fair grounds was burned into dust, and seven individuals perished; the cases of suicide were endless; a gentleman shot his lady in a fit of jealousy; an Englishman of title lost his daughter, and it was found she had eloped with a chair-pusher at the Exhibition, and here the Press became sensational; a gentleman and lady came to lodgings hard by; they gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so; some strange conduct was observable in the gentleman, and at midnight a wild shriek was heard, which is soon followed by the report of firearms; again and again the report was heard, and investigation disclosed the dreadful



result. The lady lay sweltering in her blood, with several bullet wounds, and by her side her brutal murderer. He was not yet quite dead, and from his statement he had just ended his own existence, being unable to bear the thought of having to undergo a trial and all its painful accompaniments. A terrible revelation came to light. He was not the lady's husband, but had eloped with her ; and now her relatives, hearing of the shocking tragedy, have come upon the scene. His relatives, too, have visited the scene, and what is said and done by both is carefully noted and commented upon in the press. The newspapers give nearly half a column to the headings, and people read and hardly give the thing a second thought. Such things cease to have for them any novelty. There is pretty certain to be a murder, or railway accident, or daring robbery in next morning's papers anew, and a repetition the morning after, and so on. People thus come to look upon them as common-place affairs, and necessary consequences considering human depravity. Leaving a large margin in the way of allowances for the great influx of visitors, and the fact that everything was topsy-turvy during the Fair, Chicago has the reputation of being the worst city in the country. There is good reason to believe that this fame is well founded. The great ambition seems to be to outnumber New York in population and wealth and beauty, and, consequently, there is an everlasting call for more immigrants. The cry is for immigrants with money, so as to help on with some new enterprise, but by all means more population, with or without money. When the Chicago go-aheads have left New York behind, Paris is next to be

emulated, and then nothing remains but to outstrip London. Already some boast that their city is finer than Paris, but they had better see Paris first for themselves, and draw comparisons afterwards. There are, without doubt, two streets in Chicago that excel anything it has been my lot to see—namely, State Street and Michigan Avenue, along with the beautiful buildings that front the Lake and afford a delightful promenade. Nowhere have I seen such magnificent buildings and spacious streets. After about two miles the houses become plain enough, and towards the outskirts wooden structures as elsewhere make their appearance. Very commonly the buildings are seven storeys high, but some of them attain a height beyond anything that even our fancy on this side could touch. I counted in one instance twenty-four storeys, and 'tis said that in more instances than one, the abnormal figure of thirty has been attained. 'Twas not my good luck to chance upon such structures, nor did I seek to make the discovery, thinking that I had seen the maximum possible, and believing anything more impossible. Impossible, however, seems to find little use in the "Windy City," and for the future we may regard the term thereabouts as defunct. There have certainly been marvellous feats accomplished there, and the people are not by any means satisfied with past reputation, but are ambitiously striving hard for more. But, for their buildings, they are foolishly high, and must be very inconvenient. How can anyone climb aloft after a hard day's work to rest, and reach the highest storey in safety? Well, the secret is, there is sure to be an elevator for that purpose, and the stairway is hardly ever called into use. Nevertheless, such fabulous

heights seem to us extremely ludicrous, and methinks also to the more thinking Americans. The country is large enough, and there are millions of acres still prairie ; therefore, it is unaccountable why Jonathan should hamper himself so badly. Jonathan takes his own view of the subject, and indeed we are entitled to give him his own way in his own country. He fought hard for his own way and won it, and 'twould be sadly unjust to strip him of his little whim as long as nobody is the sufferer and things go on so delightfully. In contemplating his greatness some day when his work is over, 'twill afford him joys untold to add the highest buildings in the world to his list of superlatives. Latterly there is a great outcry against such unwieldy proportions, and the laws are expected to interfere. In the event of fire such abnormal heights are found to be disastrous, and also productive of sunstroke. However, they are for the most part fire-proof, or at least have fire-escapes. The quantity of iron and steel used in the great buildings is enormous, and it is necessary to use a great deal of cement in preparing the foundation, water being found immediately under the surface.

Chicago has grown with wonderful rapidity. In 1830 there were but a dozen wooden shanties, with about a hundred people, composed of blacks, whites, and half-breds. For the first seven years its growth was remarkably slow, but afterwards there came a rush of speculators, who set to advertising and proclaiming its many advantages for a great city, and all of a sudden immigrants flocked from every direction. The population has since been increasing at a rate before unheard of, so that now it is the second largest

city in America, with over a million and a half of people. In 1871 a very destructive fire broke out in Chicago, burning whole districts, and rendering thousands homeless. Two hundred individuals perished in the flames. The quarter in which the conflagration began was made up of wooden structures, so that it was well nigh impossible to stop the progress of the flames, and so violent was their fury that they swept over the Chicago River, and spread thence in all directions, destroying warehouses, store-houses, lumber-yards and dwelling-houses. More than three square miles of the city was burned into ashes, and for several months afterwards some remnants of the buildings were still on fire. The enterprising inhabitants were by no means to be disheartened by this disaster, and at once set to work, so that in less than a year the city was rebuilt with much more substantial buildings, and hardly a trace of the disaster was noticeable. Some are inclined to throw a network of mystery around the origin of the great fire, while others give the thing a romantic turn, and speak of it as a blessing in disguise. An old woman—so goes the tale—on a Sunday evening in October was milking in a cow-shed; the cow kicked the kerosene lamp, and set fire to the structure; the buildings in the immediate vicinity soon became a mass of flames, and thence the fire spread with unabated fury over the city the whole of Monday and part of Tuesday, leaving it tenantless and in ruins, all efforts to stem its progress being utterly unavailing. Another conflagration broke out in 1874, which was not by any means so destructive in its effects as the first. But nevertheless eighteen blocks in the very centre of the

city were burned into ashes, some most valuable property being destroyed. At present there is no trace of those burnings. There is yet plenty of food for flames, and I should not be surprised if speculators invent another fearful conflagration within the next decade.

Of foreigners, the Germans are in the majority ; the Irish come next, while the remainder is made out of immigrants from the various countries of Europe. It is hardly fair, therefore to attribute Chicago faults to the Americans, who are really in the minority. To whomsoever attributable, there is vast room for improvement morally and socially, and the day may not be far distant when the folk will consider themselves nothing the worse for helping a fellow-being in distress or giving a civil answer to a *bona-fide* inquirer. For the present we must wait until the dollar-fever is past ; it is just now at maximum temperature, and the change is bound to come soon. And then for morality, let churchmen see to it. There are plenty of churches—no fewer than 300—and, what is more, the theatre, which is made to serve very secular purposes all the week, serves as an extemporised church on Sunday. About noon on Sunday I was walking in State Street, going by way of Lincoln Park, when a great rush of people emerged from the theatre, for the time completely blocking up the way. The first civil-looking person I met, I inquired if theatricals were in progress so early on a Sunday. "No," he answered, "all these people have been at religious service, and the theatre has been very kindly granted for the occasion, which is considered a great favour." This was the first civil answer I received for an age, and did not

raise any cavil in consequence, but could not help thinking that the sacred and grotesque were brought into wonderfully close contact. Nor is it strange in a country where every man is as good as his neighbour, and so much better, that the sacred and profane should be treated with only about the same respect. Isn't there a Mr. Stead who has written a book entitled "If Christ came to Chicago!" From personal experience, I am half inclined to think if so, He would be no better treated than an ordinary citizen.

I was heartily wearied of the city and its ways, and strolled into the suburbs. Here, more from accident than otherwise, I came upon the Union Stock Yards, where the vast live stock trade of the city is transacted. I shall not easily forget my visit thither, and should strongly recommend persons of weak constitution and nerve to cautiously avoid making the experiment. There are several slaughtering places in the concern, which are perfectly independent of each other, employing each several hundred hands. A guide accompanies the visitors, pointing out the various items of interest *en route*. Ours was a peculiarly ill-natured individual whose very look frightened you from asking questions. Withal, I ventured to ask what was done in the case of animals that got maimed in the pens, having seen notably one whose huge horns were broken, and was bleeding profusely. "Well," he said, "we slaughter them right away." "That's a poor recompense for the accident," I hazarded. "What did you say?" he asked with a hideous scowl. I again tried to be humorous, and repeated the remark. The observation was so ludicrous that he could not help grinning a horrid grin, but was too ill-natured to

laugh. We were present at the slaughtering, but minute details are too sickening. I took particular interest in the cattle department, and watched the process pretty closely. They advanced from pen to pen in pairs until they reached the last, where the slaughterer stood over them on a stand for the purpose, and as soon as they faced in the proper direction he drew his heavy mallet, striking them in the head, and they fell. Chains were at once fastened to their feet, and they were immediately strung up; the butchers did the rest, there being several grades, one doing one portion and another another. The poor brutes seemed to have some terrible presentiment of their fate, for they looked wildly around and shook violently. Viewing all the processes I was sorry I had not been bred and born a vegetarian, and for weeks the dreadful odours of the place seemed to pursue me, and the ghosts of slaughtered steers, and innocent lambs, and hoggish pigs continued to haunt me and make my very existence a burden.

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## CHAPTER XIX.—THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AT length Jonathan from mere boasting comes to realities, and undertakes to stir and astonish the world. With what success is a matter of opinion. But he himself seems satisfied with the result, and feels assured that he has accomplished a feat unique in the history of nations, and one which men through all time shall seek to imitate, but in vain. On the other hand, the older countries which were great and respected before Columbus made his happy discovery, and which look upon young Columbia as a foolish youth who has run too hard and is bound to crack across some day soon in consequence, regard the World's Fair a gigantic failure, socially, morally, and financially. Nor could they be expected to shed other than crocodile tears at Jonathan's misfortune. It is pretty certain that the list of visitors did not by any means come up to expectations, and countries from which thousands were expected, hardly sent a single representative. This was certainly discouraging, in the face of such immense expenditure and such ardent expectations. It is estimated that the total cost of the undertaking, from its beginning to the winding up, was not less than five million pounds. Nearly a million pounds were spent in laying out, and beautifying the grounds, and almost two millions in raising the magnificent buildings which contained the exhibits ; whereas, the aggregate of visitors amounted to less than twenty-two millions. To anybody, except an American, this result would have been overwhelming ;



but there is hardly any fear that that cool, calculating individual was much disconcerted thereby. 'Twas a speculation which was unsuccessful, and there the matter must drop. The chances are his investment was insured, and in both cases the outcome was to him practically the same. Such a mishap is not under any circumstance to prevent him from entering on a new speculation. No ; he must be a rich man or a beggar. He recognises absolutely no medium, and it is this spirit of enterprise pervading the highest with the lowest that affords such ready and constant employment to the masses.

Everybody knows that the great Columbian Exposition was instituted to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Where the exhibition was to be held was a matter of considerable uncertainty for a long time, Chicago, New York, St. Louis, and Washington having entered the field in keen competition for the much coveted honour. Victory at length rested with Chicago, and Congress ratified the selection by granting a princely sum of money in furtherance of the enterprise. This, in addition to the generous contributions of the citizens of Chicago and those of the various States, was highly encouraging to the shareholders in their mammoth undertaking, and even though the whole did not attain the success they anticipated, they are to be largely commended for their pluck and energy.

To undertake to describe the World's Fair is to undertake a task of much difficulty. The visitors generally complained that as there was so much to be seen the mind completely lost itself, and they were thus obliged to take their way with no very clear idea

on anything. In extent the space occupied by the Fair Buildings exceeded by far anything of the kind the world had ever seen, being at least twice that of the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and containing as it did no fewer than one thousand acres. The site was partly in Washington Park and partly in Jackson Park, but mainly on the latter, and the beautifully artistic way in which the grounds were laid out and decorated was in itself an exhibition well worth visiting at great trouble and expense. In the first instance the walks were carefully planned and tastefully kept; the intervening greensward here and there, beset with flower-beds, and shrubs, and rowan-tree, the grass carefully trimmed and watered, so very verdant; and notices in more languages than one so legible that those who ran even might read—"Keep off the grass; do not touch the flowers." I have seen several violate both these commandments, and escape intact. And then artificial lakes were introduced, the reservoir being Lake Michigan hard by, one while widening into great broad lagoons, and again so narrow as to be spanned now and then with bridges, curved as rainbows, and having parapets with great allegorical figures on each side, seemingly of clay. And now and then crystal fountains were to be met, raising their liquid volumes into the air, which coloured and sparkled in the sunshine. The lakes themselves were fringed with water-lilies, and as the water gave place to the ply of the oarsmen the rocks of man's creation, huge and moss-covered, were seen to outstrip nature; swan and other birds that love such scenes were there to complete the delusion, and seemed perfectly indifferent to the great human tide that tossed to and

fro on all sides of them. Here, too, boats plied freighted with pleasure-seekers, gaily decked in brightest colours—some manned by stalwart hands, others propelled by electricity, and others again real gondolas with real gondoliers in their charmingly picturesque Venetian costumes. By night the lakes surpassed all else in loveliness, reflecting as they did the myriad lights from above, while underneath electric jets shone, sometimes faintly owing to the rippling waters, but sufficiently to reveal the sea-monsters artificially created and artificially propelled. As I gazed upon the fairy scene around me, more beautiful than tongue or pen can sketch, I could not help regarding the whole as some enchanting reverie too pleasing to last, and one from which I should soon awake to find 'twas all a dream.

The structures were made of wood, in imitation of public city buildings, but immensely larger, with magnificent porticoes, and columns, often surmounted with a towering dome, upon which high into the air floated the Stars and Stripes of America. Many of the States had special buildings for their own exhibits, erected at their own cost, and likewise many foreign nations, whereas, there were several of the departments in common. The whole, generally painted in white, presented the appearance of a city of marble, with streets somewhat irregularly laid out. Immediately fronting the Lake were some of the finest buildings, and there ran a delightful promenade, which was at all times crowded with the visitors enjoying the bracing breeze. Several bands in uniform at fixed distances served to lend additional charm, and at times crowds collected in their vicinity so as to

render passage through the great thoroughfare almost impossible. The mass of human beings of all types and colours, from almost every country on the face of the earth, dressed in the quaint picturesque costumes of their climes, in strange contrast to the smart American outfit, doing their sight-seeing in parties of nines and tens, and often more; groups moving hither and thither, in perfect good humour with themselves and everything; sly policemen so careless and indifferent, yet carefully eyeing the individual movements; chair-pushers, well nigh in harness, edging slowly, very slowly, through the throng, and watching the minutes as they passed, meanwhile dealing out tales of direst falsehood to their customers of the chair—these were among the sights and realities of the Columbian Exposition. In the interior of the buildings the exhibits were arranged with great taste and skill, so that everything worth seeing was on show, its name and the country it represented being very legibly set forth. Often there were persons in charge whose business it was to give desirable information, or make sale of the articles, which, if they happened to be very special, were always retained to the close of the Fair. The best idea may be had of the interior by fancying, say, the drapery department, an immense drapery concern, with here and there a section devoted to the best samples of the different countries, each article being ordered in the most attractive and pleasing fashion. And then the jewellery department might be regarded as a vast jewellery shop of bracelets, and necklaces, and brooches, and rings, and precious stones, and watches, and chains of all makes and materials—gold, silver,

and nickel—each having affixed its price, and the whole arranged in a style that must have occupied much time, and the attention of the most ingenious. The Fine Arts Building might be looked upon as a great picture gallery, with exhibits in painting and sculpture from the various countries of the world. In this department the Italians seemed to have an easy victory, and, as well as I could judge without hearing the final decision, the British exhibit was next. I was amazed at the number and beauty of the paintings that represented England. As to the Americans theirs, though many in number, fell far short in finish. You see this requires a great deal of time, and in America time is too precious to be wasted in frivolities, especially as in such cases the remuneration is often inadequate. Sculpture was very imperfectly represented, yet all the figures put forward were masterpieces, and, though not absolutely immodest, were nude enough to be reprehensible. The Germans and French each made a very distinguished exhibit, and many other countries as well, which hereabouts we hardly regard as civilised. All things considered, this to me at least was the most interesting department of the institution. The Transportation Building also created much attention, and was always crowded. Here was a representation of the many methods of transport, beginning with the most uncivilised nations on to the most advanced of our own times. The interior of this structure, vast in proportions, reminded me of a great workshop or store; and here one might see and determine for himself how far the difficulty of space could be overcome by modern invention as compared with the methods of the past. In the

railway car section the Americans outdistanced all competitors, their carriages, in comfort, beauty, and finish, without doubt, attaining the ideal. Many of the steamship companies had here *facsimiles* of the several sections of their steamers, just as they actually existed, with specimens also of real seamen in real flesh and blood, decked in their best sailors' suits. A model of the lost warship "Victoria" attracted much attention. It was thirty feet long, and cost £4,000, being considered the finest thing of its kind ever produced. The variety of makes of the many vehicles, including hearses, carriages, cabs, hansoms, and racing buggies, was completely bewildering. Bicycles, too, were on show after all manner of fashions, and every other method of conveyance by land and sea, from darkest barbarism to brightest civilisation.

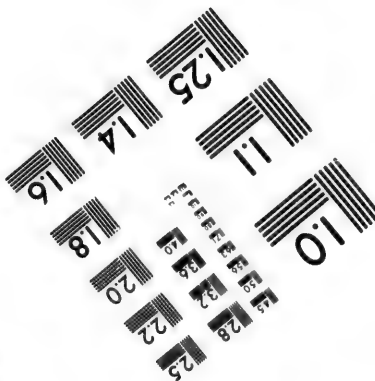
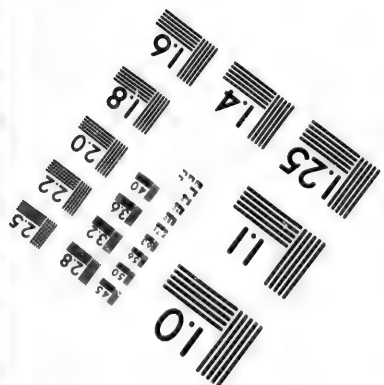
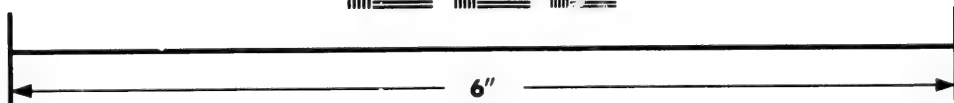
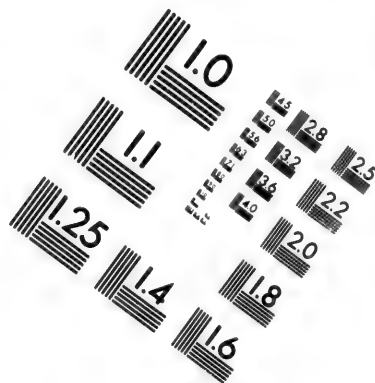
A very interesting department was the Woman's Building. This institution was planned by a woman and entirely under women's control. In this section there was no other exhibit except that of women, and its object was to show the advances made by the gentle sex in the literary and fine arts, and some of the more important and necessary duties of life, from which they had been hitherto superstitiously exempted. By Act of Congress women were to have share in the administration of the Fair, and in most of the buildings a board-room was specially set apart for their convenience. But this portion was absolutely under their control, and, although in many of the sections they entered into competition with the men, and successfully, this division was devoted solely to themselves. The Queen of England contributed no fewer than six water-colour drawings by her own hand. All

sorts of amusement and sports were afforded to children, while the infants even were provided for. An amusing incident, creating for the time no small sensation, happened in the nursery. Mothers who came to view the sights found it impossible to bear their babies in their arms, and move from exhibit to exhibit, one while ascending great flights of stairs and again descending, all this for the space of a whole day. Thus provision was made for their charge during their absence, and nurses undertook their responsibility at a fixed price, giving them some pledge or other of the bargain. Quite a crowd collected now and then to pronounce on the situation, and seemed to regard this, too, a part of the Exposition, and, as they had come in anticipation of wonders, the very least some novel departure in the order of creation. When the throng was at its greatest a lady, stout and ruddy, who could not have been more than one generation from Germany, advanced, and, as a matter of course, claimed her child. The guardian firmly refused to surrender her charge, all proofs of identification being regarded by her as utterly insufficient, and informed her that her baby was in the hands of the next nurse. This individual seemed to regard the entire with amazement, and remained silent, fearing to get involved in the strange complication. There stood the lady and her friends, while the excitement was ever growing with the crowd. Public opinion was pretty generally divided, the men taking sides with the would-be mother, and the women with the nurse. As things appeared menacing, I could not help thinking what Solomon would have done under the circumstances. Nobody seemed capable of deciding on the

likely outcome of events, and matters were rapidly becoming more complicated, when of a sudden a second claimant came rushing excitedly through the crowd, apparently thinking that something dreadful had taken place, and breathless demanded her baby. Nurse No. 2, without further ceremony, handed over her charge, and the difficult problem was solved. There was a striking similarity in the mothers, which undoubtedly led to all the confusion. Nurse No. 1 was completely dumbfounded, but it only remained to deliver the infant to the very anxious and outraged mother, which she did much abashed, and forthwith disappeared into space. The immense throng departed crestfallen, feeling disappointed that an incident which promised so much interest and amusement should end so flatly and abruptly.

Of all, no section created so much general interest as the Midway Plaisance. This portion covered about eighty acres, and here were the villages in miniature and customs of most of the primitive nations of the globe, with their sports and amusements, their peculiar dresses and manners exhibited. Ireland, too, was represented with its Blarney and Donegal Castles, the former in charge of Lady Aberdeen, and the latter under the management of Mrs. Hart. The Irish villages received great patronage, notably that of Lady Aberdeen, mainly owing to the supposed presence of the Blarney Stone, with whose history the very niggers in America are perfectly familiar. There was great competition between the Irish villages, and the employes entered heartily into its spirit, always listening attentively to any damaging remark on their rival. To afford variety there were





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songs, and music, and dancing, all in the most primitive of Irish styles, and by peasants in their rural costume. The bag-pipes, too, resounded to the touch of a youth characteristically Celtic in dress, appearance, and brogue. Miss Sullivan, daughter of the late A. M. Sullivan, gave the thing rather an elevating tone by her very skilful performance on the harp. In reference to the cottages, they appeared nearly the size and shape of the original they were intended to represent, and as rudely constructed, with mud, and thatch, and furniture, and fireplaces, wholly and purely after Irish fashions, and, perhaps, more adapted to the last century than the present. I don't believe strangers were likely to get more exalted ideas of Ireland from these representations of Irish villages. As to the rest, a very interesting volume might be written. For the present, I must content myself by merely remarking that the idea of bringing semi-barbarous nations, with their customs and ways of living, into contact with higher civilisation is a good one, and is eventually destined to produce practical results.

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MONSIGNOR SATOLLI,  
Apostolic Delegate to the United States

## CHAPTER XX.—THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

IN the midst of all the excitement 'twas pleasant to unexpectedly stumble against an old and trusted friend. The Fair, besides bringing together the intelligence and resources of the world, brought together also friends and relatives from the most distant parts, some of whom never expected to meet on this side of eternity. A novel meeting of this sort was daily taking place, and in many instances the press managed to get the particulars, and I may venture to state that in no case did the pleasing incident lose in the telling. In instances friends met who had been for years imploring the Divine forgiveness on each other's departed souls. The orisons had ascended, let us hope, as sweetest fragrance to heaven, but the evidences were too clear that the souls were still very much on earth. I have seen several such unexpected encounters, and always the first sensation was one of the most unaccountable confusion, which was soon followed by the most uncontrollable feeling of delight. Mine had not all the qualities of a great sensation, but was, notwithstanding, a very agreeable surprise, and the confusion experienced on both sides, when we came to compare notes, afforded much laughter.

In company with the old friends and the new, I began further explorations in the Midway Plaisance; and every new section seemed to reveal something more extraordinary than the last. The representatives of the different districts of Africa attracted great

attention, owing to their uncivilised condition. They were from different parts of the country, and were in most cases almost naked, except for a covering round the middle. At home some of them were accustomed to go entirely naked, but that could not be permitted in America, being strictly against the law of the country. As it was, a good many seemed disposed to think the curious had been carried far enough. But then in this world that we live in, with all its boasted civilisation, there are no fewer than 250,000,000 who go habitually naked. And must we refuse them the help and consolation of missionaries through our high standard of modesty? They were mostly young, and both sexes were fully represented. There were also representations of their villages and huts, constructed rudely of wood, and covered with tree-bark and dried grass. In the interior there was hardly anything in the shape of furniture, except a roughly-constructed bedstead, overlaid with a counterpane of coarse matting. And this luxury did not find its way into all. They appeared to require their victuals cooked; there was a special section for the cooking, where all advanced in turn, and in perfect order, receiving each his quota. The food mainly consisted of boiled vegetables, soup, and meat made into smalls, and while being divided with ladles presented the appearance of liver stew. In partaking of the repast they squatted on the ground, and kept talking most good-humouredly during the operation, calling into use no other implements than their fingers. Sometimes they turned on the sight-seers, dealing out, as they thought, some very able strokes of satire in their own language, and seemed to enjoy immensely its unintelligibility, giving way to

the most uproarious laughter. Occasionally they attempted English words, but appeared to have a special predilection for slang, as, indeed, somehow or other seems to be the case with most foreigners. Favourite expressions were, "Chickagho be-er," "Tara-ra-boom-e-ah," "Feeve chents plesé." They were much devoted to gambling, and were able to accomplish wonderful feats on cards. In one corner a game of cards was in progress, the stakes being five cents a side, which was watched with lively interest. Towards the end the two youths engaged, who spoke the same language, and might from their general appearance be brothers, became very excited, and watched each other's movements with the keenest concern. One at length claimed the victory and the ten cents, but the other bitterly disputed the claim, and the scuffle commenced. They did not lose temper, and the whole thing seemed rather a fit of playfulness. Such wrestling, and tossing, and horse-play I shall never forget. The loser eventually approached a visitor, who, he thought, had the worth of his money of amusement at the spectacle, and respectfully requested "feeve chents." The request was at once complied with, and the contest was amicably settled. They had usually a curious knack of handling yourself and all your belongings. Sometimes they took you by the hand and examined it, and from their movements 'twas clear they were drawing comparisons. Then they examined the materials of your clothing, and kept talking all the time, as if pronouncing some judgment or other. The female portion, with the instinctiveness of the sex, were more shy, and preferred to abstain from all contact with the sightseers.



Some of them were better shaped, and might be styled more handsome, according to our ideas, than the American coloured folk. As well as I can judge, dark eyes, thin lips, and, of course, general symmetry, form the niggers' standard of beauty. They had neither feet nor head covering, and their hair was short and curling, and in other respects they were no better clothed than the men. One of the latter, who sported a sparsely scattered beard, and who had a very reasonable supply of clothing, spoke a little English, which he had gathered from missionaries. While speaking he appeared most abstracted, and seemed not to understand the significance of the words he was using. I could learn from him, however, that he was in a great hurry to get home to his own country and friends, and that he had the most profound contempt of his African neighbours. The whole was in charge of a manager, who was obliged by articles of agreement to return them duly to the districts whence they came.

The portion allotted to the Indians was not of so much interest to the Americans as to foreigners. At present the Indians are becoming rapidly civilised, and embracing Christianity. Most of the tribes were here represented, and their customs and modes of life, with which, of course, the people of the country were pretty generally familiar. At times they performed on instruments, which much resembled rudely-constructed violins, and danced. The music was very plaintive, but the dance was so complicated that I could not easily make it intelligible. An old chief, who was arrayed in battle costume, his loins merely covered, and the rest of the body dyed with henna,

prided in describing his various feats in battle and the dangers he had run. He showed his many scars, and addressed himself always to such as seemed most likely to admire his prowess. He was a very old man—over ninety—but was still strong and healthy. The English spoken by him was quite intelligible, but his remarks were more interesting than reliable, being noticeably under the influence of alcohol. The Indians are very fond of intoxicants, and under their influence become so infuriated and savage that it is often unlawful to sell spirituous liquors in their vicinity. Many of the others, besides henna, were ornamented with beads and necklaces of primitive design, with great turbans of variously-coloured feathers. Might not the custom of wearing feathers, and birds' wings, and many other absurdities, have its origin in barbarism?

A street of an Egyptian city was very architecturally designed, and attracted great crowds. The houses were extremely high on both sides, and the space between so narrow, that two vehicles could barely pass. This is the style of most of the cities of Eastern nations. Youths in long-flowing robes of material somewhat resembling calico, and strangely constructed head-gear of cloth, but barefooted, afforded opportunities to such as had disposition for camel riding. The huge animals fell to the ground for their burden, and did the same while being relieved of it. While the thing was in progress, the clamouring of the camel-leaders was deafening. They had learned to say, "Keep out of the way," and kept saying it with a vengeance. Slaves, too, were on show, in manacles and chains, poor cowering, crouching things, who

were afraid to raise their eyes. The United States Government had agreed not to interfere on their behalf, and thus slaves they were and slaves they still remained. It was curious here also to observe their free women moving around in unearthly dark veils, with clasps affixed to their nose, the real construction of which I was unable to make out, owing to the thick drapery, the whole giving them the appearance of beings of another world.

I wish I had space for the South Sea Islanders and their sports, the Chinese village, the Lapland village, the Ice Railway, and the great Ferris wheel. This latter afforded great amusement, and most people availed themselves of it. Having reached the top of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, safely, but feeling no wiser on my return, I did not consider that I should profit much by a trip in the present case, and therefore saved my 50 cents. At different points in the perimeter were attached cars for passengers, which were so ordered that as the lowest was filled another, by setting it a little in motion, was made to take its place, and so on. As the revolutions went on the compartments were arranged so as to be always erect, and thus the circuit of the great wheel of 250 feet in diameter was made in perfect safety.

Most of the States, besides having special buildings in the Fair grounds, had also special days, and many foreign countries as well. The displays on the occasions appeared to me highly grotesque. In the first instance, they assembled at some starting point in the city, and having marched in processional order through a stated number of streets, directed their steps Fair-wards. In the procession the different

sections were headed by bands in uniform, which discoursed the music peculiar to the country. Each section wore a distinctive dress—some wore tall hats, some low hats, some soft, some straw hats, some carried sticks, some umbrellas, and the rest, but in all cases the outfit of the several sections was the same in the minutest detail, even to the gloves. Winding up each division came a lady, enthroned on a large wooden framework, artistically decorated with flowers and evergreens, bearing on her head a garland of roses, attended with cherubs of her own sex in fancy dresses of white, the whole drawn by some four horses in the most fantastic of trappings. You see this is the reigning goddess of the hour, and 'tis strange that men who at other times do not look upon woman as anything preternatural, should on so many occasions of this sort elevate her to such a position of eminence. Probably when women get all their rights, and become lord mayors, and judges, and presidents, and many other things I can't remember, with absolute power to make desirable changes, this condition of things shall be exactly reversed. But to return to the procession, when the Fair was reached, and the good folk had paraded themselves sufficiently to the public gaze, they betook themselves to Festival Hall, a great building for like purposes, which one would think might contain the population of a whole city, and here they listened to stirring speeches from their wise men and prophets, who took special pains to assure them they were the greatest people on earth. They then went their way perfectly delighted with themselves, and seemed disposed to think the thing was now so settled that nobody in future should attempt to cavil.

By night the Fair appeared in all its beauty. The number of electric lights that fronted the various buildings, bright and twinkling as stars, the lakes reflecting silver, the magnificent display of fireworks, the sweet music in the air, the countless multitude of human faces, and the babel of tongues of the many nations, surpassed in effect anything the imagination could picture. I shall not attempt further description, lest I might be tried some day soon and found guilty of murder.

In taking my leave of the great Columbian Exposition, which I do with much reluctance, I cannot omit one special feature in connection with it, namely, the Catholic Congress. The Congress was not held in the Fair ground, but in the Art Institution, Chicago. There were some to find fault with the proposition from the start, but the results fully justify the experiment. Foremost among the eminent dignitaries who took special parts in the Congress may be mentioned the names of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Satolli, Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; Bishop Keane, Washington; and Bishop Redwood, of New Zealand. The remarks of the Cardinal, as might be expected, were distinguished for their moderation, and in dealing with the great social questions was cautious and observant. Monsignor Satolli, the Pope's Legate, touched upon the same subjects, and pointed out that the Catholic Church was not the grinding institution she was painted, but that she always endeavoured to help her children in their temporal as well as their spiritual needs, thus securing for them

a happy here, and a happy hereafter. He wound up by an exhortation to the Catholics to be faithful and obedient to the laws of the great Republic. The Pope's representative in America is of medium height, dark of complexion, and wears glasses. He speaks in Italian, not having yet sufficient confidence in his English. During the time he was all gesture and motion; and everybody in the vast assembly hung upon his words, although hardly a single one was intelligible to any of them. His mission has generally been a great success, and he is, on the whole, extremely popular. Like the illustrious Pontiff whom he represents, Archbishop Satolli does not always take sides with authority, but, on the contrary, weighs carefully all sides, and in consequence his decisions are characterised by charity, moderation, and prudence, and usually give satisfaction. The speech of the Archbishop of St. Paul, Dr. Ireland, was listened to with rapt attention. One idea seemed to pervade the whole—namely, that a man could be a good Catholic and a good citizen. While he spoke he swayed his arms in all directions, and walked from side to side of the spacious platform. At times the applause that greeted his remarks was deafening. The great Archbishop is, after Cardinal Gibbons, the best known of American prelates. He is a man peculiarly adapted to the age we live in, and especially American times. The tone of Dr. Ryan's speech, of Philadelphia, was more religious, and in speaking of those who flared their "no Popery" posters, he said the difficulty should soon be at an end were they to writethe words, "k-n-o-w Popery." This prelate is, perhaps, the most distinguished of modern pulpit orators.

Various seculars, men and women, took part in the proceedings also, and read papers of great merit, from a religious as well as a literary standpoint. The session lasted from Monday to Saturday, and throughout the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. And now, what about the Parliament of Religions, where the priests and sages of the East expounded the strange tenets of their faiths? This stirring in religion clearly at all events marks a new epoch in the world's history, and is, doubtless, the inception of a movement which is rapidly taking hold of men's minds, and is certain to revolutionise society, namely, to bring all the Christian sects together, in the first instance, and afterwards unite under one the multifarious religions.

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## XXI.—ON THE WAY TO NIAGARA.

HAVING seen the Fair, my next ambition was to visit the world-famed Falls of Niagara. Meanwhile, I took occasion to visit the cities Detroit and Buffalo. After American fashion, in order to economise time, I took my leave of Chicago by night, so as to arrive at Detroit before noon the following day. Anxious not to miss the scenery of Lough Erie by the first dawn of morn I was up and doing. The beautiful prospective that met the eye was well worth the trouble, and, fatigued as I was, I felt fully repaid for all this sacrifice. It has always seemed to me there is something in the grey morning that savours of the spiritual, and as the grey lightens into day-light there is a charm lent to hill and dale, and spreading landscape, that bewilders and overwhelms the mind. Some such feeling came upon me in contemplating the entrancing beauty of the lovely scenery that unfolded itself on all sides. There was, to be sure, a lack of striking mountain picturesqueness, but the fields so green and fertile, the cattle still in lair, the trim wooden cottages, the vast expanse of water so still, the charming woodland now and then, presented a picture so beautiful that anything instead, it then seemed to me, would have been less beautiful. At various stoppings we took in passengers, and hard by was the clumsy buggy, with its clumsy horse and driver, that brought them. I have called them stoppings, as the term "station" seems quite inapplicable to country districts in America. Even half an hour's



journey from some of the larger cities the stopping places are so primitive that there is no other luxury afforded passengers than a roughly-constructed shed of timber, without as much as a colouring of paint to hide its defects, the same not capable of accommodating over a score of people. I don't think I have anywhere seen in the country a railroad station of stone, and the country houses of brick or stone are rare. Often have I seen people emerging from those wooden sheds, in the most modern style of dress and traps, and yet I could not get cured of the idea that the structures that represented their homes were but a little removed from barbarism.

As expected, I reached Detroit before noon, pretty much fatigued, however. A gentleman upon whom I called with a letter of introduction was so very impatient to show me all the beauties of the city that immediately after dinner he got his vehicle in readiness, and speedily we entered on our task. For weeks before I had not an hour's rest, except, of course, the average night's sleep, and in the present instance that debt was denied me. The first time in my life I was completely overcome, and after about an hour's driving I was wholly unable to keep myself from sleep. I shall never forget the distressing pain I experienced in trying to keep my eyes open on the way. At length, after a fierce struggle, and utterly unwilling to admit myself vanquished, I was obliged to abandon the enterprise. Afterwards I found that Detroit was a very handsome city, situated on the river of that name, with many facilities for becoming great and populous. It is already of much importance as a manufacturing centre, and has some very beautiful streets, and public

buildings, and spacious parks, with tastefully ornamented grounds. The most noteworthy park is Belle Isle, an island in the river containing over 700 acres. There is a large Canadian-French population, and the people generally have all the politeness of the French with more than their generosity. I have always found the French very agreeable and humane, but I don't know that they have on any occasion of my acquaintance been materially the loser for all this urbanity.

In taking my departure for Buffalo, I found it necessary to cross the river. But, what! there was no bridge, and as I was directed to take my place in the cars, I felt utterly unable to solve the problem of getting safely to the other side. However, I resigned myself to the fates, and soon we were in motion. When next I took courage to review the situation we were in the centre of a vast expanse of water, borne on a huge framework of wood propelled by engines, the whole resembling a great steamer that had lost its masts and funnels in a storm; and in this way we were securely landed on the railroad track in Canada ready for our journey. This part of Canada is so very much like the States that the difference between Monarchy and Republicanism is utterly inappreciable.

Names are often misleading, and thus I looked forward to the city of my destination as a reclaimed prairie, over which roamed the animals of its name but a few years ago unmolested. If this had been ever the case the buffalo has little say to the territory now, but instead a beautiful city rises on the lake, which is destined at no very remote date to outrival Chicago. The main streets are solidly built and extremely handsome. Generally, the streets cross one

another at right angles, giving the whole city a very regular appearance. The site is level, with a gentle sloping to Lough Erie, upon which it is built, and hence there are good facilities for sewerage. It is said to be a very healthy city, and the death-rate is remarkably low. Within the last decade the population has doubled, and there are substantial grounds for believing 'twill go on rapidly increasing. Already it numbers over 300,000. There is connection with New York by canal, while steamers ply between Buffalo and all the principal cities on Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior, and hence the traffic is considerable. The business traffic in grain is very extensive, and grain elevators are everywhere lined on the docks. A scheme of utilising the water of Niagara, which is only forty minutes distant by train, as a motive power at Buffalo is already in progress, and if it succeeds the city is certain to become a great manufacturing and commercial centre. Even now it has all the appurtenances of a great city, with its public library and museum, its beautiful parks and gardens, its cemetery of costly monuments, its magnificent churches, its public buildings, its electric street cars, and all else to be found in the largest cities of the Union. Such a charming city ! and before reaching America, if at any time I was cognisant of its existence, it had wholly escaped my memory.

After a general survey of the streets and parks, I next made a descent on the institutions. My first visit was to the Crematory, where human remains are burned into ashes, and then returned to the sorrowing friends. In charge of this curious department was a lady some forty years old, very civil and obliging, who

appeared only too happy to give all the information in her power. But it seemed more than strange that one of the gentler sex should here find employment congenial to her tastes. During our stay a funeral arrived in the little church, accompanied by ladies and gentlemen of apparently very respectable standing. Ladies attend funerals as well as gentlemen, but the latter do not wear scarfs. When the casket was safely deposited on its stand, and all had taken their places, a clergyman distinctly, but solemnly, read the funeral service, and soon the friends and sympathisers dried their tears and went their way, leaving their beloved one to the mercy of the flames. The coffin was of beautifully polished wood and costly mounted. How hard to think that in a few moments it should be converted into firewood to burn its treasure. Two reliable witnesses alone of all the rest remained to see that everything was carried out in detail as it should; and soon the work of destruction commenced. The body is enveloped in alumed cloth, then placed in a huge casket of iron, and laid over a furnace, where it remains until flesh and bones are completely charred. Not even the smoke is wasted, the flues being so arranged that it cannot escape, and, thus, is eventually condensed into matter. When the whole process has been gone through, the ashes are collected and placed in an earthen urn of about the capacity of a good-sized bowl, carefully labelled, and duly returned to the friends, which they bury or retain among their household treasures as their inclination directs. I am not sure that this will ever become a popular treatment of the dead. It has already many advocates, but the idea is in the highest degree, to

most people, revolting, and seems, with little doubt, a relic born of pagan worship.

Being out on the sentimental, I also visited the State Insane Asylum, which was, perhaps in every particular, so much like a similar institution in our own country that details are monotonous. One of the officers in charge undertook to show our party the various departments, answering all our queries willingly, and at the same time very intelligently. In some cases the patients were frantically violent, and in others so composed that at first sight 'twould be difficult to tell where sanity ceased and insanity began. All of them had some leading mania. Many of them were from different countries in Europe, who, anxious to become rich in the shortest possible time, had embarked in speculations which failed, and, therefore, hopelessly lost their earnings of many years of toil. This shock, probably on the eve of their returning to their native country, so acted upon the nervous system that insanity was the result, and hence the last state was immeasurably worse than the first; for of all the miseries that infest the human family this is the most lamentable. Others were crazed on politics and political offices. A middle-aged Irishman, with a well-flavoured Southern brogue, asked me if I had heard that Parnell had become lately King of England. I assured him I was not aware of the fact, and the last I heard of him was that he had been securely laid in Glasnevin Cemetery, from which I expected he had not yet arisen. "Well," he said firmly, and with an air that indicated he was dissatisfied with my answering, "this is the fact now." I felt this was a tough customer, and gave him his way fully. A boy

under the age of twelve was presented to us, who was also at times labouring under the wildest spasms of frenzy. I mention this case as it is exceptional. In the women's department the patients were suffering pretty much as the men, except that the crazes ran in a different groove. Their ravings savoured of broken-off marriage engagements, family bereavements, music, and literature. Human foibles and human maladies are pretty much the same all over, and I therefore suppose the patients at Buffalo were not substantially different from like sufferers with ourselves. The building was very commodious, the halls and dormitories spacious and well ventilated, and, throughout, the pink of neatness. On our departure I took occasion to inquire how sufferers who became violent were dealt with, and if punishment was called into requisition. "We are not supposed," rejoined our guide, "to make use of any punishment whatever; but now and again we find," he added, with a meaning smile, "it is well nigh impossible to get on without the hickory."

I feel constrained to hastily take my leave of the Insane Asylum and its courteous cicerone to visit the Asylum of the poor in the city suburbs. The alms house, as the name runs there, was so very pronouncedly the habitation of the poor that nobody could possibly mistake it, being internally and externally as bleak and dreary a public institution as I have here or there at any time chanced upon. The general regime was pretty much the same as with us, but the food was much more substantial. However, I felt more interested in the unhappy inmates, who had been reduced to the necessity of whining away the closing years of their existence amidst such

bleakness, than in the cast iron rules and dreary halls. Many of them, I found, were foreigners, who had come to the country in the prime of life, buoyed with the brightest hopes and prospects, but, alas ! everywhere encountered hardships and disappointments. Such was particularly the case with my country-woman, who took the first opportunity of introducing herself, dealing out at the same time her story of sorrow. From her statement she had come to the country amid the prayers and tears of loving parents, fond sisters and brothers, and the God-speed of friends. Prospects of a glorious future lay before her. Shortly after her arrival she married a German fortune-seeker like herself, who died a few years after the marriage, leaving her widowed and a family. She succeeded with much struggling to maintain her charge ; but no sooner were they able to take charge of themselves, than they became reckless and disobedient, and afterwards went their way, so that for years she had heard nothing of them. It only remained for her, once she became frail and helpless, to take to the alms house, or die of starvation. " Have you not," I asked, " some friends in the old country who would feel interested in your case and render you some assistance ? " " Friends ! " she said. " No ; my parents are long since dead ; a new generation has sprung up who could not possibly be interested, and do you think would I tell my friends that all my brightest dreams of success have ended in this dungeon ? No, never ; I should suffer a thousand times more, first." " The old friends are gone," I observed, " and you are the last rose of summer." " Rose ! " she repeated. " There have been no roses in my life." The history

of many of the others was somewhat after the same, but often with more of wildness and romance. How hard to think that this should be the end! As I regarded the gloomy scene around me I could not help wondering that there were not more people in the insane house and less in the alms house.

'Twas my intention to speak of the beautiful City Cemetery, which is about the finest I have seen; the Convent of the Good Shepherd and its object, and the many estimable friends I have met at Buffalo, whose kindness and hospitality I shall never forget; but it is the old, old story over again—pressure forbids.

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## CHAPTER XXII.—SUNDAY AT NIAGARA FALLS.

POETS and rhymers, and writers of every degree, have written on Niagara Falls, until now there is hardly a corner for amateurs safe from incurring the risk of trespassing on other people's property. All the pictures, whether of poetry or prose, which I have come upon seemed to me very faint reproductions of the reality. Nor can I hope to shed around the scene additional lustre. The views, as presented to the eye, of the world-famed Falls have impressed visitors generally alike, but the overawing sensation ever experienced face to face with this mighty work of nature, varies with the individual. In cases, 'tis the overpowering thought of eternity and the Great Creator that bursts upon the mind ; again, 'tis the vastness of the world that we live in, and our own insignificance ; and then 'tis nature's wondrous works ; now 'tis an overwhelming fear and the shrinking of every tissue at the thought of a revolting death ; soon the energies are aroused, and the mind is inspired with deeds of daring ; sometimes the tendencies are suicidal, and desperadoes often come hundreds of miles to see the Falls, and die ; some become enamoured, others goaded to vengeance, others insane ; one while the soul is transported with joy, and again sad remembrances of distant or departed friends cloud the memory, and so on endlessly. For myself, I cannot claim to be agitated in all these ways, but I confess my usual method of thinking and acting was seriously disarranged, and for long the noise of falling

waters sounded in my ears, while my mind inadvertently ever turned to its goodly stock of legends, and thrilling accidents, and suicides, and deeds of heroism connected with Niagara.

I have always had some unspeakable dread of entering on descriptive details of the World's Fair and the Falls, and felt if I got securely over these straits the rest should be fair weather. Nor do I think will anybody consider my apprehensions unfounded, knowing the real difficulty of the undertaking. By whatever chance I arrived at Niagara late on Saturday, and was therefore obliged to remain there all Sunday, so that I had an opportunity of seeing the thousands of excursionists who come from all parts of the country on this favourite day. I did not observe, however, that the capacity of the churches was anything overtaxed for the influx. On my inquiring at the office of the International Hotel, where I stopped, if my mail had yet arrived I was presented with a letter, which contained a printed invitation to six different churches and as many evening associations, all holding diverse views on matters of faith. Needless to say, I could not avail myself of all the opportunities so considerably afforded me. In reference to the churches, I may here observe that I have noticed very generally a want of due reverence, even among Catholics. I do not remember that I have heard a single preacher who had not good grounds for complaint against the audience. In Italy and France, if they are not pleased with the preacher, they walk out of the church; in England they send him a letter, legibly and fully signed, informing him of his evil ways; in America they laugh in his face. In all cases there must be

very grave underlying errors, and remedies should be instituted by proper authority to have them promptly cancelled. The church at the Falls was no exception, and the chuckling and undertalk of youths and maidens on all sides during the preacher's discourse were sufficient to scandalise the weak and make the strong lose temper.

Sunday is the great day of rendezvous, and the excitement on the landing and departure of trains is seldom elsewhere witnessed. Everywhere parties of nine and ten are to be met, who, determined to make the most of the hours, laugh, shout, climb rocks, tempt danger, and do all sorts of unmeaning things. Sometimes the parties are exclusively young men, sometimes exclusively young women, sometimes a proportion of both, sometimes a whole family is represented. 'Tis only in the evening at the picnic that the real sport commences. Here a cloth is spread upon the greensward, and all, irrespective of condition, take their place, squatted on the ground in every conceivable shape, around it. Then the good things are produced, the muskmelon, the bananas, the peaches, the grapes, the oranges, the hams, the sandwiches—aye, and the whiskey. Yes; the Americans do drink whiskey plentifully. Experts, however, claim that the whiskey manufactured there is neither agreeable nor wholesome. Be this as it may, all such inconveniences in the excitement of the moment are disregarded. I am not sure that the whiskey undergoes the ice treatment, but nearly all the other drinks do. If I am not grievously in error, they use much more ice than is good for them. 'Twould seem, with less ice, Warner's Safe Cure, and the countless other

antidotes to kidney disease, which everywhere flare in their public prints, might more readily be dispensed

“h. Perhaps on this point, too, we may allow Jonathan a little of his own way. He works hard and is over-heated, and naturally wishes to get cooled ; but it requires more reasoning than he can bear to convince him that getting cooled, at all events suddenly, is not the proper thing in such circumstances. Well, about the picnic, the palatable things disappear as by magic before such appetites as Niagara only gives, and of the whole naught remains but orange peel, peach pebbles, banana husks, and empty bottles. Nothing is permitted to go to waste in America, and, therefore, a sham fight is at once organised. The orange peel and such like are the implements of warfare, offensive and defensive, sometimes hitting the mark and as often missing, but in all cases the effect is equally attained. The battle over, the bottles—these are the warships—are tightly corked and made to float the rapids. Then there is a shouting, and swaggering, and betting as to which shall be first to descend the Falls, this being the test of victory. In this way the day is spent, and the next rush is for the cars and home. Such singing, romping, eating, and drinking ! One had better visit Niagara for a real genuine Yankee picnic.

Some remarkably strange wights have found fame here. Amongst them may be mentioned the name of Francis Abbot, known as the “ Hermit of the Falls.” He was a young man of an English family, well educated, and had tendencies to authorship, writing a good deal, and always in Latin ; but from some unaccountable cause destroyed the manuscripts as

soon as executed. He had built for himself a rudely-constructed hut, whence he went forth at all hours of the night, making excursions to the places at the Falls, fraught with the greatest danger. He was eventually drowned, and his body now lies in Oakwood Cemetery, near that of Captain Webb and other celebrated victims of Niagara. Sam Patch, too, deserves mention, having made a name in the sporting world for his wonderful feats of jumping, especially at the Falls. Like most folk, Sam did not always act wisely, and, all things pondered, it might have been as well had he kept to his original, but more obscure, employment as sailor. Not content with his success at Niagara, he wished to astonish the world by performing a feat still more astounding than anything hitherto attempted. According to his favourite maxim, "One thing might be done as well as another," he went to Rochester, and announced his intention of jumping at the Rochester Falls from a height one hundred and twenty-five feet. From advertisement, the performance was to take place at two o'clock p.m., and thus thousands were collected at that hour. By the same it appeared there was to be a second performance shortly after the first by Sam's bear. At the appointed hour Patch appeared, but too apparently under the influence of drink. In the excitement he forgot the order of programme and pushed the bear off the platform first to set the example. The poor brute prepared for the inevitable, and, curling himself like a ball, made the dreadful plunge, and escaped unhurt. Now 'twas Sam's turn, but he fell loosely and in a sprawling condition in the water, and thus a tragic death wound up a strange career. His body was not recovered for months afterwards.

M. Blondin, however, completely outdistanced Patch, though in a different line. Blondin's forte was rope-walking, and in this he has set an example which has not been, and is not likely to be, successfully imitated. His original intention was to walk a rope stretched to the Canadian shore above the cataract, but good sense at length prevailed, and this project was abandoned. In this case, should any accident have happened, his fate would not only be certain death, but his body in the dreadful descent would be mangled beyond all possibility of recognition. His most notable feat was in the summer of 1860. On that occasion, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, he performed the remarkable feat of walking a wire rope two hundred and thirty feet high above the rapids with a man on his back, the space being nearly half a mile. Already Blondin had accomplished feats infinitely surpassing anything the most daring spirits had even conceived. Many times he did his rope-walk with perfect ease and composure, turning a somersault in the centre, standing on his head, and going through various other evolutions to arouse the flagging spirits of the crowd. On the present occasion the performance was truly marvellous. His Royal Highness besought him not to attempt it, and pointed out at some length the terrible danger of the undertaking. Nothing could prevail upon him to alter his programme, and soon the appalling deed was in progress. H. Calcourt was the man who was carried, and his position was certainly no sinecure. From the beginning the prodigious crowd was wild with excitement and anxiety. After about five minutes the voyageurs rested, and Calcourt descended from his not very easy position

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to afford the performer a respite. For a moment there was a breathless silence in the throng, but the worst was to come. The business of getting to his place again was something appalling. Two unsuccessful attempts were made, and meanwhile Blondin oscillated violently. The third was successful, and in this way, after three more stops, the dreadful undertaking was accomplished. During the fearful ordeal the onlookers were paled to death from fear and tension, but that it was over, the burst that greeted the victor may be better fancied than described. The applause subsiding, he returned whence he set out on stilts three feet high with perfect freedom.

Since then nobody has even attempted his deeds of daring, although several have succeeded in crossing the gorge on a tight rope. In addition to rope-walking many have made a name by various other exploits. Among them may be mentioned the barrel navigation through the whirlpool and rapids. In this case the voyageur is tucked into the barrel, which is fitted with a number of contrivances, including air supply, well sealed, and then permitted to take its way. Many have succeeded in this undertaking—a Miss Allen among the rest, who is the only lady, so far, that has had the courage to enter on this rugged passage. Latterly the thing has come to be regarded of very secondary note. The adventure, too, of Mr. Joel Robinson partakes of the dramatic, and has made for him an undying name. Contrary to the hopes and expectations of all folks endowed with reason, Joel set out on his stormy voyage down the rapids in an excursion steamer, where the waters bubble and eddy, and rush at the tremendous pace of twenty miles an hour, and at places much

faster. His destination was to be Lewiston, seven miles distant. Nobody thought the thing possible, and nobody hoped to see again alive the adventurous pilot. He was, however, successful in the hazardous undertaking, although the vessel suffered severely from the dreadful passage. He himself looked so haggard that his most intimate friends could hardly recognise him, and he never recovered from the shock, dying shortly afterwards. I need hardly mention the tragic end of Captain M. Webb, the English swimmer. It will be remembered that in 1883 he undertook to swim, relying solely on his own skill and bravery, the Whirlpool Rapids, and then the Whirlpool. Needless to repeat, a terrible death was the result of a terrible undertaking. As I viewed the scene of his fate the very thought of such foolhardiness made my blood to tingle and my every nerve to shrink. There have been other casualties without number, but I could never reach the end !

With regard to the Falls, I may observe that 'tis held the original falls were at Lewiston, seven miles below the present. 'Tis highly improbable that such was ever the case, although 'tis clear enough that they recede at least something yearly. Some place the rate of retrocession at one inch yearly, some a foot, and some more. That the Niagara Falls should recede to its present position for even seven miles in the lapse of ages is not impossible, but there is wide diversity of opinion as to whether the outlet from Lake Erie through all time occupied the channel it now occupies. Leaving the matter to theorists, the Falls, as seen at present, may be regarded as far surpassing in sublimity and beauty anything of the kind in the universe A



rock-bound island, called Goat Island, divides the Niagara River, and thus there are two falls—one the Canadian Fall and the other the American. The Canadian Fall, which is claimed as British property, is the more extensive, while the drop of the American Fall is the higher. Their respective heights are quoted at 164 feet for the American Fall, and 158 for Canadian Fall, the computation being from the surface of river above to surface of the river below. The American Fall is but 1,000 feet wide, whereas its rival is 2,600 feet. It is estimated that the river above the Falls has an average depth of twenty feet, and even at the cataract it still preserves in places this depth. This conclusion was arrived at through an experiment with a condemned steamer, which drew eighteen feet of water. It was found it did not touch the rocks in passing over the precipice, and hence the inference. The estimates as to the quantity of water passing over the Falls are various—one notably placing it at one hundred million tons per hour. I have seen so many conflicting opinions on the subject from authorities, each claiming to be alone reliable, that I have grown to regard their views with grave suspicion. My own opinion is that no one knows.

The hoarse, husking noise of the wondrous cataract of Niagara is distinctly heard forty miles. Therefore, the visitor is prepared for a sight which seldom fails to crush and overwhelm the mind. In gazing on this prodigy of nature for the first time the impression is certainly one of disappointment. But I beseech you to have patience and wait. The fault rests not with nature's greatest effort, but with you. Unaccustomed to such wonders, the mind requires

education, and differently from the usual wont, familiarity begets not contempt. Trained to its surrounding, the intellect gradually is expanded, and is enabled to comprehend by degrees the wild enchanting beauty of the scene that everywhere unfolds itself. It shall be so with you, and I entreat you, before pronouncing yours, feelings of disappointment, see the circular rainbow, Niagara's unique honour; descend and view the mighty volume from below; see how mass succeeds mass, with no sign of diminution; go behind the falling waters and view the sunlight through the liquid sheet, or stand mid-stream and contemplate the waters as they fall, and roar, and foam, and rise in spray; follow them as they hasten to the sea, and bubble, and whirl, and eddy, until the brain itself seems to whirl; reflect this has gone on from prehistoric time, and shall until time is, in our imagination, even but a dream. See all this, and consider and tell me that Niagara has for you no wonder. No; it was not strange that the untutored Indians should regard the mighty cataract as the Great Spirit that ruled the world; that they should yearly make a sacrifice of an Indian maiden, sending her in her flower laden canoe down the vortex; that they should lead the first pilgrims thither, and point in fear and awe to this most wonderful of nature's works!

## CHAPTER XXIII.—BOSTON.

PERHAPS I may be permitted to make a little confession, which I should much rather not have to do. I did not visit Boston until I had completed my touring in the West and Canada. To be candid, I had fairly given up the notion of seeing this city of lofty aspirations, when suddenly I was taken with remorse. I had heard a great deal of it as I went, and could see that the folk elsewhere regarded the Bostonians with no small degree of disfavour for their pretensions, and considered their sayings and doings as fairly legitimate targets for their satire and abuse. I could not contain myself when on one occasion I heard an American, with a particularly flavoured Yankee twang, aping in mimicry the manners and accent of what he called the "Bostoons." Well, to be sure, an individual with such a drawl bespattering his fellows with ridicule! For these, among other reasons, I wished to see Boston and the Bostonians for myself, and draw my own conclusions. I verily believe had I not heard so many evil things about them I should have never troubled myself; at least to such an extent. It is one of the great cities of the country, and 'twould be rather hard to have omitted it so central, at the same time traversing all sorts of outlandish places in the West. The individual who has the time and means to travel in America will find himself, no matter how well he has his programme and charts defined, retracing his steps at times to the self same point whence he set out. This was my case, and the

case of all those whose acquaintance I formed, and who were anxious to gain a pretty accurate knowledge of the country. But there is no way America can be better seen than by going to Canada, sailing the river St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal. Thence there is railway communication all the way to the Pacific coast, giving the tourist the opportunity of visiting all the cities of importance and most of the interesting places in the dominion with comparatively little difficulty. Arrived at the Pacific, 'tis easy enough descending upon San Francisco; thence there is no difficulty at any time of training eastward, and in the same way all the cities of note and many of the places worth seeing can be taken in on the journey to New York. Should the tourist desire to form an acquaintance with the South, the journey must be broken, and he had better seek for information in duly authorised quarters on arriving at Chicago or so. For the first time, I fear, 'twill be necessary to repeat the journey, or otherwise leave important sections untouched. But there will be always trivial regrets and remorse no matter how watchful we are.

Well, didn't I start with Boston, and where have I been? It has been long a puzzle to me how I could manage to introduce this subject, inasmuch as I had already decided to treat the United States and Canada separately. In the present case, having said my say, I shall probably next be discovered at Salt Lake City, with the Mormons, or Yellow stone Park, or wandering amid the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Now, you will say this is rather a digression. A few thousand miles at a bound savours somewhat of the abrupt; but should I wind up my

exploration in the West, including the points of interest on and around the Pacific shore, leaving Boston yet untold, and then all of a sudden return to the charge, would not the break be still greater? This, therefore, is my excuse for its introduction here.

I had just been to Canada, where for several days before my departure the weather had been cold, murky, and rainy. On calling with the representative of Mr. Cook, in Quebec, I received the offer of a circular tour through Nova Scotia, on to Halifax, thence per steamer to Boston, at so ridiculously low a figure, considering the vast distance, that I could not resist the temptation of availing myself of it. But what particularly led me to decide was the notification, "The last trip of the 'Olivette' from Halifax to Boston for the season." This "last" has a strong attraction, and advertisers would do well to make use of it more frequently. Under the Stars and Stripes the text would have been "positively the last." The good folk that glory in this banner are a very positive people, and do not tremble at calling to their aid the best sounding terms within reach. "Positively no admittance," "positively the last opportunity," "positively the only firm in the trade," and so on, are amongst the placards that meet your eyes everywhere. And they are just as positive in their actions and statements. Jonathan makes a statement that fairly takes away your breath. In your native simplicity you are inclined to cavil and question him on his sources of information, with the result that you receive for your pains a withering look, which is certain to preserve you ever afterwards from repeating the process. In the same way, if you seek a favour out of time or place 'twould be better, in order to

avoid disappointments, to make up your mind at the start that the thing is impossible. Again and again I arrived at institutions open to the public just on the point of closing hour, possibly on the eve of my departure elsewhere, and supplicated the janitor for but a few minutes to rush through, so that I could afterwards say I had been to the place. Impossible! Sheerest waste of time! He could not stand there all night for one man! At the hotels a similar spirit prevails, and there is no small exercise of patience required in the effort to secure luncheon even outside of the appointed hours. The servants must have things suited to their convenience, who are in reality the bosses, but not the proprietors of the concern. Democracy rules the country, and I have no doubt gives pretty general satisfaction, but when democracy steps into home relations, and detains the weary traveller's dinner for an hour it can be easily understood how unpalatable it is.

Saturday duly witnessed me on board the steamer, after a long tiresome journey by rail, but not until Monday morning did we reach the harbour at Boston. We had every opportunity of seeing this much-famed bay, and pronouncing on its qualities. The largest steamers afloat can sail with perfect freedom to the very heart of the city, and the great surprise is that there is not much more shipping. On this most charming of September mornings the great harbour appeared in all its glory and greatness, and we were all the better able to appreciate its loveliness, having just emerged from the gloom and bleakness of our Canadian environs. I believe I could not enter on any description so effective as turn Yankee and describe it "positively" beautiful.

In all cases on reaching my destination the first thought was to seek a hotel, or, if in better luck, friends. In the present instance I had directed my host at Montreal a week before to send on my baggage to the United States Hotel, Boston, in case I did not return within a specified time. This he undertook to do, and, lest there might be any mishap, I wrote a second mandate to the same purport. It seemed to me, therefore, there was no more to be done than proceed at once to the hotel, where I should find all my orders carried out to my perfect satisfaction, rest, and have a comfortable breakfast. The thing was very much different, and on my arrival I inquired my mail. No mail! I inquired my baggage. No baggage! What was to be done? I had so many days only mapped for Boston, and could not afford shuffling. But what knocked me completely off my perch was the absolute indifference with which the officers regarded my sighs and tears. The conflict soon began. Frequently have I met the folk so agreeable, polite, and obliging that I decided to place upon their brow the palm for being an ideal people, the only worthy successors of our first parents in their primitive simplicity, when unexpectedly I stumbled against an ox—I mean an American—and all my ideals fell to the pavement with a crash. Then I got into moods, and was pretty certain to get into half a dozen quarrels before night. In the crisis I laid myself very much open to advice, and acting in accordance wired to my late hotel at Montreal. No answer! Wrote a letter explaining all my grievances. No answer! Then, according to directions, went to the office of Adam's Express Company. That also proved a failure. Thence

I proceeded to so many railway depots and steamship company agents that I should be obliged to write a special volume in order to give anything like an accurate account. At length I arrived at the office of the American Express Company; but there, too, they were in total ignorance of me and mine. The youth who kept the account of the respective articles entrusted to the company enquired my name, the article sought, and from what quarter expected. The result was as already stated. I then began my murmurings, and had already gone too far to turn back, when I observed the look of indescribable disgust and sovereign contempt with which he regarded the whole man. I wound up much quicker than intended, and expected I was about to be assailed forthwith without mercy. But what! he only said "I—can—do—nothing—for—you," seemingly with a gigantic effort to control his temper. I am sorry I could not have taken the fellow's photograph. It would have made my fortune in this country. Another officer, a little more civil, directed me to the Custom House, where, if I did not get my things in bond, I could at least procure a document amounting to an affidavit that the goods contained nothing dutiable. He promised, on placing the latter document in his hands, to have the transaction wound up in the shortest possible time. Here, too, there was no baggage, and I immediately set about carrying out my instructions. A Mr. Morris was in charge of the affidavit department, who regarded my proposition with no small amount of astonishment, heaping at the same time no very agreeable epithets on its projector. After a little reflection he discovered for me a sure escape from the difficulty; it was to seek the assistance



and advice of a General Barnes in another section of the building. I did so, and approaching the General, found him writing most assiduously. I discovered, however, he could write and receive statements at the same time, and, perhaps, lunch withal. I kept stating, and he kept writing, never yet raising his eyes to regard the individual. But when I had ended, turned upon me in full glare with a fury worthy of a better cause, and asked me if I thought he had no other earthly business than look after baggage. The effect was electric, and reminded me much of an incident in connection with a celebrated French court preacher who had never been known to raise his eyes throughout his discourses. Once only did he do so—when he had portrayed the evils brought upon a people by an unholy and tyrannous sovereign in colours so real as to make the audience thrill; then, turning to the Emperor, he exclaimed, "Thou art the man." The result, it may be imagined, was overpowering. At length the General got into better temper, gave me the document I required, which turned out to be the proper thing, and thus came to an end an exciting event, which gave me more experience of Boston and the Bostonians in such a short space than I could hope to gain under more favourable circumstances for months.

Boston is a very beautiful city, with a population, including suburbs, of about half a million. It, in general appearance, is much different from the other American cities, the streets being irregular, and looking much like those of our own country. The houses are no higher than ours, and are constructed mostly of brick and red sandstone. But the Ames Building

forms the exception, which is about the highest building in the country, soaring high into air above its neighbours, like a great church tower whose spire had come to grief in a storm. Commonwealth Avenue is the great thoroughfare, which is nearly two miles in length, and is always crowded. Anybody who imagines that the streets of Boston are deserted and that there is no business there is sorely in error. Copley Square is a very interesting section, while the beautiful private residences at Back Bay are charming. Of the public buildings, the old State House is about the most interesting for its historical associations. The new State House is a magnificent building, and should be visited for its commanding view and generally beautiful design. Boston played an important part in the War of Independence, as also in the later Civil War, and the bombastic extracts, tabulated here, of speeches and resolutions, bear ample proof. The most popular park is the Common, which contains about forty-eight acres, in the heart of the city, and borders on Commonwealth Avenue. Adjoining it is the very delightful public garden of twenty-four acres, the whole kept with uncommon taste, having flowers, and shrubs, and ponds, and fish, and trees, and public monuments. Mount Auburn Cemetery is a great resort for visitors, on account of its distinguished dead. Here is the grave of H. W. Longfellow, the eminent poet, whose fame in a great measure rests on the poetical effusion "Hiawatha." And why it should be more than I can determine. N. P. Willis, the distinguished sketcher of men and manners, finds here, too, his last resting place. Poor Willis was always received with coldness. He was one of those who

write for fame, and reap only blame. His "Pencilings by the Way" are delightfully descriptive, and charmed me when a boy. I remember his touching sketch of an ambitious author, who was forced into the obscurity of his country home, hounded by an ungrateful and unsympathising public. He would, therefore, seem to have had some strange presentiment of his own fate, for during my stay in America on reading the list of American litterateurs, I observed that Willis was not of the number.

Of the suburbs may be mentioned Charlestown and Cambridge, on the other side of the Charles River. A host of historical recollections cluster around Charlestown, and it is now noteworthy as being honoured with the United States Navy Yard and the celebrated Bunker Hill Monument. From this monument, which is associated with the battle of that name, the best view of the city and suburbs can be obtained. If for no other reason it should not be missed. Cambridge is remarkable for its printing offices, and here was set up the first printing press brought to America. It is also famous for the Washington Elm, under which General Washington took charge of the Continental army in 1775.

In general the Bostonians are very refined and given to literature. They have had the distinction of giving to the world the first American newspaper. There are various literary clubs, which are well patronised. The people seem very English in their manner, and speak the language pretty accurately, with much less slang than is noticeable elsewhere. Schools and colleges are numerous for both boys and girls, the course in both cases being nearly the same. I had

been told that the shop-girls in Boston spoke Latin and Greek fluently. For myself, I can say I visited several firms in the city, including Marsh and Jordan's, and in all cases, without exception, the language in use was English. Perhaps it is different in society. Descended of the Puritans, there is a great outward show of piety, and churches are everywhere. For many and many years a theatrical company dare not set foot within the city boundary, and the nine o'clock bell rang the people to their homes. Now all this is changed. Theatres are numerous, and people come and go when and where they list. But is it possible I have done with Boston!

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## CHAPTER XXIV.--THE CITY OF THE MORMONS.

FROM Boston I pass to the region of wonders. Among them not the least is Great Salt Lake, a vast expanse of inland sea intensely salt. Here is Salt Lake City of notoriety as being the home of the Mormons, whose tenets may be considered the most wonderful of all the wonderful forms of faith that now grace the world. But I have not yet done with the wonders. I have to speak of the huge nuggets of gold thrown carelessly about without an owner ; of the adventurous miner, yet a poor man, but who rises one lucky morning to find himself a millionaire ; of boiling springs and lakes and fountains sending their mighty volumes of steaming water into the air ; of mountains clad with perpetual snow ; of volcanoes ; of tunnelling extraordinary, so that by the time I have finished you will be half inclined to shake your head and say, There sure'y must be some mistake. I had been but a few days in the country when an American, who learned that I had come as a tourist, asked me if I intended going West, and if I included Yellowstone Park in my programme. I assured him my intention was to go West, but that I had not entertained the above, inasmuch as I did not even know that there was a Yellowstone Park. His look of astonishment was something not easily to be forgotten. But aren't there thousands in the same hapless state of ignorance as myself ?

I have first to deal with Salt Lake City and the lake, and my readers may be prepared for wondrous

revelations when I tell them at the start that I am now considerably more than two thousand miles from where I last revealed myself. An idea of the extent of the United States can be formed when it is remembered that the journey from New York to San Francisco is no fewer than 3,361 miles, occupying more than four days' continuous training, and that it stretches from north to south as the bird flies, nearly two thousand miles. But this is not all. A few years ago the territory of Alaska was added, which is at least five times the extent of the British Isles. Alaska was originally the property of the Russians, whose interest the Americans bought at 7,200,000 dols. The States folk are not an aggressive people, and don't much care to engage in war. At present they can only reckon upon 25,000 of a standing army. But they are an essentially business people, and would much prefer to buy countries than fight for them. One of these days Jonathan will take it into his head to come to England, and approach the good old lady of Balmoral, and require her to inform him how many dollars she is willing to accept for Canada. And then her Most Gracious Majesty will command, and declare, that her mighty dominion of the West is not for sale. Jonathan, not a whit disconcerted, will return home and inform his friends and neighbours that the folk in England, especially the old woman herself, are sadly wanting in business tactics.

Away in the Rocky Mountains is the capital of Utah, Salt Lake City, four thousand feet above the sea level. Hither Brigham Young led his followers, and encamped, after a series of persecutions and hardships, in this Land of Promise, likening himself to

Moses, the deliverer of the Israelites. To him, with his followers, is due the present city of 50,000 inhabitants, of whom many are Mormons—that is, believers, and, of course, the rest Gentiles or unbelievers. The city is more than a dozen miles from the lake from which it takes its name. Salt Lake City is fast growing, and gives promises of being about the largest and most beautiful of Western cities. It has grown with wonderful rapidity, considering its comparative youth, and the untoward difficulties with which it had to contend. For a long time it was entirely in the hands of the Mormons, but by degrees unbelievers crept in, while unfaithful Mormons seceded, and now most of the multifarious religions are more or less represented. The Mormon tenets did not encourage enterprise, preferring a sort of community life, where goods and chattels are exchanged for kind, instead of money. This is in no small degree the tendency of all communities in out-of-the-way places of the West even now, money centres being often so far distant, but it can be easily seen that this state of thing is inconvenient and unfavourable to rapid development. Mining, too, was discouraged, although there are great facilities in the neighbourhood, and the saints, with characteristic simplicity, directed their sole attention to land cultivation, as being more Scriptural and conducive to spiritual advancement. Speculators of every grade, however, found their way to the spot, although the holy ones tried hard to oppose them, and the result was that money became current. The good people, having fallen a little from their first fervour, saw how much more convenient currency was, and gradually adopted it. At present

its money circulation is equal to that of any city of its size in the Union.

The plan of the city is much that of other American cities, except that the stranger is prone to regard it as partaking more of the country, with its wooded streets, having alongside open channels of running water, its gardens fronting so many houses, and the clumsiness of the original homes still extant. There are some very beautiful buildings, and some magnificent hotels. Every convenience is afforded travellers, there being electric cars on the streets and railway communication in all other directions. The country around looks very fertile, and particularly accommodated for grazing and farming, extending for one hundred miles of valley, with the towering snow peaks of the Rocky Mountains in full view, like great white clouds fringing the horizon. The greatest interest is centred in the locality, owing to the presence of the Mormons, who are remarkable for their antiquated doctrine, but are at the same time good farmers and generally industrious.

There is always a great rush of tourists and visitors in summer, some intent on the Mormon worship, while others avail themselves of the health-giving qualities of the lake. Most people visit the Tabernacle and the other Mormon buildings connected with it, which take up a good sized square, shut out from the unbelieving world by a high wall. The Tabernacle is a round building, constructed of wood, except the forty-six pillars of stone supporting the roof; the roof is semicircular, somewhat after the manner of a church dome. Here thirteen thousand people can be accommodated, and on Sundays it is



usually filled to overflowing. There is free access to the public, and many attend attracted by the music for which it is so famous, as well as to hear propounded the curious tenets of the sect. Of their faith polygamy is the most distinguishing characteristic, which the government, after repeated efforts, has been wholly unable to stamp out. At the present time the visitor can still see the house where twenty of the prophet's wives resided. This was a fairly good example to his followers, which is still having its effect. Service commences at the Tabernacle at two o'clock in the afternoon, and consists of music, preaching, communion of bread and water, and long prayer, so that, by the time the whole is finished, nearly three hours are taken up. The choir consists of men and women, who muster in great strength, facing each other, but divided by the organ, which is said to be the finest in the country. In this section are the benches of the Church dignitaries, covered with crimson cloth, three in number, and raised one above the other, so as to designate their occupants. On the highest sit the president and his two counsellors ; the second is occupied by the twelve apostles, while bishops get the lowest place. Precisely at two the organ peals forth, and the choir joins in sweetest chorus. The music over, a long prayer is instituted, and meanwhile preparations are being made by the brethren to distribute the bread and water. Everybody partakes, and during the operation the preaching is going on by one of the officers. One tires and another takes his place, and so on, the second outstripping the first, the third the second, and thus the proceedings are enlivened and interest is aroused in the respective merits

of the preachers. After a long service, more theatrical than divine, the immense throng is dismissed, and the great wide streets are filled in all directions. In the same square of ten acres, and enclosed by the same high wall, is the Temple, a gorgeous building, splendid in every detail, solidly built of granite, much after the style of our churches, except that both gables are turreted. It is said to have cost the enormous figure of one million pounds. The worshippers paid all, and willingly, doubtless buoyed with the exceptional promises held out to them. They were made to believe that on its completion, Jesus Christ was to appear to them bodily in the flesh, and I should say express His satisfaction at the work in particular, and His general approbation of Mormonism. But the Temple has been completed, and the rest still remains unfulfilled, and now people are beginning to leave off hopes. There is no limit to human credulity, and the most absurd doctrines find supporters, and their evangelists find proof and confirmation strong from Holy Writ. The next big lie propounded by the Mormon elders will be listened to with the same interest, and believed with the same unswerving faith. It appears the Temple is to supplant the Endowment House, which is a rudely constructed building in the same square, and within the same wall, while the Tabernacle is still to be the place of worship. The Endowment House was set apart for special rites, and here the Mormons were married and received their marriage portions, while various other ceremonies were gone through not very intelligible to outsiders.

The history of Salt Lake City will ever remain

associated with the Mormons and their notorious chief, Brigham Young. By the latter it was founded in the year 1847, so that it is not yet fifty years old; but during that comparatively short time it has made an astonishing record. It will be long remembered that Brigham Young sought to establish here a State under the name of "Deseret," over which he was to have absolute control, temporally and spiritually. There is still a Mormon newspaper organ published under that title. The United States Government refused to recognise the new State, but established the territory of Utah, placing Brigham Young its first Governor. He soon became so authoritative, counselling polygamy, and thrusting aside the judges appointed by Congress, that he was deposed, fined, and imprisoned. He died in the year 1877, and was succeeded by an Englishman named John Taylor.

I am glad to have finished with the Mormons, their origin, and chief, and now find a relief in turning to the Great Salt Lake. This lake is 75 miles long and 30 miles broad, salt beyond anything sea-goers hereabouts can form an idea. It is generally shallow and marvellously transparent, doubtless the invisible particles of salt acting as a medium by which the light is the better conveyed to the bottom. Swimmers, owing to its great density, can float without any inconvenience or effort, although they may not have had any previous practice, and survey their surroundings with perfect ease. They will rather experience a difficulty in keeping themselves from floating, but, at the same time, it is hard to make any headway. This is due to the great proportion of salt with which the water is impregnated, and which feels to your floating body as

if it were a solid mass. It is nearly six times as salt as the ocean, and nearly as salt as the Dead Sea, yet not quite so much as the Persian Lake, Oroomiah. The smallest drop of it taken into the mouth causes pain, and death is said to set in after swallowing, just as certain as if it were a burning flame. In this way, too, the eyes suffer from its effects, and people are cautious not to splash their neighbours. There is absolutely no vegetation about its shore, trees, grass, shrubs, or flowers being wholly unable to withstand its withering blight. Even fish are unable to live in its waters, nor any of those creeping things to be found in or by the sea. Like all seas, it has its rocky coast and shore, but with salt for sand. Salt, therefore, is found in abundance, and here and there, in addition, are dykes into which the lake is received, and where it is allowed to evaporate under the sun, leaving behind a thick incrustation. If, for no other purpose, Salt Lake is a valuable boon, as each year the exportation of salt is something enormous. But, besides, people have recourse to it as a health resort, just as elsewhere they go to the seaside. Bathing cannot be so freely indulged in as in sea water, its strength and intensity being much greater, although it does not appear that any special time is to be taken advantage of for the purpose. At all hours bathers may be seen disporting themselves. The shore is provided with bathing boxes and outfit in the style of sea resorts. After the bath 'twill be always necessary to take a second plunge in fresh water, as the bather is all over so scaly as if dipped in brine. Well, this is surely a puzzle when one comes to reflect! Here is a miniature ocean, almost in the centre of a great

continent, receiving several fresh water streams, and yet having no outlet! Whence has it come? And how all this fresh water supply absorbed? But better leave the question to geologists, and such like folk, and pass on. 'Twill afford them, I have no doubt, matter for serious meditation. 'Twas not much wonder that a place with such Scriptural associations should arrest the attention of a newly-arisen prophet.

I had quite forgotten to speak of the several islands in the lake, which look as if undergoing the continuous process of being roasted to death. Some of them are large, and capable of grazing great herds of cattle and horses. The story runs that of the original horse herds pastured there some became entirely wild, and roamed at large. To capture them there was recourse to nooses or snares thrown across their trails. Into these they were furiously driven, and in the fright never saw the danger ahead until they were captured. The pursuers were obliged to hasten with all possible speed to relieve them lest they should get strangled. One by one the poor things were captured, and became very docile and serviceable for all domestic purposes.

And now, having described the city and the lake, something would naturally be expected of the manners and customs of the people. To begin, there are plenty of opportunities for education, and the Mormons, from whom the place greatly derives its spirit, encourage it. To describe the people of the West generally is simply to describe the people of the districts or various countries from which they came, being in most cases recent transplants. Usually they are friendly and communicative, ready to lend a helping hand to the new comer, much more so than the Easterns, but in

all, not by any means so reliable. They display a curious tendency to criticise men and things, and express their views, whether rightly or wrongly, we would think rather freely, being excessive in their praise, and dreadfully severe in their blame. All this may be expected from people who have separated themselves from early associations, which are found to exercise a wholesome restraint, and without which the standard in social life is never of the highest. The descendants of the first pioneers are vastly an improvement if the settlement becomes a city ; but if it still remains a country district, there, after generations, owing to the great isolation, the people display all the tendencies of their forefathers, with the same accent, the same manners, the same faith (if any), and all their prejudices. I have met them after a century's transplantation who had still serious misgivings about the Pope's cloven foot, and other vicious but senseless tales told in connection with the Vatican. The stories, which are somewhat out of date now, it appears had been handed down by their ancestors of Great Britain, and treasured with wonderful precision. And hence an unfailling supply of little Britains may be found here and there with all the absurd notions and theories of Popery, which have been carefully planned and made to circulate in the greater Britain from the time of good King Harry almost until now. I may again refer to the system of populating by colony.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE NATION'S WONDROUS  
PARK.

WE have seen a good deal of the Great Salt Lake and the Mormons, and wondered, but we have to wonder still more. Every tourist on seeing Salt Lake pays a visit to Yellowstone National Park, and *vice versa*. I assume, of course, in all cases that there is plenty of time and money on hands ; otherwise, the visitor shall lose much of the enjoyment in the fairy-like panorama of scenes around him. The physical strain of sight-seeing is something that cannot be made sufficiently intelligible to the average individual. But there is another strain which acts with crushing force, and it is the remembrance that you are far from friends and home, without money or credit. If you haven't money you are destitute and miserable ; if you have, you are half in dread of being set upon and robbed. Somebody said there was only one step between the sublime and ridiculous. There is only, too, one step between pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow. This was curiously illustrated in the case of the many tourists whose friendship I formed here and there *en route*. Invariably they informed me that their final act on taking their leave of friends and home, was the signing, sealing, and delivering of their last will and testament, and then entered on their career of pleasure-seeking. The smallest drop of sorrow, it would seem, is ever to be found in our cup of purest joy. Without entering farther into sentiment, I must forewarn those

who may take it into their heads some day to pay a flying visit to this wonderland, and who may be labouring under the impression that they can see its most wondrous features in the better half of a day. The National Park is not a park in the common sense of the term, but a country. Here it will be necessary to sojourn and study the surroundings if anxious to gain a knowledge of its wild beauty and mystery. What a delightful little nook it is, containing no fewer than three thousand five hundred square miles of district! But then what wondrous sights within that area! When the first pilgrims to the spot related an account of what they had seen, sensible folk laughed heartily at their tales, and there the matter dropped. Later revelations, however, confirmed their statements, strange as they seemed.

From Salt Lake City, which is in direct route to San Francisco, the National Park may be visited, the distance being some three hundred miles. That's a pretty good stretch, but travelling three or four hundred miles in a country where everything is on largest scale is not much thought about, and the traveller is certain to find himself well repaid for his pains. The park, which is the property of the nation, lies partly in Montana and partly in Wyoming, right in the heart of the most elevated part of the Rocky Mountains. Owing to the first official report made, setting forth the wonders of the place, Congress decided to appropriate it as a park for the people; and now everything to be seen there is perfectly free, so that speculators on the curious have *no show right around* the Yellowstone. In this regard the Americans are to be highly



commended, as, all over, places of public interest are thrown open to the public almost entirely free of charge. Neither is there to be paid at every turn a fee to the various officers. These voluntary contributions are an abuse with us, and most annoying to travellers. They are, no doubt, a relic of the good old times when people regarded such bonuses a means of displaying their generosity ; but we now live in a business age, and methinks we have the same right to bestow a fee upon the employé in the store, who sells its wares, as upon the car-boy or hotel boy, or any such individual. On this principle I might multiply until the thing would lead to endless complications. In America no such gratuities are required nor asked, although if there is a desire to be generous the same can be easily gratified. Even beneath the Stars and Stripes there are to be found free born Americans who do not consider it beneath their privileges to accept a dollar in a quiet way from a friendly donor. There is very seldom occasion for refusal, as the people generally discountenance such things, and Europeans soon drop into the groove, and find in a few months they have considerably profited thereby. In travelling with us the Americans complain of this tax, and very justly. In one's immediate neighbourhood the whole may be regarded as a friendly transaction ; but travelling elsewhere is very much different, and the affair then becomes purely a matter of business, and, therefore, all claims should be fixed or discarded. Under other circumstances there is always a difficulty as to what is to be done, so that giver and receiver part in anything but good friendship. Why should not employers pay their servants a certain salary, and

bill the customer accordingly? As it is, the servants must necessarily in the end become dishonest, taxing the generosity of one for the want of generosity in another. And, besides, the system is stultifying, and their self-respect is by it destroyed. I am glad to note that, even with us, this custom is coming to be regarded as antiquated.

Though all the natural curiosities are perfectly free in the National Park, guides, an indispensable necessity, must be paid, and perhaps a word of advice to the inexperienced might not be out of place in reference to these educators of our race. No guides, it is well to state, are permitted without the sanction of the proper authority, but nevertheless their information is grossly inaccurate, and rests upon hearsay, which they have often neglected to hear aright, and hence their tales are strangely inwrought with scalping Indians, robberies, murders, wild beasts, devils, hell, and such like. Should the adventurous tourist ever take it into his head to re-produce his notes hinged upon such information, I should earnestly entreat him to secure first the service of some very capable proof-reader, leaving meanwhile a goodly space for annotation.

From the top of Mount Washburn, the highest elevation in the park, an idea of its geography may be best gained, and here can be seen how the three great rivers—the Colorado, the Columbia, and the Missouri—derive their source and seek different outlets, being partitioned by huge mountains and forced into different seas. Encircling this territory, which is sixty-five miles by fifty-five, are mountains on either side covered with perpetual snow, rising sometimes to a height of twelve thousand feet above the sea level.

Beneath is what appears a wooded plain, with lakes, and rivers, and massive fountains of boiling water seething to a height of two hundred feet, some apart, and some so close one to another, and so many, as to resemble a factory village ; and mud fountains, paint pots of all the various tints, waterfalls, cascades, trees seemingly growing over a toasting fire, wild beasts, tenting parties of pleasure, and spacious hotels. All this, you will be inclined to say, is rather an odd mixture, but, however contradictory it may seem, 'tis nevertheless a fact. How incomplete is the visit to America without a visit thither ? To use an oft-repeated saying, 'tis like playing " Hamlet " with Hamlet left out.

And now, having taken a general map of the place, we will proceed to the source of the Yellowstone River, and trace it in its progress through the park, remarking on the objects of curiosity as we go. From its source to the Yellowstone Lake, where it empties itself, 'tis called the Upper Yellowstone, the distance being some twenty-five miles. On emerging from the lake it becomes the Lower Yellowstone, and then the Missouri, and then the Mississippi, which is about the largest river known. The lake itself is a very beautiful sheet of water, twenty-two miles long and often fifteen wide, away in the clouds at a height of eight thousand feet. 'Tis at places remarkably deep, sweetish in taste, wonderfully clear, and at this exceptional altitude its temperature is moderate. It affords tourists a great deal of enjoyment in the way of boating and fishing. The only fish to be found here is the salmon-trout, which is of a large size and exceedingly plentiful. Occasionally it is to be found in the murky

waters, charged with minerals from the hot springs hard by. It must be observed that the fish is infested with a species of worm, which eats into it from the exterior, and renders it for all practical cooking purposes unserviceable. In many places it is possible, nay convenient, to hook a trout in the lake, and without unhooking it, have it dropped into the boiling pool by the shore, and cooked forthwith. This is a feat which every visitor performs or witnesses performed, and is doubtless astonishing. Not only by the lake, but actually within it there are boiling springs encircled with its clear cool water. They are easily noticeable by the contrast with their surroundings, and the continuous gurgling and bubbling of gases to the surface. Extending along the shore for more than a mile, and reaching far back among the trees, are springs of all sizes and colours, whirring and whisking and incessantly belching upwards clouds of vapour. Some of them are half in the lake and half out of it. Of the pools many are miniature lakes, being no fewer than seventy feet in length and forty feet broad. Of these the springs are in cases green, some blue, others red, and others again purest white, and various colours besides. Each pool looks like a large delf basin, its rim visible overground, and filled with steaming, bubbling, gushing water. The rim is formed by the action of the water, the gushes leaving a deposit around the sides, which is one while soft and gluey, and again hard as adamant, varying in this as also in colour with the nature of the enclosed spring. The sight presented by the variously coloured waters and craters is beautifully picturesque. Not far from this spot are the celebrated paint pots, a

few hundred yards from the lake's shore. These are to many people the most attractive sight in the whole groupings. Perhaps the first thing in their vicinity to attract attention is a high mound of earth, coloured purely pink. Soon the eye rests upon a series of little mud lakes, many of which in violent commotion, spurting and flinging up clots of mud. These clots are of various shades, being pink, crimson, green, orange, white, and blue. The deposits harden as stone, and presents a very attractive appearance, but the colours lose much of their original beauty during the process of drying. I am not sure that the wells are ever used as paint producers, although their matter is extremely paste-like; but it would appear otherwise, inasmuch as the colours fade when exposed.

There are many other springs in all directions in the vicinity much on the same principle, including those in Sulphur Mountain, the sulphurous odour of which may be felt for quite a distance, and goes to show the substance of which they are largely composed. Hundreds of tons of sulphur could be gathered in the immediate vicinity. Before taking leave of the Yellowstone Lake and River, I must briefly notice that the latter, on emerging from the lake, seems to cleave its way through a towering mountain. In its course, fifteen miles below the lake, there are two magnificent falls, one of which, a short distance below the other, is no less than three hundred and sixty feet in height. Thence the river pursues its course through an immense ravine, roaring, and hissing, and churning all the way for twenty miles, with the cliffs on each side rising as a wall now and then fifteen hundred feet.

Let us now pass to the boiling fountains, or as they are called, geysers. The waters of the springs and fountains, it is well to say, are more dangerous and scalding than the average boiling water, without going farther into comparisons, and is frequently used by experimenters for all its purposes. It is, in fact, difficult for other than scientists to draw the line, for 'tis well known that boiling point varies considerably with the condition of the surrounding atmosphere. The journey from Yellowstone Lake to the Madison River, where are the geysers, is long and wearisome. There are three sections occupied by them, designated respectively lower, middle, and upper. I can only afford to deal with the most important, for there are so many that the shortest description of each should eventually grow to a volume. In the lower section may be counted in one group seventeen geysers, varying in height and appearance, with not less than six hundred and ninety-three hot springs in and immediately around the same area. The geysers are named from their appearance, volume, and height. Old Faithful is perhaps the most interesting of the whole, rising to one hundred and fifty feet at stated intervals of about an hour. Its mouth, which is on an elevation of several feet, created by the water deposit, is six feet by two. The water is beautifully clear, one would think tinged with blue, and during quiescence can be viewed far into the depths of the crater. Before the eruption the water may be observed in violent commotion towards the surface; then, after some spurts and splashes, it rises in one tremendous volume with a whisking noise, somewhat like the medium sound of thunder and falling waters, and continues for about five minutes.

Simultaneously clouds of steam rise into the air high above the water itself. Here sometimes potatoes and such like are bound in clouts and thrown into the basin, at a fixed time before an eruption, with the result that they are duly flung up perfectly cooked. In like manner linen and cotton fabrics are placed in it, and in the same way ejected thoroughly washed. It is said that woollen garments are utterly destroyed by a similar course of treatment. Visitors are endlessly having recourse to experiments, such as casting into its throat stones, which have the effect of arousing its ire; sipping its waters, which are never very unpleasant to the taste, and not unfrequently bathing therein their hands or feet. For this last purpose the Mammoth Springs, near to the Gardiner River, are mostly used. These springs send forth an immense quantity of water, which, flowing down the side of a precipitous mountain, creates by deposits in its course terraces of manifold hues, containing basins here and there of many sizes and temperatures. Bathing can thus be freely indulged in the basins, and it is supposed that the waters have very medicinal qualities.

Another very remarkable fountain is the Giant, which became inactive, however, a few years ago. This geyser played only every four days, lasting nearly two hours and throwing out a column of water seven feet in diameter, while reaching a height of two hundred feet. The Bee Hive also deserves mention, and is much patronised. Near to the Bee Hive is the Giantess, whose eruption takes place every fourteen days, and continues with short intervals for twelve hours, rising in spurts of two hundred

and fifty feet into the air. It has been known to remain wholly inactive for four weeks. The discharges from these fountains are sometimes enormous, and not infrequently cause the neighbouring river to overflow its banks. But by a wise provision of nature they happen at different periods, so that the one is cleared off by the time the other begins. There are various geysers besides on the same principle, but differing in height, duration, volume, interval, appearance, and name. A treatise should be written to give the qualities of each in full; but enough has been said to give at least some idea of what they are, and show the locality was until recently the scene of active volcanoes.

I have already made reference to the wild animals of the park, which are found in great variety and at large. If you drive against a bear or other uncivilised creature, and get worsted in the fray, there is absolutely no redress. You are prohibited under heavy penalty from killing any game whatever, and the only best thing to do, under the circumstances, is to keep out of the way of the more aggressive sort of that same. Here comes in American conservatism. The fauna must be preserved, because they are the original tenants of the place, independent of consequences, and here are bears, wolves, lions for that matter, dogs, hawks, ravens, snakes, roaming to and fro as they will, and who dare molest them? There is a great diversity of opinion on this subject, as to whether the curious had been carried too far in this latter regard; but it appears to me with the many wondrous scenes about, this feature might be very well dispensed with. I had intended also to speak of the petrified forests to



be found in the same region, where the trees still stand in their form, hard as stone and perfectly crystallised. There is little room for a dissertation on this point now. On the whole, I have but the mere consolation of feeling that I have laid down data for investigation, and hope to arouse interest in a locality, with all its natural curiosities, comparatively little known. Should the reader ever reach America as a sightseer, let him not fail to see this wonderland of the nation, or suffer seriously in the effort.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.—TAKING LEAVE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MOST people who visit the Rocky Mountains go not in quest of scenery, enchanting and sublime though it be, but in search of gold. This search in its progress is with much appropriateness likened to a fever, and with equal fitness called gold fever. Many wonderful stories are told in connection with this fever for gold, some, no doubt, coloured largely in the telling, but nevertheless with a good foundation in fact. For my own part, I feel disposed to make only such statements as I know to be authentic, and use only such materials as I know to be reliable. That men in sound judgment, and possessed of all life's comforts, should leave friends and home, and bury themselves in the mountain wilds, enduring hardships unspeakable, in quest of more wealth which could not give them more happiness, seems to me so tinged with romance that the call for more colouring is uncalled for, and looks perilously like the wasteful attempt to paint anew the lily. Yet such was and is still the case. And then how many restless, daring spirits, not quite cured of a drunken fit, half lolling, read the boom of gold high into the Rockies, and forthwith determine to be sharers in the spoil or die in the attempt? But in the rush must be reckoned the hardworking, industrious individual, who has ever been accustomed to labour and to wait, and who knows full well what it is to be disappointed and begin again. Out of these

various speculators I hope to make sufficiently interesting capital, meanwhile adhering to actual occurrences.

Already you are beginning to think the Rocky Mountains are an important section of the great continent of North America. Yes, they are its backbone, beginning somewhere towards the Gulf of Mexico, and ending somewhere towards the North Pole, in the region of perpetual snow. There are people who say they are but a continuation of the vast range which forms the crest of South America. That seems a very rational conclusion, and abundant evidence points to its truth. But is it not as reasonable to conclude and say that North America is a continuation of South America? The fact that the ocean at the Isthmus occupies more ground than it should goes to prove nothing. If we go on comparing and deducting, we shall be led to the inevitable conclusion that nature intended Canada to belong to the United States, or the United States to belong to Canada. But here things begin to look a bit complicated, and are better left to statesmen and economists. The Rockies are not only of immense length, but also of immense breadth. With their spurs they occupy several hundred miles, and in that space include now and then charming agricultural valleys, which are fruitful in all the products necessary for existence. These valleys, which vary in extent and fertility, seem hemmed in with mighty cliffs o'erhead, and toppling giant trees and mountains of snow, which one while rise into the clouds, and again at a distance descend so low, apparently, as to form part of the plain. Here, too, towns and cities flourish and decay, created in the

first instance by the boom of railway speculators and prospectors, who learn to thrive on the credulity of the multitude. But time and experience, often slow, but sure instructors, reveal the stubborn truth, and the victims of the ruse pack up their belongings and make for more congenial climes. Again and again may be met the remnant of what in time might have become a prosperous settlement or city ; but the pioneers failed in courage, or died in the wilds from stress of weather and other circumstances, leaving their bones to whiten 'mid the rocks, the only marble tablet to record the sad, sad story of their fate. 'Tis different now from bygone days. In those days a visit to the Rockies sounded something akin to a tour now-a-days to Central Africa, and was fraught with all its dangers. The Indians, driven by the march of civilisation backwards, found here peace and repose, guarded by the natural defences of their surroundings, and were determined to protect themselves at all hazards from the polluted invasion of white men. Their character has been variously described, being one while charged with great vices, and again accredited with great virtues. 'Tis possible that both descriptions are accurate, and that they are at one and the same time possessed of great virtues and great vices. However this be, the general tendency is to give them credit for little in the form of virtue. There is a very noteworthy saying with the Americans, "The only good Indian is a dead one." This appears, however, more applicable to the Indian of the past than the Indian of the present. The Indian of the present is beginning to experience the advantages of civilisation, and appreciate them. A whole

history, and a large one, might be written of the Indians in North America, from the time the first discoverers landed on its shores until the last Indian rebellion. I can only now afford to say that they have all become civilised after a fashion, retaining in most cases some of the barbarous but tolerable customs of their respective tribes. At present they are clothed, although even yet, they do not appear to think that their children of eight and nine and so, require covering ; and the latter may be seen moving around in very public places perfectly naked. They live mostly in tents, keeping strictly to their respective tribes, and strongly discouraging inter-marriages with outsiders. Polygamy has been found to make its way among them, but the Government has made strenuous and successful efforts against it. Catholicity seems to have for them a strong fascination, and most of the tribes are Catholic. All things considered, the Indians can hardly ever again be regarded as the hidden, lurking enemy of the white men, and the native enemy of the nation. But, on the contrary, there are very good grounds for believing that they will become eventually its best supporters and most exemplary citizens. So far they have not even one of their number to uphold their cause in Congress ; but, with the facilities which they now have for education, there is no reason why they should not have such representatives.

There is at present a peculiar feature of the Rockies which the visitor cannot fail to admire and appreciate—it is the magnificent train service with which they are burrowed. Here the most extraordinary feats of engineering have been performed, and in places 'tis difficult to understand how human malice or human

ingenuity could ever have thought of attempting the task. Just fancy a train, with a long line of carriages, carving its way through great ravines and cañons, with here and there overhanging cliffs rearing their tall heads into the sky, and snow-capped, and again threatening to topple over and crush to nothingness the tempting spirit who dared to explore their recesses. These are in the sole occupancy of wild beasts, and birds of prey, and game of every kind, which rule in undisputed sway, and whose title few take the trouble to dispute. Through such surroundings the most magnificently appointed railway cars of the universe convey their human freight, and puff by cities lively with bustling trade, and grown from camping tents and log cabins, and coverts in the riven rocks for hardy miners, to be beautiful and populous with all the advantages and modern conveniences of the greatest cities of the plains. Higher still and higher they soar, until one is half inclined to halt and tempt fate no farther. Well, imagine a railway train attempting the amazing feat of crossing a mountain of giant boulders at a height of ten thousand feet, with a grade of 220 feet to the mile. This is a marvellous performance, which ordinary engineers would be inclined to scout and cry down as impossible. Yet it is so, and the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company point to this event with pride, and, as the owners of the concern, will take much interest in convincing the unbelieving of its truth. You will say, "People will do many foolhardy things, and that is one of them. How should it be were the cars to become detached from the locomotive or one another? What an incident there should be!" To be sure this was a puzzle

for long enough, but the inventive Yankees have mastered the difficulty. To each car there is an automatic brake which would be dreadfully complicated in the description, but whose tendency, it is sufficient to say, is always to brake the car retreating backwards. Hence, there are few accidents from this cause, and comparatively few accidents generally, considering the many bridges to be crossed, the many unprotected precipices hard by, and the many gulches and overhanging cliffs everywhere. About the greatest danger in travelling in out-of-the-way places in America now is that from highway-men, and such folk, who are often skilled engineers, and know all about the ways of training. They are cautious to select a suitable site, and keenly watch the incoming train; then at a bound they board it, and disarm or shoot the driver and engine-men, should they offer any resistance. The whole is soon absolutely in their power, including locomotive, passengers, mail, and all other valuables. This is a form of speculation in which only desperadoes are engaged who have made up their mind to make it pay by desperate measures, if necessary. Usually, they prefer not to shed blood, and the occupants, seeing resistance to a body of men armed to the teeth useless, simply hand to them their belongings with as much good nature as could be expected under the circumstances. This happens not unfrequently in some very central parts of the country, as well as in places out of the way; but, wherever, the thing is revolting and unpardonable, and its bare possibility is a dark, angry cloud o'er the civilisation of the land. What a dreadful state of things!

The usual route to San Francisco is by the Union and Central Pacific Railways, whose appointments are of the best, and on the way some of the finest scenery in the country may be encountered. Direct communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is of comparatively recent date. Fifty years ago the thing was hardly thought possible, if thought of at all, and not until May, 1869, was through communication opened. The lines cross nine mountain ranges, sometimes at a height of eight thousand feet, the gradient varying from eighty, to one hundred and sixteen feet in the mile, with, in all, about a mile and a half of tunnelling. At different places on the road the lover of the wild and picturesque can make a halt, and if the fancy so directs, climb among the jagged rocks and brambles, and there with rifle and shooter shoot bears, and bison, and elk, and mountain sheep, and deer, and all the feathered occupants of the place, to his heart's content. Or, still more, he may climb the snowy heights and gather breath. That's well enough, but getting down again is a matter to be seriously pre-arranged. There are, to be sure, guides, and mules, and ponies, whose services can be obtained for the purpose, and hotels of primitive design on the pathways *en route*. But I question much if an ascent to the top of a Rocky Mountain snow peak is not an entirely novel, dangerous, and trying experience, even with all the conveniences offered to the modern explorer. All told, the business is about the nearest thing that can be conceived to a holiday spent among the Alps of Switzerland. There are, too, several active volcanoes in the portion of the Rockies, known as the Maritime Alps, but not of much note. Much more important ones are to be found in Mexico and South America.



I once said to a good-natured American friend, "Well, you Americans are the most consummate boasters; you are incessantly puffing yourselves and your wares. So much so, that in your presence Europeans, if you can understand, became affected with something akin to hay fever." "I cannot well understand," replied my friend, "how our presence produce fever of any kind in Europeans, but I can well enough understand why we Americans boast. You must know we have got something to boast about. We can do without the whole world, and the world cannot do without us, for here we have everything."

Why I introduced the subject of the Rocky Mountains was mainly for the mines of wealth they contained. Nature always plays a little prank in the way of dealing out her treasures. What is precious and valuable can only be had after much difficulty, and not unfrequently much danger. But, perhaps, this is one of the main reasons why it becomes of value. It is pretty certain that all miners don't waste a deal of time in reasoning from cause to effect. They are usually satisfied with the effect, and there the difficulty ends. There is in man an insatiable desire for riches too often for the sake of riches; but, then, this looks like the heading of a prose essay. I was speaking of the miners, who in this respect have most of the faults to which human nature is subject. Miners, let it be remembered, are men, sometimes very rational beings, but frequently desperadoes. The boom of gold attracts people of every shade of character, and every condition, and as the precious metal is but to be found in places difficult of access, and fraught with danger, there is all the more attraction

for spirits of a restless and desperate nature. And then the idea is so much like gambling that the whole suits admirably their temperament. How pleasant the thought of becoming with one bound immensely wealthy, especially for those of a wild and fanciful imagination! The time of the average miner is taken up with mining, gambling, and drinking, being divided into three fairly equal shares. This is the case of such at all events as work solely in their own interest; and as for those who are the employés of a company, they must get their four dollars per day, and besides a good deal of their own way. Whether prospecting or in actual work, the miner has by him an outfit, which includes materials for tenting, bedding, cooking utensils, a horse or mule, occasionally a dog, but always the inevitable rifle or six-shooter. Arrived at the camp, the first consideration is to raise a tent, and this is very often raised over the claim on which he means to work. Now, the whole is in working order, and tents of every make are scattered around in all directions. The operators, strangers to one another, are cautious of their sayings and doings. Soon restraint is put aside, and they become friends, and enjoy each other's society. Meanwhile, dealers in provisions find their way to the spot, and of a sudden saloons, and gambling houses, and extensive boarding-houses, rudely constructed, spring up. Wonderful finds of gold and silver are daily announced in the newspapers, with the result that the place is each day swarmed with a crowd of newcomers. The produce of the mines is the only currency, and hence the expression, "Down with your dust." The grocers and saloon-keepers, and

boardinghouse keepers have their scales, and give value for weight, and whenever the buckskin wallet becomes empty, there is the remedy hard by.

I have said the miner's time is not entirely taken up with work. Yes ; he too must have his moments of relaxation. Thus, he spends some of his hours in the saloon, and gaming house, where he plays, and drinks, and curses, and cheats, and fights, in fact, all such things whereby desperate men while away their spare hours. The six shooter is always at hand, and the result can easily be anticipated. Civil authorities are absent, but substitutes are to be found in the person of half drunken zealots who take it into their head to vindicate the cause of law and order, and thus hang to the nearest tree the supposed offender, and riddle the same with bullets. This is dreadful enough, but what if the wrong person has been so dealt with ! Is the scene to be repeated ? The thought is so revolting one shrinks to investigate ! Each day the news of the camp is of some such tragedy, or of some remarkable find, whereby the lucky finder becomes a millionaire. In all, I don't think the miner's life is enviable.

For a long time the mining camps are solely in the occupancy of men, women not finding sufficient courage to take up their quarters there in their crude condition ; but in course of time things become better adjusted, and even they find access to their husbands and brothers in the tents. Henceforward the place may be looked upon as an incipient city. The only drawback is the scarcity of women. Many tales are told of the means used to remedy this defect, some highly ludicrous, and others not a whit too modest, but it is well always to leave a good margin

for doubt in such cases. It is perfectly true that women are comparatively few in all Western cities, and it would not be strange if a people so inventive should find rare methods of increasing their number. That is true, but there is always a point at which we begin to suspect colouring. That the miner's life has many inconveniences is clear, but, then, the record of vast sudden wealth wields a strange spell over people of ardent temperaments, who, under any circumstances, are not accustomed to reflect, and in this instance are actuated by only one prevailing idea. The thought of finding a great nugget of gold, and thus becoming from the poorest of adventurers, a rich man, and the mayor of a rising city, which in ten years may number fifty thousand inhabitants, is sufficient to arouse the ambitious to undertake tasks of exceptional difficulty and peril. Men have been so fortunate, and why not they? In one season a prospector near to Leadville, Colorado, carried off for his pains twenty-nine pounds in weight of gold. Of the same quarter the story is told that a miner died, and of course had to be buried. A grave-digger was accordingly hired, and by specification the grave was to be sixteen feet deep, including ten feet of snow and six of earth. Days passed, and the grave-digger did not return. The wake was, therefore, prolonged out of all proportion, and in the end a search was instituted for the would-be sexton. At length they came upon him, and found him enriching himself, for the prospective grave turned out a sixty-ounce mine. Needless to say, the deceased was entirely forgotten in the general excitement. I may state that the best gold and silver mines are to be found in Colorado, California, and Nevada.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—SAN FRANCISCO AT LAST.

ON arriving at San Francisco the visitor is disposed to congratulate himself on having reached in safety the end of America. But Jonathan, jealous of his country's honour, watches the first opportunity to set him right on the conclusion. Yes, the Americans claim that since the addition of Alaska, the Pacific Coast is but the centre of the country, strange as it may seem. It does seem strange after such a long journey, and judging from experience, you will be inclined to question its veracity. At least you will be satisfied to rest and think out the puzzle for yourself, meanwhile hoping there is no more ground to be got over. Thus eventually travelling becomes not a pleasure, but a task, the sooner over the better. If half the road is to be got over, San Francisco is a charming place to make the break and rest. The natives call it 'Frisco, and I don't see why the title should not become general, especially as this is the age of business, and people haven't time to waste on unnecessary polysyllables. Its first name was Yerba Buena, Spanish words, and mean wild mint, this herb being found there in abundance. Later the name was changed, and called after a monk of the order of St. Francis. The monks of this order may be regarded as the founders of the city, and the pioneers of civilisation in the place, and the old mission church erected in those days still stands a monument of their enterprise, unshaken by the elements and lapse of time.

But who cares about names and their origin? That is better left to schoolboys, who enter upon the task with no small amount of disrelish.

One day in conversation with a Friscian, I observed — "Yours is a very beautiful city, and you are justly proud of it. I believe I may fairly predict for 'Frisco a glorious future." "Yes," he said, "we are proud of our city, and I think you are easily justified in predicting for it a great future, but, we, too, have our difficulties to war against. Haven't you in the old country squires or lords of the soil who own extensive demesnes, which form their country retreats whenever they choose to live at home. These, I am led to believe, are veritable boudoirs, but, for some reason not easily explained, too frequently infested with rats. It is somewhat thus with us. Our city and climate are delightful, but confound these Chinese!" The comparison is low, but expressive, and vents the feelings generally entertained with regard to this race.

There are no fewer than 60,000 Chinese within the city limits out of a population of 320,000. 'Tis most difficult to get at their exact number, living as they do in all sorts of inaccessible and unexpected places. Fourteen years after the first house was built there the Mongolians found their way to the spot, and then occupied a section known as "Little China." Nobody dreamt that Little China could grow to the Great China it since became. Every day the heathen horde increased, and, as they grew, civilisation fled as if panic-stricken. The very air in their vicinity became polluted owing to their barbaric and slovenly habits, although it appears laundry work

is the profession of most of them, even of the men. White folk found it utterly impossible to live side by side with them, and tenement after tenement was deserted, only to be seized upon by the celestials, and forthwith crammed with occupants from roof to cellar. For instance, a hotel, once fashionable, but gradually merging into the Chinese quarter, ceased to receive the accustomed patronage. As a result 'twas let out for tenancy. At no time could over 300 guests find comfortable accommodation. But what ! not less than 2,000 Mongolians fitted into it beautifully, without a murmur or complaint. What is the sanitary authority doing all this time? The manner of living of this horde, according to our standard of civilisation, is little above absolute barbarism. But it is well to state that their ranks, as is the case with most immigrants, are supplemented from the lowest of the people. At home the Chinese are peculiarly polite and complimentary, amounting even to childishness, and their better class live comfortably, using pork, fish, fowl, and vegetables of various kinds, and, at times, the free use of ardent spirits and wines. In this regard they are known in America by the name of rice-peckers, rice being with them a prime favourite, and forming their staple food. This they manage to convey to its destination by means of chop-sticks, and the whole appears to outsiders a remarkable feat of hitting the mark under difficulties. They are the most inveterate gamblers, devoting all their hours to games of various sorts. Usually they do not enter on the more complicated ones. Some person tosses a quantity of coins, and the result depends on their being odd or even. But their grand characteristic is opium smoking. To

the opium dens they retire when their work is over, and drown all life's cares with this poisonous drug. 'Tis not so easy to get at these recesses, being in out-of-the-way places, and only to be reached by dark, narrow hall-ways. You see the law takes—or, rather, professes to take—hold of the opium devotees. Even so, John Chinaman happens to have his wild longing gratified, and thus at stated times seeks his opium, as folk with us the store or barber's shop. Forthwith he takes his position reclining on a wooden bunk or shelf, and has his whiff. Then comes on the much longed for stupor, and he dreams of friends and home, and all the flowers and joys of the celestial empire. This practice is most destructive to health, and no constitution can bear up against its effects, and, unfortunately, can hardly ever be given up when once contracted. Their moral tendencies are low, and their female slaves the most degraded of their species. They are said to belong in most cases to certain companies whose determination is such, that they carry their point in reference to labour contracts and the like by assassination if necessary. However, they strongly deny the existence of such societies, but hardly any confidence is placed in their word. They are very conservative of old principles, and adhere to their native customs in spite of all the acclimatising effects of the New World. Their dress is mixture of China and America, but the inevitable pigtail is sure to find a place in the jumble. Among their amusements may be mentioned their theatres; and the joss-houses, too, should be visited. Oh! these joss-houses! I intended to secure a special number for themselves. The Chinese are excluded from the franchise, and are no



longer admitted as immigrants. They never come to the country to find a home there, but save what they can, and by whatever means, and hasten to the flowery kingdom lest their bones should be defiled by being wrapped in American soil. Sometimes their patriotic designs are frustrated, and a serious impediment in the shape of a wife, even from our isles, arises. The half-bred Chinaman proves a first-class citizen. Withal, the lady who selects such a husband must be endowed with no small amount of calm assurance. And with this I dismiss the Chinese.

San Francisco, in its inhabitants, is one of the most cosmopolitan of cities, owing to its connection with so many ports of Eastern countries, as well as those of Europe, and the various costumes and physiques of earth are pretty much represented. The actual residents claim to be highly refined, and give a good deal of their time to social gatherings. For my own part, I very much liked the Friscians. There is, of course, a good deal of that frankness, or as connoisseurs would call it, rude candour, which they regard as vulgar, but at the same time one gets soon accustomed to it, and you feel it rather pleasanter than too much straightening. The arts, too, thrive at 'Frisco, and artists of best European reputation reach this end-of-the-world city in safety, and give an impetus to their respective callings. More than this, they have the money, and hence they can afford to avail themselves of our best schools. You need not think it strange should you stumble against a Friscian at any time in the Latin Quarter in Paris, learning French, music, painting, and vice, conjointly ; aye, and ladies from all parts of the country, not excluding San Francisco, come to Europe for

lessons in the higher acquirements of society, and that without an escort, living in school or otherwise as they think best. There are some exceedingly ludicrous stories told of wealthy Americans securing the services, for hire, of broken-down dukes and duchesses to introduce them to the good people of London, and the thing is all the more ludicrous for being a fact. During my visit in America the papers were overflowing with accounts of a rich Yankee lady who persisted, in spite of vast odds, to knock at the door of our most gracious Sovereign, for an interview. Again and again she was repelled, and the pressmen continued to picture her disappointment in truly touching colours. Days passed, and weeks passed, and she still continued to be paraded as the broken-hearted-ostracised lady representative of America. At length the clouds rolled by, and she attained the much-coveted honour. And then, what jubilation and what joy! I have quite forgotten her name, and am sorry. The city itself is charming, but is far from having yet arrived at the hey-day of its glory. I have before me a view of its site in 1846, with the two score of houses scattered about in all manner of irregular ways; now its streets are exceedingly well laid out, and in point of beauty not surpassed by anything in the country. California and Market Streets are delightful, and the residences of the railroad and mining kings are simply superb. The section occupied by this gentry is called by the folk in every-day language, "Nob Hill." The principal streets have their cable cars, and hence ready facilities are afforded for passing from one part of the city to any other. In this matter California claims the precedence, and owing to the inventive genius of

of Mr. B. H. Brooks, 'Frisco had the honour of leading the world in the cable system. At present there are cable cars, or electric cars in every city, in America. It seems so strange when one returns to see the olden time horse trams in full operation in the principal thoroughfares of our largest cities. The site of the city is extremely hilly, as is also the country around, but great things have been done in the way of levelling and laying out beautiful streets and parks, where before the soil was utterly unproductive, or occupied with giant rocks and boulders. Streets, too, rise upon the ruins of what was in bygone days a harbour, but there is plenty of harbour yet remaining. 'Frisco Bay, as seen from some point of vantage in the vicinity, is without doubt a very picturesque sight, and what so much enhances its beauty is the curious combination of islands with which it is dotted. The entrance to the bay, known as Golden Gate, is one mile in width, while the bay itself is capable of floating the largest vessels. Nature, therefore, intended 'Frisco for a great city, and 'tis not by any means improbable that 'twill count at no very distant date a population outnumbering New York. At the same time a city somewhat to the order of Brooklyn may, with good reason, be expected on the other side of the bay.

The public buildings are not of such magnificent proportions as elsewhere, and could hardly be expected. About the most attractive buildings in the city are the Baldwin and Palace Hotels. The Palace is a most beautiful building, occupying an entire block, with 755 rooms for guests, which are hardly ever less than twenty square feet. All the luxuries and conveniences of life may be had there, the

finest table-service, magnificently appointed furniture polished out of shape, ball-rooms, music, and all the appurtenances of pleasure, while the hotel with all its costly appointments boasts of being the largest in the world. There are no fewer than 142 churches, the most noteworthy of the Catholic churches being the Church of St. Ignatius and the Mission Dolores, the latter as being the oldest in the city, and constituting one of the historical landmarks of the place. Every visitor devotes a while to the Mission Dolores. A very remarkable building is the Jewish Synagogue, Emanu-El. The theatres are an important department, and there is being developed a great taste for theatre-going. Each Sunday evening the theatre supplies the place of vespers. Well, it is only an amusement after all, but then the amusing should not be carried too far. There are a great many parks tastefully kept, where the Friscians can retire and amuse themselves when their work is over. Most people visit Sutro heights, the private property of Adolph Sutro, and to which there is ready communication by rail from the city. Hither Mr. Sutro retired to enjoy the repose so well earned by a life of labour and energy, carving out for himself from the solid rock delightful grounds, and raising thereon his beautiful home overlooking the sea. At the distance it creates the impression of being a fortress with its high wall and niches. This gentleman's tastes have been variously regarded, some speaking of him as the most practical of men, and others as the most eccentric. 'Twill be so to the end. And the beach, how charming and health-giving! Why not, too, visit the seal rock and view the sea-lions at their sport?

The climate of San Francisco is healthful and bracing, never too hot and never too cold, there being but the two seasons, the wet and the dry, the former corresponding to our winter, the latter summer. But there is no winter in our sense of the term; rain, however, is pretty incessant during the period taken up by winter with us. Occasionally there are gusts of sirocco winds in summer, which are very unpleasant to strangers. Fogs are not unusual, but in all, the city is very free from epidemics, and the death-rate is exceptionally low. The climate along the Pacific Coast everywhere is healthful, and with their natural facilities and resources one may with safety prophesy that Washington, Oregon, and California, will become three of the most important and populous states of the Union, and that in the near future. Besides, great encouragement is held out to immigrants, owing to the high standard of wages there.

A word on the Yosemite Valley and big trees, and then I have done. This valley is the property of the State, free to all comers. 'Tis about nine miles long, and one mile broad, situated in California, 140 miles from San Francisco. The wonderful feature of the valley is, that it is surrounded on all sides by giant walls of granite rising to a height sometimes of 6,000 feet, almost perpendicular. At the foot is a valley producing trees, flowers of every hue, shrubs, and Indians of the most primitive design. And there are waterfalls here, too, one with a drop of nearly three thousand feet; but I am wearied sketching the traits of water in America. Professor Whitney has written a volume on the Yosemite, and for further information

read him. Whatever he has to say, don't miss the big trees. There is the Mariposa grove right at hand, and here are trees of heights and widths that we never could dream of. One tree in this grove is 94 feet in circumference, its first branch 200 feet from the ground, and measuring six feet in diameter. Some of the trees rise to a height of 400 feet. Owing to their symmetry of proportions, they do not by any means seem so unwieldy as might be expected. Very important groves are the Fresno and Calaveras, whose trees are somewhat after the style I have described. At the World's Fair, there was on exhibition a railway carriage, hewn wholesale, from a big tree trunk. Is not then America by every right the country of superlatives?

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.—DOWN SOUTH.

SO far I have not touched upon the Southern States, which, for many reasons, are a most interesting section of the country. The evening was dull and foggy, so I was laid up at my hotel, where an incident, to many insignificant, directed my course Southwards. I forbear to mention my whereabouts, for my movements would be to most people as puzzling as chess-playing. Here I was, and as the time hung heavily, took to reading Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's exposition of slavery, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At length I lighted upon the passage, "Ran away from the subscriber my mulatto boy George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man; is deeply scarred on his back and shoulders; has been branded in his right hand with the letter H. I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed." I, therefore, at once determined to go South, and view what was in days gone by the happy hunting ground of all this barbarity, and meanwhile reserved further reading for the journey.

For convenience sake, I next reveal myself at Heflin, Alabama, away down among the niggers, nearly one thousand miles from anybody who knew of my existence. Julius Caesar! What a country, where one makes a thousand miles at a bound, and can't reach the end! Well, I put up at the Central

Hotel, and here were my headquarters. Such a centre for operations ! On the one hand there was a great supply of niggers, on the other yellow fever, and thus I stood uncertain on which side I should be first victimised. But I tried to bear up in the crisis, and forget my position. 'Twas late when I arrived at the Central, just in time for supper, and felt somewhat relieved when I found myself divorced from the burly negro who carted my traps from the dépôt, and was my guide hither. During the term I verily believe ~~he asked me more questions~~ than I could have satisfactorily answered since. Supper was well over when I took my place, but there was still a plentiful supply, and I set to sup on eggs and bacon, fried chicken corned exceedingly, and coffee, which to me tasted so musty as to remind me of a nightmare among cellars. This sort of beverage is a favourite with the Americans, and Europeans gradually come to like it. The process was particularly slow in my case. There was on the occasion little conversation, and I could see that my unexpected intrusion marred the general pleasantry. One disappeared now, another again, until I found myself in sole possession, when, horrors ! my former ciccone reappeared strangely transformed into a waiter, and, grinning good-humouredly, offered his services. In the interval he must have occupied his time in making out an additional list of interrogatories, carefully prepared and ready for use. The inquiries ran somewhat thus :—Whence I came, where I was going, if I intended to remain long, if I had been to New York, what it looked like, were coloured folk employed much as waiters, and if I would use my influence to



secure him a place. This is but the smallest fraction of the whole, and gives but the least idea of the course of examination to which I was subjected. At length I came to regard it my turn, and proceeded accordingly. "What is your name?" I asked. The African threw me a patronising look, and began answering very good-naturedly, displaying a readiness to deal out information as well as to acquire. "My name," he said, "is Jack M'Murray." "In the name of wonder, how did you come to be called Jack M'Murray?" "Well, boss, it was this way. In the time of the slave trade the slave went by the name of the owner, and d'ye see, changed with the next. My father's boss at de time de coloured folk was all freed was M'Murray, and dat's how de thing happened." The explanation seemed to me in every respect satisfactory, and expressed myself so. This is but one of the many questions he answered with a good deal of intelligence, and appeared to enjoy the whole proceedings immensely. In the South the niggers are very much different from their brethren of the North, and one recognises this at a glance. Their manner is exceedingly servile, with entirely too much of that grinning condescension, which makes you ashamed of your superiority. No doubt this is the natural outcome of a system which shall continue for long to disgrace the free institutions of the country, and it could hardly be expected that the brutality practised for generations should all at once, with the declaration of freedom, cease in its effects. Yes; the slaves have been set free after a long and bitter struggle, and in many respects the most disastrous of civil wars. In the North they are perfectly free, enjoying all the rights and advantages of free

citizens ; in the South freedom is the name, slavery the reality. There they are not permitted to travel in the same compartment with the white folk, and at each stopping may be seen in great placards, " Coloured people's waiting room," whence, demure and heartless looking negro men and women pour forth. 'Tis the same in every other department. The nigger is free in the eyes of the State and in theory, but in practice he is as much the nigger as ever. The proud Southern well remembers that the nigger was the cause of all his trouble, the slaughterer of his brother and father—that indirectly he brought about a civil war, which in its dread details is unsurpassed in the annals of warfare. Here man rose not against the enemy of his country, but against his own countryman, his friend, his kinsman, his brother. Members of the same family took different sides, and, fighting in opposing ranks, met in deadly conflict, brother against brother, and son against father. This latter incident is, perhaps, the most memorable throughout the whole scene, and the effect when dramatised is truly touching. While the fearful work was in progress the negro lay at home skulking behind the protection of his owner or owner's household in tears to be retained in his slavery, and expressing his perfect satisfaction with things as they had been. Next day brought the news of the tragic end of some member of the family who fell a victim to principle, and the unhappy nigger was buffeted accordingly. Well might the Southern say, " Why all this sentiment? Why waste unnecessary blood to better the condition of a people that are satisfied with their present?" Yes, that is well enough, but there were coloured folk of superior

intelligence, who deplored their servitude, and 'twas their cries and tears along with the march of civilisation that aroused the public sympathy. In cases, it is true, they were as well cared for as any member of the family, and came to be regarded as favourite play-things, but hardly ever as responsible beings endowed with immortality.' Just as we have known favourite lambs and such like to become part and parcel of the family, and have known great heart-breakings especially among the youthful members, at parting, with these favourites, in the same way were the relations between slave and owner. Sometimes there was a pretty clear understanding between them that the slave should always, on continuing trustworthy, and showing no aspirations for liberty, remain an attaché to the family. On the other hand, some traded off their slaves, and supplied their places with others cheaper or dearer, as the case might be, as farmers their stock; while there were those who gave their sole attention to this line of business, and gauged the article or spoke of its perfections as dealers with us in the market place. The partings of members of the same family, brother from brother, sister from sister, and husband from wife, on the occasion of such sales as described by one of them who was a passive actor in the drama greatly affected me. As the poor slave was not recognised as a citizen, or, better say, not human at all, his married relations were cemented and broken off entirely according to the caprice of his owner, who throughout consulted solely his own interests. And to such an extent was the public mind demoralised that men in their thirst for mammon shrank not from selling to the best bidder their own

children, the fruit of their unnatural depravity. A better state of things has come to pass, and the nigger is now no more subjected to chains and whippings on the slightest pretext, made to run away and flogged to death for so doing, branded and marked as an irrational beast, and subjected to all the more humiliation and degradation in proportion as nature gave him a keener sense of his intolerable position. It is true all this is changed, but there are still very tangible remnants of slavery remaining. The master is all the while unable to regard the slave as his equal, and still retains his inborn prejudices, so that even yet, whenever a pretext can be made out, the poor negro is mobbed. Let a robbery, or burning, or murder occur in a white settlement, and instantly a band of whites, interested in the public peace! on circumstantial evidence, if any evidence at all, set out for the home of the suspect, and there without one moment's notice, and without giving a moment for explanation, hang him to the nearest tree, sometimes with his head downwards, and there, subjecting him to all manner of barbarity, have him summarily executed. And, what is worse, foremost in the gang is the actual perpetrator of the crime alleged, who adopts this method of warding off suspicion. There is an appeal, of course, and a hunt for the murderers. By whom? By the hereditary enemies of this race, who are pained exceedingly that they are now forced to recognise any negro rights whatever. What a burlesque on justice, law, and order! I culled here and there scrapplings from the daily papers, with incidents of those summary executions, in their fiendish cruelty so revolting that I could not think of reproducing them.

One day I had a conversation with a former slave holder on this subject. "How on earth," I said, "did you people think of retaining slaves; and now that they are slaves no longer, why not emancipate them thoroughly?" Had I not been a foreigner, he would have probably treated me merely to a proud look of disdain, but, as I was, his haughty Southern blood bubbled to its height, and he endeavoured to set me right in my impressions. "Well," he answered, "when you know as much about the nigger as I do, you'll say that slavery was quite the thing for him; he can't be trusted, and must be kept down." I could not see the logic of this, but didn't say so. Do not all tyrants justify themselves in the same way? This is the very argument which our neighbours are using against us. They first tried to make us barbarians, and next told the world we were. This much, however, can be said for slavery in America—it is pretty certain the slaves were no worse treated there than in the country whence they came, and, besides, while men shudder at the thought of slavery in the most civilised communities, there is not a word about capital punishment, wherein man assumes supreme power over the life of his fellow.

My first night in Alabama I shall not easily forget. 'Twas late, and I was wearied, but the clear moonlight beyond anything I had witnessed before led me unconsciously to survey my surroundings. I must have gone for miles before adverting to the fact, charmed with the pleasant coolness, the absolute quiet in happy contrast to the whirring of cable and electric cars, and all the noise and bustle so peculiar to great cities. At places there was the chirping of the cricket, the

strange yet sweet warbling of the bird forgetful of the night, the bay of the watch-dog in the distance, so very like a similar servant of my acquaintance at home that I felt transported thither on the spot, the laugh afar so loud and vacant, and its echo, all burst at times on the monotony. And then the sweet odours from the trees, the road so soft as velvet to the tread, and I the sole sojourner there, the little purling stream hard by, the cotton fields so white beneath the moonlight enchanted me, and made me feel this region was created for some superior beings. In course of time I reached the Central, bewildered with the beauty of the scene around, but henceforward found it necessary to descend to the level of ordinary mortals. And in proof let me state that this fashionable hotel, which completely outdistanced anything of its kind in the locality, was constructed of wood, raised high above the ground on pivots of stone, and approached by a wide rickety stairway. Here was to be my sanctum for the night, and my old friend Jack patiently awaited my arrival as good-humoured but as inquisitive as ever. My lodging was on the first floor, and here a bedroom, which served as a registry office for visitors by day, afforded me rest and shelter for the night. A badly-constructed oil lamp resting upon a badly-constructed wooden counter flickered dimly, an old washstand with jug and basin, a rude dressing table and half a window blind made out the furniture in its entirety; here I was, and all the niggers might look and wonder how I slept, and pass on. Morning came, leaving me nothing worse for the spare furniture and sparer bed-clothes, and I duly arranged to take a survey of the place by daylight 'Twas delightful

summer, and everything looked its best. I must say I never felt the South intolerably warm, and to me the difference between the heat of North and South was inappreciable. Jack was still my adviser, and returned again and again to the story of the restaurant in New York, which I declared, for peace sake, probably wanted a waiter. There was a funeral in the village, and he forthwith entered on a long account of the deceased, her genial qualities, her many virtues, and spoke something about a spacious vacuum that could not easily be closed in. The general topic of the groups of villagers here and there was somewhat after the same, and made me feel that even away down at Heflin, people can afford at length to say a kind word of the dead. There was little ceremony in connection with the funeral arrangements, and the cortege, including an open waggon for a hearse, and several improvised vehicles, with men in great white hats, and women in greater sun bonnets—aye, and children—proceeded on a long, wearisome journey to the cemetery in perfect silence. The event did not exhibit, at least externally, so much of that solemn mourning as is usual with us, but still I was greatly impressed by the procession, and could not help thinking how little people at one end of the world know of the other, its people, their sorrows, and their joys. The funeral past, like Quixote out on adventures, we next came upon a cart of water-melons and its owner, who was bent upon disposing of the whole or part to the best advantage. My guide immediately struck, and would or could proceed no farther. I was at once solicited for a water-melon, and complied; the request was repeated, and I complied, but in such

a way that 'twas not deemed advisable to advance on the same lines any more, and, therefore, I was permitted to rest and watch the result. There was, in the first instance, a long tedious bargain, and next a full half-dozen niggers were called in to partake. Among the brethren there was no small amount of disappointment when I refused to be a sharer. One hideous face turned up in surprise, as if to say, "Well, that anybody would refuse a water-melon!" I watched the operations closely, and learned a good deal about the better dissection of a water-melon that served me prodigiously afterwards.

Of the South generally it may be said it has a climate and soil fit for anything, but which are being utilised for nothing; business is at a stand-still, and the folk lie up and nurse their wounds, ruminating upon the hardships to which they were subjected during the Civil War, and ready to fight if the time comes. Every place may be seen a veteran wanting an arm or leg, with the wild look of the battle-field in his face, and prepared to talk at any moment of the camp, and Northern, or, as he prefers, Yankee cowardice and cruelty. The late war plunged the Southernns hopelessly into debt, while the Northernns, the victors, were recompensed for their services by the State. More settled heads appear to think that if half the money expended in warfare had been devoted to purchasing the slaves and setting them at liberty the vexed question might thus be more amicably settled, and all the dire destruction of human life averted. Be this as it may, the evil consequences are too palpable in the South, and the country is partly in waste or dotted with little wooden rickety negro





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shanties, or villages, or cities, none of which of very great importance. There are a few cities of some note, such as New Orleans, and Atlanta, and even they are not at all comparable to the cities of the North. The Southern is naturally haughty, refined and generous, ready to resent an injury or insult to the last, slow to make friends, and slow to lose them, a charming companion, talks sweetly, is a good friend, but a dangerous enemy.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF  
THE UNITED STATES.

THE population of the United States is being constantly recruited from the various countries of the world. It is questionable if the new recruits are always useful, or even ornamental. The Government appears to think otherwise lately, and sets a guard upon the ports, with the object of excluding undesirable immigrants. I observe the Chinese are wholly excluded, while those already resident are disfranchised. Notwithstanding all this precaution, Europeans especially who have long studied and practised to hoodwink authority manage to make up a face penitential enough for the occasion, and effect a landing, despite the keenest surveillance of the lynx-eyed officers. Americans themselves acknowledge they receive the best and the worst of every country. The latter is particularly true ; and, as to the rest, comparatively few have courage enough to break off the home associations into which they have been born, and risk all the probabilities of an alien clime, undergoing the strain of forming new connections, if the current moves smoothly homewards, and they are able to eke out a sure if scanty existence. Those must be excepted, however, who are too proud to be menials at home, and yet feel nowise demeaned by undertaking the humblest duties of the kitchen in America.

To treat of the United States and its heterogeneous

inhabitants is a task involving no little difficulty. 'Tis worse than unfair; 'tis malicious to paint as Americans the numberless human curios the traveller encounters here and there on an extended tour of the country. Yet this has been done over and over again, and the article set up in our market with nothing but the American brand genuine. No wonder most of the writers who have undertaken the task were roughly handled, and that Uncle Sam is suspicious of future inroads. He has had pretty hard treatment at the hands of the various debutants, from Trollope to O'Rell, and 'tis well if his scrowns are even yet ended. Paul Blouet, better known as Max O'Rell, is about the last who has invaded the department. His book, like the author, is a very remarkable production, and gives a very fair picture of men and manners, with the ludicrous side uppermost. The Americans regard it as a piece of good-natured folly; the author speaks of it himself as nothing more. Notwithstanding, Max as a lecturer on his favourite topics, as well as a sarcastic portrayal of the freaks and foibles of men, has few equals. The American notes of Charles Dickens gave much more offence, and up to the present they bitterly lament their injustice. His work on America is commonly regarded a mistake, his retraction, universally a blunder. To my mind, he has said nothing of the Americans which is not applicable in a greater or less degree, except when he touches their political institutions, to the people of any country. Had he not fallen into what an American, once speaking to me on the subject, described "as the only dark spot on a great and glorious career," he could have counted his admirers by thousands, and his little Nell would

have been the central figure in every children's party, while the author should be exalted into a demigod. As it is, they read the British oppressor through the kindly-hearted Dickens.

In the spiritual world, 'tis a common quotation, "all roads lead to Rome." In the material, 'tis the converse, and all roads may be said to lead to America. All eyes are to the Great Republic, and although we know of its existence, and have some general idea it is productive of gold, and silver, and statesmen, and orators, and authors, and business-men, and cranks, we have very little knowledge of the private affairs of the family and trouble ourselves less. The American attitude is quite different towards us, and our notables are known across the Channel equally well as with ourselves. This fact is due to the press, which usually devotes a column to us in each issue, while in cases the whole paper is almost exclusively devoted to our affairs. America has many claims upon us. We are connected by numberless ties of friendship and blood, and should at least always know what is uppermost. Our press furnishes us with little information, excusing itself one while on the plea there is too much on hands at home to trouble with the affairs of our neighbours, and again as foreign dishes are not in demand, 'tis necessary to deal out hash of our own. We are, therefore, left dependent on writers mostly English, who describe with infinite pains sections of the country they never visited, and thrust deadly darts at society and its customs, to which they failed to secure an introduction. A good book on America would be a great blessing, all the more for its rarity. To keep pace with the rapidly increasing population,

the development of the great cities, many of which rise from the ground as by magic in less than a decade and become important, as well as the social changes that are taking place yearly, such a work should be produced every tenth year. The Americans are a progressive people, and adapt themselves to the requirements of the time, except when George Washington speaks. George's way must prevail, let who else be the sufferer. That the Father of the Republic was far in advance of his time, and a great prophet and deliverer of his country, goes unquestioned. But there are many points in the Constitution which, I have little doubt, he would gladly change were he living in these our days and saw with his own eyes the difficulty of reconciling to one particular code the people of so many nations, so widely different in race, religion, and sympathies. The very moment Jonathan seeks to improve upon the ways of Washington, even though the moved amendment is in every way superior, that moment he ceases to be a patriot. What is patriotism? Patriotism means nothing if it has not for its object to make men happier and better. The title is hardly applicable to the faddist. American law is in a goodly measure founded on the British, as is natural, considering it prevailed up to the Declaration of Independence. There are many points of difference, however. The American father cannot wholly disinherit his son, even though he has substantial grounds for so doing, and again the illegitimate child can claim the patrimony of the intestate parent, if it can be shown the latter acknowledged the former. In conversation with a stickler for American institutions I commented somewhat severely on this fact. My friend turned

upon me with a corresponding severity, and directed me to return to England, and have expunged the codicil whereby the British supremacy is made over to the Royal Family or the natural issue, and I should then be in a better position to lecture Americans on this little concession of theirs.

In order to give anything like a satisfactory account of America three neat portable volumes should be at least required—one treating of its society, another its scenery, and a third of its institutions. As to my previous references on American society, I have little to add, and nothing to retract. The Americans, I still claim, are not a highly cultured people. This is not due to their ignorance of what should be done, and their desire to do it. There is no one who knows better what to do, and is so anxious to do it, as the American. The fact is he knows too much, and is too anxious about details. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, I'm afraid Uncle Sam is not yet old enough. In a new country, which boasts of its freedom and spirit of independence, people are too liable to take liberties of action and speech, which are not quite consistent with good society. Impudence and independence are more than likely to get mixed up. I have heard it asserted over and over again that the typical American does not yet exist. It may be, but I'm confident I have encountered a host of individuals who were willing to be regarded as typical Americans. The would-be typical American invites you to his home, and does all in his power to make you happy and at ease. He prepares for you a sumptuous repast; in fact, it, too, is the "best in the world." In



this even he cannot allow himself to be second. You sit with his family and friends. A variety of fruits must be dealt with, to which you are partially a stranger. And, wonderful to relate, there is an Irish stew in the centre, utterly different from all other Irish stews of your acquaintance. He has heard many things of the Irish, as *Puck* and *Judge* have them, and is not exactly favourably predisposed. To his mind the average Irish immigrant is a punstering barbarian, not exactly dangerous, but in want of a little civilising. Tammany Hall undertakes his education, and during the process he turns out a knave. Such is your host; and he is now face to face with a live Irishman, and must not lose his opportunities. While he is absorbed in dealing out liberally of the good things, he loses no opportunity to watch how you eat your (his) corn. If you blunder he represses his smiles; Mrs. Jonathan chuckles, and little Miss Jonathan laughs outright, and 'tis well if she don't set to tell the story of the Irishman and the hash. Jonathan is now pleased his country has such a keen observer as *Puck*, and that *Judge* has judged aright. If your host is Irish who has made his way to his present position by whatever methods, he has some idea it is not quite in keeping with his high social status to laugh at your blunders; but he pities them, and revolves in his mind a series of recollections of those days, dark and dreary, when he himself knew no better. I shall not tackle this Yankee Irish stickler further, lest in the excitement I might become forgetful, and over-balance. The American home, if as happy, is certainly not happier than ours. Uncle Sam can change his wife as he

changes his President, and pays a large yearly income to the professional farceur for vilifying and defaming both. Jonathan is in many respects a complex combination. He spends a great deal of his time in heaping abuse on his country, and impugning the motives of its statesmen, and yet he is ready to resent to the last an insult or injury to either by outsiders. He takes great delight in recounting his victories, and his success in clearing out British tyranny, and yet he forgets the host of tyrants he created instead. Sometimes he awakes to a sense of his position, and proclaims if he had yet to sign the Declaration of Independence he should have the clause inserted, "servants to give civil answers sometimes, clean boots if required, and be otherwise obliging; no Tammany Hall." As it is, he directs Bridget to supply his bed-room with water. "What did yese say?" exclaims Bridget. "Sure yese don't mane to say any crature is to carry a jug full of wather up three flights of stairs in a free countrie." The argument is unanswerable, and thus piqued on American independence, and beaten with his own club, he is forced to convert his sleeping compartment into a private barber's shop for himself and, at most a few select friends. But the American is inventive, and swears he will corner Bridget somewhere, and sets her to polish the stove, and the hall-knocker, and if she dares to resist he tells her, Mrs. Washington did so, and that she papered walls, and was generally neat, and therefore in the second engagement Bridget is routed. Don't be alarmed; she shall have something else to do besides gazing on the stars and stripes. American independence elevates and places the

fortune-seekers from this realm in the happy position of being obliged to do twice their former work, with a good deal less than twice their former pay. Mrs. Jonathan, too, thinks she could improve on the Independence clauses, and urges the necessity of "six months' notice at least, before orders to quit." I had this and many other vicious things in my mind when I congratulated a Chicago man on the benefits of a free country. The porker read me, and with a sly look answered, "Oh, yes ; it is a great advantage to be born in a country where if you haven't boots you can go without them."

An American social gathering is a brilliant affair. Festoons and flowers in rich profusion is the order, and all are animated and convivial, even though many hearts are breaking after the ball. The American men are dark of complexion and sparse of flesh ; the American women comparatively slight, of a muddy pale complexion, and hair neither dark nor fair, yet inclining both ways. As complexion varies with climate, it can be understood that the Western women are differently complexioned from their Eastern sisters. They are generally blamed for keeping too much indoors. The American home is naturally a hothouse in summer, and artificially in winter ; and as a result the flower does not look to advantage under exposure. Besides, their constant attendance at theatres, and balls, and various social entertainments is not calculated to improve their good looks, not to speak of their reckless use of pastry, and confectionery, and other pretty trifles sweeter than wholesome. "American women are perfectly horrid," said an English lady to me on board a Cunarder, somewhere mid-ocean.

"In what respect?" I timidly inquired. "They are colourless, and expressionless. Don't you think so?" she insisted sharply. "I am really not an adept in such matters," I whined piteously. "Pardon me; ex— oh! isn't that the dinner bell?" The English lady's estimate may be correct, but they are not dressless. Pay attention! Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt spends on pin-money (dress understood) £20,000 yearly; Mrs. T. Havemeyer £15,000; Mrs. G. Gould, £10,000; Mrs. J. J. Astor, £8,000; Mrs. P. Stevens, £4,000; all of New York. This is something to excite the jealousy of England's fairest and best. But America's Queen, Mrs. Cleveland, devotes only £200 yearly to the same purpose. I can't find quotations of unmarried ladies' pin-money. Probably such a quotation would be open to libel. The American girl, however, enjoys liberties which none gainsay, and which are to us a matter of surprise. She comes and goes as and when she likes, and even travels abroad all alone. When married 'tis different. She is no longer quite free, and must not take liberties out of keeping with her position as matron of the household, otherwise she shall return one day to her mansion to be confronted with the poster, "New wife wanted; inquire within." The thing is just contrariwise with us. In America women take a try-hand at most things. They are occasionally lawyers, physicians, ministers of religion, litterateurs, and very frequently on the press, some of the latter earning as much as £20 per week. Madam Jonathan's attitude is likely to secure for her a good deal of notoriety, and yet she claims she has tact enough to remain womanly. Personally, I agree with him who said, among many

other good things, the best women are those that are least known.

As to American authors, they are now counted by hundreds. A century ago and the United States had scarcely an author of distinction ; to-day its litterateurs are too numerous to mention, and of world-wide reputation. If it be true there is nothing new under the sun, it is doubly so in literature, for that field is being laboured from the commencement of the world even until now, and the same little discoveries exhibited anew, but in a slightly different garb. The American litterateur is a keen observer, and he observes this. Consequently he puts his inventive brain to work, and occupies his spare hours in setting orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody at defiance, and heaping ridicule upon men and manners. As to such Artemus Ward, Max Adler, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, A. E. Sweet, are some of the many who find or have found amusement in this department. American humour is usually of a rough type, sometimes low, and is about equally expended on trolley cars, restaurants, and senators. Humorous papers and periodicals are limitless : among which may be mentioned *Puck*, *Judge*, *Hallo*, *Texas Siftings*, *Peck's Sun*, *San Francisco Wasp*, *Detroit Free Press*, and *Omaha World*. I am bound to say I have been wholly unable to recognise the Irishmen of *Puck* and *Judge*, or translate their language, although I have spent most of my years in that country, and have a fairly good knowledge of the dialect in use. But *Puck* finds amusement in the foolery, and *Judge*, reasonably accredited with better judgment, follows suit, and nobody is the sufferer.

I have referred to American scenery. The scenery of America is equal to anything in the world. I shall not say the "best." Everybody enjoys it but the American. That individual much prefers his rocking chair, his havannah, and chewing gum. I adverted to the fact at Buffalo, where quite a number lived and apparently intended to die, without visiting the wondrous Niagara Falls, within an hour's distance. A slim, sticklish, cranky-looking Yank turned to me and asked, "What is scenery?" I could not get beyond two words of the definition, and had to own myself beaten. He might as well have asked me—"What is truth?" Scenery, at all events, is something pleasant to view and contemplate, and there is plenty of this material in America. I could suggest a thousand places where the tourist might visit, and be well repaid for his pains. In addition to those I have already casually, I must say, touched, I might mention Oil City and its vicinity, the Catskill Mountains, the dreamland of Rip Van Winkle; the grottoes of the Shenandoah, the Mammoth Caves, Kentucky, their underground river and eyeless fish; Tampa Bay, and the charming fruit groves of Florida. Of sights in the South, not entirely scenic, the Ponce de Leon Hotel is among the most remarkable. In this gigantic structure everything is done up to date, and to the best American methods. For scenery wild and picturesque, Alaska, the latest acquisition of the United States, is unrivalled, and I look forward hopefully to the time when Juneau and Sitka will rejoice in the summer residences of many American millionaires.

And now I have only space to refer briefly to

American politics, and I am glad. Every nation finds political matter sufficient for contemplation at home. America is pre-eminently the land of politics, if abusive epithets and ludicrous cartoons go to build a nation's reputation. Each recurring fourth year gives the Republican genius plenty of opportunity to dig deep into the fruitful American vocabulary, and extract mud, sour and dirty enough, to pelt at political opponents. There are the two parties—Republicans and Democrats, and an outsider would have great difficulty in deciding in what respect the government of either would be inferior or superior. There are besides the Farmers' Alliance and Populists, but these are of no great consequence. During hostilities business is partly suspended, and men occupy their minds solely with plotting the ruin of the enemy. Each party has its own hero, and, as too frequently happens, the hero is in the first instance a self-constituted one. The battle over, one is the victor, and, of course, the other the victim. One returns to his employment elated with success, the other to console himself with prospects of better luck next time, and things go on as before. I was constantly, while in the country, hearing of Mr. Gresham, Mr. Cockran, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Hill, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sherman, and the redoubtable Coxey. "These," I said to myself, "are the prophets of America." But, paradoxically, they are more thought of at home than elsewhere. What do we know of them? Will they be thankful for this bit of prominence? The American Government has been proved over and over again to be corrupt, and yet its Exchequer, at this moment, is replete with not less than £12,000,000. The English

Government seeks to create influence by borrowing ; the American by lending. This much is certain, that on the day the British Government expires, and at the obsequies in particular the attendance shall be representative, if only to hear the will read. It is different with the Republicans—if the accounting day came to-morrow they owe no man a penny. America is yet destined to play a great part in the history of nations. 'Tis a great country, and the Americans know it. Their little boasting, which is pardonable under the circumstances, occasionally gets them into trouble. But, on the other hand, I don't see how those are to be pardoned who, practically rejected by their own, find in America a home, where they are petted, and patronised, fed, and clothed, and yet are ever ready to call down its institutions, find fault with its laws, and institute invidious comparisons. To one and all I would say—If America does not suit you go elsewhere ; but while in America be an American and do as the Americans do. For this bit of advice, I'm sure Jonathan will be grateful, and pardon my pointed references to himself and his country. He has discernment enough to know he is not perfect, and when I revisit his country he will receive me, I have no doubt, as cordially as before, and we shall have a real good time, and hearty laugh over "Columbian Sketches."

### THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

*(The American National Anthem.)*

Oh ! say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming !

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Whose broad Stripes and bright Stars thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming ?  
And the rockets' red glare, the shells bursting in air !  
Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag still was there :—  
Oh ! say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes—  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream ;  
And the Star-spangled Banner ! oh ! long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country shall leave us no more ?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution !  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave ;  
And the Star-spangled Banner, in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation ;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land,  
Praise the pow'r that hath made, and preserv's us a Nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto :—In God, is our trust ;  
And the Star-spangled Banner, in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

## CHAPTER XXX.—CANADA.

I HAD been for a long time thinking how I could tour Canada on my journey, traversing the greatest possible space in the shortest possible time with profit. As can easily be imagined, endless schemes were devised, but, unhappily, fell to pieces just on the point of being carried into execution. Had any other individual in sight been guilty of such inconsistency I could have wished him at the uttermost end of the earth, but, in the present instance, I had a sneaking forgiveness for the offender. At length I made one tremendous effort, and succeeded, and then wondered wherein consisted all my previous difficulties. My first stopping was Toronto, and from this source I derived my earliest impressions of Canada. Heretofore I had looked upon that country as a vast territory of woodland and mountain with here and there log-cabin villages, and an occasional foolhardy settler whining away a miserable existence. Judge of my surprise when I found myself in the most delightful of cities, modern in every respect, and surpassing many of our most important capitals in the magnificence of its buildings, shops, and streets. Toronto is a most charming city, but not at all the most important in the Dominion. Montreal has a much larger population, while there are various cities besides, which give promise of becoming equally great and beautiful; and thus it will be seen that Canada is a very valuable possession, and there can be little doubt affords abundant evidence of a glorious future.

Few people of my acquaintance appear to have anything like an accurate idea of the vastness and importance of this great country. I remember having a little conversation with Uncle Sam on the subject of my prospective tour, and he assured me I could see the whole of Canada and its couple million folk in the better half of a week, reminding me at the same time, in perfect sincerity, that it was not worth even so much trouble. I had, nevertheless, some misgivings about the statement at the time, and had already become conversant with a host of reasons that prevented this individual from viewing his neighbour across the border with justice, and therefore reserved judgment for further inquiry. What is the fact? Canada covers a larger area than the United States, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, a distance of 3,500 miles, and containing, with its lakes, 3,519,000 square miles of surface. Of this, 1,000,000 square miles are said to be yet unexplored. That the magnitude of the territory may be the better understood, 'tis well to state that it is twenty-nine times the extent of the United Kingdom (England, Ireland, and Scotland). Now, the whole contains but a population something less than five millions, and thus there is nearly a square mile to the individual. It will, therefore, be easily seen that it is an immense country, and although a great deal of it is supposed to be worthless, it contains, nevertheless, some of the most excellent soil in the world, while it is productive abundantly of fish, game, wood unlimited, gold, silver, and various other metals. In the matter of mining there is comparatively less attention given to this department than in the States, but still the precious metals have been

found in river beds and such like places to that extent as to warrant speculators in giving this line their most serious consideration.

Well, before entering on mining in Canada, one must try and get there some how. There are various ways of effecting this purpose, all tending eventually to the same, some at greater inconvenience, some at less, but owing to my location and desire to see the delightful scenery of the St. Laurence, I decided on pursuing the waterfalls of Niagara to the sea. As I stated, I was charmed with Toronto and the regularity of its streets. It has one street which seems an exact counterpart of Regent Street, London, and the others follow the plan of the States' cities with their perfect order. The electric cars whisk about in all directions, while the streets are as crowded and as business-like as we find them in Belfast or Dublin, and the shops as showy.

I chanced upon the occasion of a general holiday, and I endeavoured to watch minutely in what, and how far, a general holiday differed in Toronto from a similar institution at home. The difference was really so little that a description thereof would be but a repetition of the commonplace incidents associated with such an occasion amongst ourselves. Of course, there were those who preferred a trip by steamer, as being more exhilarating, others rail, as being more secure against rains and winds, and others again a quiet lounge somewhere in the vicinity, all advancing arguments in support of their respective views so strong and convincing as to be simply overwhelming. But, somehow, the last argument was ever the best, and the good folk hard by seemed waiting for some-

thing better still, and meanwhile did as they wished. The morning was fine, and the pleasure seekers went their way, high in spirits. But as too frequently happens on occasions of the sort, and for some reason as to which the elements have failed to give any satisfactory explanation yet, the morning's sun was deceptive, and for the remainder of the day there was an incessant downpour, creating lakes and rivers where none used to be. For a wonder I kept within doors, and did not avail myself of the tempting offers so generally offered by the railway and steamboat men to and from all sorts of strange places. As this was the only piece of good fortune I experienced for quite a length of time, I could afford to offer myself a little congratulation, and by way of comparison watch in perfect security the bedraggled state of the holiday folk. I own I was delighted, not that they were bedraggled, but that I was secure. However, my time was to come, and I must have had some unaccountable presentiment of the fact, for I lagged around two or three days more than I could well afford, in order that the sky overhead might in the interval regain its temper, and that I might view in safety and in pleasant sunshine the world-famed rapids. Alas! to what purpose.

In due time I found myself on board the "Passport," for Quebec, *via* the Rapids and Montreal, and other places. As it lay at the harbour, the "Passport" impressed me as the finest vessel I had seen, but as the storm raged later on, I experienced a great transformation, and could only regard it as the most worthless, despicable thing afloat. Wherein originated this marvellous change, or had the same in reality any

origin? I don't know. Now, as is always the case, the passengers were in good cheer on setting out, and here at least there was no anticipation of sea-sickness. What! Sea-sickness on fresh water! What a paradox! no; not at all. At all events, 'tis well to remember that Lake Ontario covers more than 5,000 square miles, and to the inexperienced sailing thereon is so much akin to a similar process on the broad salt ocean that the difference is easily forgotten. In sea-sickness it is understood that imagination is a very potent factor, one while resisting, and again producing it. Be this as it may, there was a great deal of illness, whether the victims fixed their attention solely on salt water, and became forgetful of the lake, or the incident is due to the terrific storm that raged all night and next day, creating a general upheaval. In trouble of this kind I invariably found myself unnecessarily, but, I must say, unintentionally giving annoyance to somebody or other, whether captain, crew, or fellow-passenger. On the present occasion I besought the advice of the next steward who came that way, as to the cause of all the illness. "Some people," he answered, "are sea-sick on dry land," and then passed on without even noticing from what source the query proceeded. He must have thought this a good thing, for he turned about later on to see how it went; but it wasn't, for I had been long familiar with this tit-bit, now unhappily out of date.

I did not intend to enter upon a description of character, for this department I rather think is overstocked, and besides it is a low proceeding; but I am forced into it. In our days there is absolutely no safety in travelling. If it isn't a shipwreck, or a railway



accident, or a robber, 'tis certain to be a sketcher of character, who produces to the reading public all you said, and all you did, your name mayhap, and that of your relatives, along with a minute and detailed account of the most private concerns of your family, with possibly a full-sized portrait. And, what is worse, that identical portrait is not unfrequently turned to somewhat ignoble purposes. I have been assured by some of the malcontents of respectable position that they found themselves frequently in the American papers heading a column in full life size, and so real as to be unmistakable, disposing most industriously to the best customer, sunlight soap, the latest invention in matches, or some newly discovered Indian tonic. Isn't this sad? Enough to provoke a massacre of the whole crowd of sketchers? On board the "Passport" there was one of these individuals, and his presence was not unlikely the cause of all the storm. Nothing escaped him, and his eyes and ears were ever set with an assiduity which must have been to himself at length very straining, although nobody else appeared much caring. I could view him from the background, which was the only point of vantage, as from any other outlook he was detected invariably gazing where he hadn't. A British officer, his wife, and family, and a brother officer were special objects of his concern. The meeting of the army men, though previously acquainted, was in this instance purely accidental, and was therefore all the more valued. I should much like to know what he had to say of the lady, who was well posted in the highways and byeways of good society, and of her lord, who was clearly an affectionate father and devoted

husband, and to my mind the last person who should have made manslaying his profession, and the young officer who was apparently travelling to complete his education in all the details of social life. At the time I regarded him the most treacherous and basest of men, and went on reasoning, until I dropped into the conclusion that if there is on earth a being more to be abominated than the character sketcher, this same must be the sketcher of the sketcher. There are none, however, so jealous of each other's movements as two fools. But here matters are beginning to look a somewhat personal, so I'm off.

I was on the point of forgetting all about the storm. Yes, there was a terrific gale, which raged all night and next day, and caused me more than once to fancy the end was not far distant. After a long, tiresome struggle, we reached a place whose name, if my memory serves me, was Clayton, and here we were bound fast, and thought we might defy the worst. The storm raged apace, and the thuds of our vessel against the pier, as well as the gurgling, lashing water, were sufficient to unnerve the most courageous, while the vessel, bobbing as corkwood, and slanting in its efforts to escape, presented a sorry spectacle. Some, in an interval of calm, disembarked, and thus ended their suspense. Others thought the proceeding most unmanly, and said so, and others again expressed no opinion, and beguiled the time with smart puns, recitations from the latest plays, and scrappings of the most popular songs. There was a piano on board, and this prime favourite suffered severely from the merciless strumming of a lady operator. The good lady entered on the task entirely of her own

accord, and, although a perfect stranger to everybody, and belonging to no party, was nevertheless nervously anxious to please the audience. To what cause was this excessive desire to be attributed? I can't say, but can state there was especial attention given to the rests, and grace notes were introduced in large quantities at times when they were especially ungraceful. Her place was afterwards supplied by a pianist in every sense of the term, who was very much her junior, and a Canadian. This lady, who may have got to the other side of twenty, was thoroughly accomplished in vocal and instrumental music, and sang exquisitely Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and soon the entire audience joined in, and seemed quite familiar with this world-famed hymn. "Happy the man," I thought, "who can sit at his desk in quiet retirement, and stir the world to its ends." It appears this hymn, with its pathos and deep religious sentiment, is received in common by all the sects, and claimed by as many as the True Church or St. Patrick. Then the thing took a religious turn absolutely, and all sorts of church hymns became incessant. "Well," said a profane listener, at a time when the devotion of the folk was sung into its deepest, "I have never been on board a ship yet that I have not been converted into wrath at the conduct of a vicious crowd of psalm-singers," and without a moment's notice burst into the well-known ditty, "The Bowery." He succeeded in a chorus, and the devout people were extinguished. From sheer force of bad example a convert to his side sang the well-known "Comrades," which was followed by "Tenting in the old camp ground," and then there was

"Music in the Air," and then "Down by the St. Lawrence River," the most melancholy but the loveliest of choruses, in which all joined, and at length the inevitable "After the ball." This was evidently the climax, and everybody was willing to accept it as the finale, when a Cockney, in the honour of his country, rasped out in tones wilder than the weather "Daisy Bell." Hereat the elements calmed, and we were enabled to retrace our steps to Kingstown, where we harboured for the night.

Next morning was charmingly delightful, as was the rest of the day, and hence we were permitted to see the great St. Laurence, the famed Rapids, the Thousand Islands and their enchanting scenery, under the most favourable of circumstances. I retain very distinct and pleasant recollections of the Indian pilot, Baptiste, who steered us safely through the eddying, bubbling, hissing Lachine Rapids, and others. Although in ordinary civilian dress as to the rest, he nevertheless retained the headgear of waving feathers peculiar to the Indian, and was a tall, brawny fellow, powerfully built, and plainly an able, daring, and resolute helmsman. To gain an idea of the Rapids 'tis well to fancy a great river with huge boulders and rocks, one while above the surface, and again under, between which the water converges and rushes onward, and where alone there is safety in navigation, but with the consequence that an inch to the one side or other means utter destruction. Entering this gulch at the rate of twenty miles an hour as we did, seems strikingly alike to facing the inevitable, and being crushed to pieces in the struggle. But, oh! the excitement. How glorious! As regards the

Thousand Islands, it may be stated one thousand is not the exact number, but one thousand seven hundred, dotting the river here and there, in all sorts of ways. Of these some are Canadian, others Republican, the boundary line between the two countries falling somewhere mid-stream; some inhabited, some uninhabited, some with beautiful residences, others no residence at all, some with excursion parties of Sunday School children and tourists, others utterly deserted, some extremely rocky and barren, others extremely fertile, and producing trees of goodly size, and wild fruit. All told, the scene was sublime, and I don't much wonder that numberless real and bogus poets have found inspiration amidst such surroundings.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.—MONTREAL.

ONCE more safe and at Montreal after many perils by water and some by land ! I had been hearing so much of this city for the few days previous that my imagination created a Montreal of its own, which Montreal displaced another Montreal created in that same region while in Europe. I need hardly add that the real Montreal supplanted both competitors utterly, and left nothing remaining. It has ever been my wont, on similar excursions, to picture in anticipation a city or place. In fact, the imagination did so of its own account, and without any struggle of mine. I can remember, however, that the real and ideal were always widely dissimilar, and the real so utterly effaced all trace of the ideal that hardly in any case have I been able to resuscitate or recall it, no matter what the effort.

It is of little moment what were my preconceived notions of Montreal. Everybody, like myself, I partly suspect, has preconceived notions of men and things, and 'twould be well if in many cases in regard to the former at least such prejudices could be forgotten. But generally preconceived ideas of places and things are easily removed or forgotten ; preconceived ideas of men seldom and only with an effort. Most people know that there is a Montreal, but most people don't know that Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman, was the first European who visited the spot, and to whom the foundation of the city may be attributed. Jacques, it would seem to me, is one of those local celebrities,

greatly admired and esteemed at home, but treated with a good deal of indifference by the outside world. However this be, a good many French followed in his train, and in course of time the whole district became Frenchified. A city at the confluence of the St. Laurence and Ottawa Rivers was the outcome. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee contributed somewhat, in the shape of a poem, to the memory of the departed commodore. It runs:—

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,  
When t' *Commodore*, Jacques Cartier, to the Westward sailed  
away.

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees,  
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;  
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier  
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

The ode goes on for seven stanzas much in the same strain, and tells of all the weeping and wailing of maidens and mothers in the interim, and how he had been given up hopelessly for lost, when suddenly he reappears, to their great joy and jubilation, with a great supply of Indian legends, dark forest stories, hair-breadth escapes, and all the other concomitants of a perilous journey into a distant and hitherto undiscovered land. There is an easy flow about the poem, but, although it has found its way into the school books, I am not sure that it can ever secure for the author a lasting reputation as a poet. It will be remembered that the writer was assassinated at Ottawa on his return from the House of Commons, of which he was a distinguished member—a sad sequel to a very eloquent speech.

It would appear Jacques Cartier was in no hurry to

return to the scene of his expedition, and a hundred years passed before his friends thought the experiment at all safe. The whole territory at length fell into the hands of the French, and everything was French. The language was French, the churches, which were after French fashions, multiplied with wonderful rapidity, priests and nuns representing most of the Orders were everywhere, and town and suburbs, in fact, district, were so thoroughly French as to present the appearance of a slice of the ancient prototype with a hardly perceptible difference in climate.

Montreal itself is a very beautiful city, yet hardly so new and generally neat as the "Queen City," Toronto. It has a magnificent harbour, and, though five hundred miles from the broad Atlantic, steamers of all sizes find easy access there. The traffic at the quays is something enormous, and compares favourably with that of the briskest seaports of the States. The town is very regular, and the buildings substantial, the whole very much after the style of an English city of similar extent. It has electric cars, too, which I can state from experience might be more safely advertised to go, "weather permitting." I was in a great hurry somewhere, and sought the cars that I might arrive there all the sooner. Suddenly there was a stopping, with a tearing-up sensation that frightened everybody, myself included. "What does all this mean?" I asked a fellow-traveller, who appeared to know everything about causes and effects in electricity. "A break-down and the weather," he answered promptly. I was sorry for this once, that science had not yet been able to control the elements. A very notable feature of the city



is its churches, the Catholic churches, of course, entirely outstripping all others in number and magnificence. Notre Dame is a splendid building intended to rival the celebrated church of its name in Paris. 'Tis without doubt a magnificent structure, but, notwithstanding, falls very much short of its rival. There was in construction at the time of my visit a very beautiful church after the style of St. Peter's in Rome, and is to go by that name, which, although much smaller than its original, will be when completed the finest not only in Montreal, but on the whole American Continent. Colleges and convents are everywhere, and the priests, after the manner of their profession in France, walk the streets in soutanes and togas, with low broad-brimmed furred hats, mustering quite as strong comparatively as in the French cities. The people have the reputation of being very devout, and the churches at all the devotions are everywhere crowded, while their demeanour is a very marked improvement on that of their neighbours of the Republic. This has been my experience in Canada generally. Speaking of demeanour in church, it might not be out of place to mention a trifling drama in the Canadian capital, Ottawa, in which I was myself an unwilling and passive actor. The morning was bitterly cold, and yet I had early taken my place at the Cathedral on Sunday, where Archbishop Duhamel was announced to preach. Gradually the church began to fill, and I remained in a sort of listless indifferent mood, expecting the ceremonies to commence, apprehending absolutely no danger. At length a party of four arrived, including two ladies and two gentlemen, and refused to be seated until I

should decamp with all my belongings. They must have been mumbling threats in Canadian French a considerable time before I adverted to their presence at all, and even then stood puzzled as to the significance of this strange conduct. At length a lady, with a countenance at no time attractive, but terrible to look upon in wrath, took the unheard of liberty of well nigh tugging me forth. I had not the presence of mind in my perplexity to offer resistance and obeyed the commands. It is well to state I was at once offered quarters in the immediate neighbourhood; and the most ludicrous part was, that I was the recipient shortly of a personal French apology. But it would work no how. I am not sure that an apology can ever cure the harm done in such cases; blundering, therefore, is a blunder. For myself, I have been frequently in moods now and then during life, but never felt so thoroughly out of temper with myself and everybody as on that occasion. The sermon, however, of the Archbishop, which was very moderate and practical, soothed me somewhat, and his reference to Christian resignation was particularly applicable to my case. He spoke in Canadian French, but very accurately, and every word was perfectly articulate. The preaching lasted thirty-five minutes, and the preacher frequently during the time appealed to his notes, and did not seem to be alarmed lest the audience should make the discovery. His gesticulation was not at all so frequent nor so violent as is usual with preachers in France, yet the subject matter, carefully handled, and well articulated and emphasised at parts, was highly effective. The people throughout were most respectful and attentive. I was perfectly

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delighted with everything I saw at the Cathedral, except the ill-favoured Canadian-French lady and her party, and must frankly own I have not seen the ceremonies better carried out since I forsook the Eternal City.

The best view of Montreal and its surroundings can be had from Mount Royal, from which, according to some, the city derives its name. I made the experiment in charming weather, and felt fully recompensed for my pains. Nestled at my feet lay the city, with its tapering church towers, its busy harbour, the Victoria Railway Bridge two miles in length, under which we passed but a few days before in full sail, and the delightful country so flat stretching away into the distance until it lost itself in the haze—all presented a beautiful picture. This was well enough, but in trying to make further experiments in and around Mount Royal I lost my way and kept losing and finding myself for hours until I came to a standstill, wholly uncertain which way to turn, and afraid to sit, afraid to flee. At length a guide and comforter arrived in the shape of a well-dressed citizen out for an airing. I had some doubts about his integrity for the time, partly arising from the confusion consequent on my wanderings, which made my brain generally suspicious, and partly from a host of robbery and murder stories I had been hearing the few days previous. He turned out, however, to be the right person, polite and obliging, and, although much better versed in French than English, could make himself well understood. Having set me right he suddenly disappeared with the most graceful of bows, wishing me safe.

'Tis wonderfully strange that the French in Canada

everywhere, after centuries of transplantation, retain their native language, somewhat, to be sure, degenerated, native manners even to the smallest gesture, native customs, everything, in fact, French, so much so that one could easily imagine them arrived by the latest packet. I must say I have never seen more handsome faces than amongst these transplants. They looked the most handsome of the French, all the more handsome for being transplanted, and still improving beneath the fostering influence of a climate even more favourable to the complexion apparently than that of their ancestors. I have heard them blamed for being thriftless, and for neglecting to turn to better account their opportunities. It is true there are many of them poor and without energy, but, on the other hand, there are many of them the leading men in all the departments, and generally an ornament to the land of their fathers as well as that of their adoption.

Part of the time intended for Montreal was spent in visiting the places of interest in the vicinity. One very brisk sunny morning, in company with a tourist from some town in the States, whose name I have not, after repeated efforts, been able to recall, I took occasion to see the Indian village Caughnawaga, a few miles distant from the city. I felt a good deal nervous about entering on this excursion, and was half afraid of being scalped. However, I determined to feel my way, and disappear as soon as possible with the first approach of danger. But, danger! there wasn't the shadow of danger, and the poor Indians were quite civil and civilized, and those of them who spoke English manifested an anxiety to give all the

information in their power. The village had the advantage of two schools, one male and the other female, which were a goodly distance apart. For want of better employment I visited the schools—first, the female school, where I found two French-Canadian ladies, seemingly sisters, very polite and communicative, and at the same time very much interested in their charge. What amused me most was, to find them teaching English lessons to Indian children, who understood only the Indian language, while they themselves spoke English very imperfectly. I am informed that a something similar happens in the schools with ourselves in the Irish speaking districts. The male school was in charge of a promising young Indian, who spoke the English language perfectly, as well as Indian and French. He received us very kindly, and displayed a willingness to answer all our queries, and that, too, with marked intelligence. His dress was quite the style, and he sported a fashionable albert chain, which might easily be mistaken for gold. Altogether, were it not for the too aquiline nose, the pointed chin, and high cheek bones, he might easily be taken for a European, and a rather presentable one. He spoke upon a variety of subjects with great clearness and accuracy, and regretted the general unpopularity of the Indians in America, and that they were not personally represented among the legislators of the country. I took the liberty of asking him for an autograph, which he supplied without a moment's hesitation, but which, much to my astonishment, ran—G. M. Jacobs, Caughnawaga. The handwriting was magnificent, yet the name puzzled me exceedingly, and I requested an explanation. He

then informed me that the Indian name was Ka-na-wa-cin-ton (which signifies swampy), and that it degenerated owing to intermarriages. I was greatly interested in this young Indian teacher, and was pleasantly disappointed at finding him so intelligent. The houses of the villagers, which were of wood, looked scattered about in all sorts of ways, with hardly any attempt at order, and were rudely constructed. They were all Catholics, and the church, occupying a square of its own, was wooden too, and hard by was the home of the pastor, of the same material. At present they are perfectly civilised, as well clothed as their non-Indian neighbours, and make good practical Catholics. In all, I have not had a more interesting visit in the country, than that to Caughnawaga.

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CHAPTER XXXII.—CANADA *VERSUS* THE UNITED STATES.

THE Canadians generally are very loyal subjects of the British Empire, and I have frequently heard them professing their allegiance to her Most Gracious Majesty when out of place, and very much uncalled for. There is absolutely no reason why they should be dissatisfied with the British governing, except the fact that they are left almost entirely to themselves. They make and mend their own laws, and England looks across and cries gleefully, "Go on ; that's right." Each province has its own laws, and each province its own Parliament, where local celebrities meet and speechify, and discard the laws of other provinces as unsuitable and unworthy of a broad-minded, generous-hearted people like themselves. In this way local talent is encouraged, and local men gain great ideas of themselves and learn to despise others. But let it be remembered that all these are tributaries of the great Legislative Assembly at Ottawa, and are in the main subject to its dictates.

By the war of Independence the British have been taught a wholesome but severe lesson, whereby the Canadians now profit to the full. Like a naughty boy at school, who gets belaboured half out of existence, and whose spirits in consequence for the little existence that is left droop far below the required standard for success in life, so is it with England and Canada. England feels that she has lost that part of the great American Continent which she most prized, and which

was worth contending for, whereas she is but allotted that portion which is ordinarily regarded the most worthless, and which has been, as it were, thrown to her rather as a clog than a benefit. It is stated that the retention of Canada is actually a drain upon the British Exchequer. However this be, the English met bitter and deadly opposition in America from their own kith and kin, a source whence they had not anticipated it. This must have seemed to them the blackest ingratitude, for they had not the faintest idea that they were over-exacting, and considering their spirit at the time and the treatment they meted out to their immediate subjects, especially the Irish, they were rather liberal in their dealings with the Americans. Tyrants are not tyrants for tyranny's sake, but by misjudgment or error. This is so at least in most cases; and since tyrants are not aware of their tyranny 'twould be well occasionally to give them instructions. Jonathan took this view of the matter, and administered to John Bull some very practical lessons, which the latter was not slow to appreciate, and became in the end a first-class scholar. Ever since, the British have been extending more and more privileges to their subjects, so that now the worst enemy of the Empire must regard her laws, from a religious as well as a social standpoint, except in a few particulars, fundamentally the best in the civilized world. In their application some very reasonable and well-founded objections are raised. Neither has she suffered in the eyes of the nations by all these concessions; far different. The greater the privileges extended by a Government to its subjects, provided private rights are sufficiently guarded, so much the more is its influence



and stability. For my own part, I felt freer in Canada than in the States, and had fewer masters. In the Republic everybody threatened to rule.

The Canadians are perfectly satisfied with their present connection with England and its rule, and for the best of reasons. It is not English rule, but Canadian rule in reality. The British appear in dread to play any pranks with the Dominion, not knowing the spirit in which they might be received, and, therefore, leave the folk to make the best of themselves and their country, approving of all their arrangements and foibles as long as they are not palpably absurd. 'Tis better to have Canada some way than no way, and even the game does not pay now, who knows but it might yet? As a matter of convenience, the English retain the Dominion, like all speculators, thinking things may do better, and protect it, 'tis said, at a great pecuniary loss, their income through taxes not amounting to the expenditure. Then Canada is handicapped a good deal, commerce with the States being interdicted for the most part through the imposition of duty; and, on the other hand, the consumption at home, owing to the comparatively small population, is little, and thus there is no market near at hand. Hence there are prophets who predict that some day not far distant the Canadians will stretch their arms across the border to the Republicans, and supplicate them to appropriate their kingdom. Personally I am inclined to think that day is very far distant—first, because the States folk have more territory than they can at all sufficiently turn to account in less than half a century; and, second, because the Canadians have, and can have, any form of government

they require, and I don't see how they could improve their condition much, by annexation with the United States. There are some to complain and lament their inability to keep pace with the Republic, but 'tis hard to expect a Northern country to emulate a Southern, with its balmy clime and its adaptability for producing the luxuries as well as the comforts of life. The winter in Canada is long, but not unhealthy or very disagreeable, as the air is dry and bracing, and the Canadians are well clothed and housed against the weather. Everywhere the climate of the Dominion, except for the cold, is the healthiest in the world, and the cold though in places without the necessary precautions well nigh unbearable, still 'tis seldom productive of rheumatism or frost-biting. From the month of April to the month of October the Canadian climate is not outrivalled, but for the rest, not to speak of the regions of perpetual snow, there is incessant winter. I experienced a wonderful change in passing from the States to Canada. During the summer in the former I was ever pursued with a relentless thirst, which made me miserable and flatulent, and had seldom a desire for anything eatable except fruit, which, I was informed, of all things was most unwholesome and dangerous in hot weather. Suddenly I passed to Canada, and here I experienced an entire revolution. The distressing thirst at once disappeared, to make room for a keen, brisk appetite, and I ever felt cheerful and ready for any new enterprise.

It is not by any means the climate or the soil that leaves Canada practically waste, considering its vastness, but British apathy and indifference. The sooner the English come to recognise the great importance of

this vast country the better for England and Canada. Other industries must be encouraged as well as farming or ranching, and the highest award and encouragement should be given to such industries in order that the Canadians may emulate successfully their enterprising neighbours. Besides, the standard of wages, as well as the price of farm produce, must be kept on a par with those in the States, and in this way there will ever be an equal encouragement for immigration to Canada. I subjoin a consoling extract which comes to us from Manitoba :—

“Women are very much needed. Several thousands of good women would be a great blessing to the country. Domestic servants are in great demand, and can readily obtain from £25 to £35 per annum. Then waitresses in hotels, private boarding-houses, &c., are much sought after. The demand is always greater than the supply. The explanation is, perhaps, to be found in this fact, that women are seldom in the Dominion long before they are married to some of the prosperous young fellows already settled there.”

I might add, by way of rider, that they should in all cases make sure that the “prosperous young fellows” are not already married. Matrimonial speculations are quite the order in the States, and pay immensely. Not so long ago seventeen wives were in search of the one and the same husband, each claiming and thinking herself entitled to the sole possession of the fugitive, and all the detectives of Michigan joined in the hunt. Thus the matrimonial man of business adhered to his engagements, so long as 'twas necessary to secure the little belongings of his would-be wives, and then abruptly vanished—to be

sure, a treacherous and heartless proceeding. There is little of this in Canada, and real sharpers do not well thrive on its soil, but there are some such cases there, as in all new countries, wherein people come and go, whence and where being equally mysteries. In this consists the crying disadvantage of a new and unsettled country. At home everybody knows everybody for generations—his good and evil qualities alike. In a new country hardly anybody knows anybody, and you are seldom sure of your man. He may turn out your best friend, or may be a robber in disguise artfully waiting his opportunity. People who are disposed to settle in the country and homestead are usually reliable, except they had been adventurers, and reformed children of this type have always appeared to me to be very fragile vessels. Speaking of wages, the pay of employes is a good figure below that of the States, although practically the difference in the end is trifling, inasmuch as all life's requisites are in the same comparison dearer there than in Canada. Here is a list of their relative rates of wages, remembering that roughly five dollars amount to £1:—

		United States.	Canada.
Carpenters, per day	...	\$3.00	\$2.50
Painters, „	...	3.50	3.00
Plasterers, „	...	4.00	3.25
Tailors, „	...	2.75	2.50
Shoemakers, „	...	2.50	2.00
Horseshoers, „	...	3.00	2.25
Cabinet-makers, „	...	3.25	2.50
Labourers, „	...	2.00	1.25

I have not observed any order in the quotations, for they are liable to change with circumstances.

Then, as to female domestics, wages vary both as regards the family into which they have engaged and their respective qualifications and merits. In Canada a female domestic gets from £25 to £35 sterling yearly. In the United States she gets from £35 to £60 sterling a year, not to speak of the unique Mr. C. Vanderbilt, who paid his cook £2,000 yearly. A cook at Mr. Vanderbilt's completely outdistances a Senator, and is little worse off, considering expenditure, than the President of the United States. 'Tis easy for Mr. Vanderbilt and people of that ilk to pay a favourite cook, an article of prime necessity, a salary in four figures, if the following facts are correct :—

				Revenue
				at 5 per cent.
Capital.				
J. Gould	...	...	£55,000,000	£2,750,000
J. W. Mackay	...	...	50,000,000	2,500,000
C. Vanderbilt	...	...	25,000,000	1,250,000
J. P. Jones	...	...	20,000,000	1,000,000
J. J. Astor	...	...	18,000,000	900,000
J. G. Fair	...	...	9,000,000	450,000
W. Stewart	...	...	8,000,000	400,000
J. C. Flood	...	...	7,000,000	350,000
G. Bennet	...	...	6,000,000	300,000

Thus the Americans compute, but the Canadian estimate of American wealth is very much different. I take these quotations from a census of some years back, and a census of the present date would probably give these figures doubled. Side by side with these colossal fortunes, our wealthiest folk hereabouts are in poverty. In fact, the English millionaires sink into insignificance by comparison. The Duke of Westminster is but accredited with a sum total of £16,000,000 ; the Duke of Sunderland, £6,000,000 ;

the Duke of Northumberland, £5,000,000 ; and the Marquis of Bute, £4,000,000. But, hark ! there are no fewer than 1,100 millionaires in New York and Brooklyn alone, 120 of whom are said to receive the enormous annual income of £20,000,000 in the aggregate. All this smacks to me considerably of a good story well told, with bones and sinews real, but all the other appendages borrowed and adapted to the occasion. If Mr. J. Gould was estimated worth £55,000,000, might not a closer investigation reveal his real worth at £54,000,000 ? If the Duke of Westminster's fortune by a hasty calculation mayhap totted the sum total of £16,000,000, further investigation might have discovered his worth at £17,000,000, and thus we might go on adding or subtracting until fortune in the one case exceeded the limit of our comprehension, or in the other descended to absolute poverty. There is little likelihood that in either case chartered accountants were called into requisition, and there is still less likelihood that either went about parading his millions or disclosing matters, the most sacred of families, to greedy gossipers. 'Tis as easy for people who have a weakness for loud talk to say five thousand as five hundred, although at the same time they may have no idea of their words' significance. Waving all controversy and harsh words, there can be little doubt that the United States boasts, and rightly, of a long list of millionaires, and as to Canada, I have been eagerly looking for a corresponding record, but have not so far been able to make the lucky hit.

Canada has yet to make its record, and what it wants above all things is population. Men with intelligence and money could make this great Western

country the happy home of millions. The climate is good enough, and, though cold in winter, healthful, and the summer is all that can be desired. Of course the climate varies with the locality, and is much at the border at least, as the corresponding sections of the States, and improves in the same way towards the Pacific Coast. The country, rich in resources, is undoubtedly there, and it only requires men of energy and means. The Government is making good concessions in the way of free lands and bonuses to settlers, and its agents are exerting themselves in these isles to secure recruits for the Dominion. Of these many are gentlemen of integrity and wide experience, including my esteemed friend, Mr. G. Leary, Rathgar Road, Dublin; but here they are regarded as traders, who are trying to make the best possible case for their firm presently, and care little for the outcome of their wares. The Government should devise some method of populating the country by colony, and should entrust the arrangements to clergymen, who, in company with lay experts, should have previously visited the territory, so as to be able to make statements from personal experience to their confidants. Intending emigrants complain they cannot have the ministrations of their clergyman in illness, nor the accustomed devotions of Sunday, which they prize above everything, and this, added to the sacrifice of giving up their own country, is too much for the average courage. Hundreds of clergymen would volunteer their services. Let them have the support and influence along with the experience of the Government agents actually resident in Canada, and receive for the time a trifling yearly bonus,

renewable annually. Let these privileges be extended not to one religious body only, but fairly partitioned among the various sects in proportion to numbers presently entering on the new enterprise. Let there be a few medical men with a nominal income, their term of office not fixed, yet having a pretty clear understanding that something better awaits them soon. Let the new colonists have some means of education, however primary, right at hand, and let there be a volunteer protective corps well supplied by arms and the other means of defence by the nation, and receiving some gratuity during the period of actual service. There is little likelihood, however, that any such service would be required against outside invaders, the Indians, who in the past were so much dreaded, being now so civilised, and receiving such generous treatment from the Government. But meanwhile 'twould be well to leave fault-finding people without grounds for complaint ; and at the same time internal and grave dissensions are not infrequent, even amongst the oldest and best ordered communities. Moreover, let the new settlement have its ministers of justice, to protect the rights of individuals and administer proportionate punishment to offenders. In a short time the colony could look after its own interests, and repay twofold the trouble and expenses of its establishment.

I have been speaking of the districts not yet populated, still well adapted for population. But as to the districts already sufficiently inhabited, life and property are just as secure as at home, and the fortune-seeker will find himself breathing an atmosphere as free, with a great deal less of those conventionalities



and unnecessary restraints that often prove tiresome and irksome. Education receives its proper share of attention, Catholics having their own schools and Protestants theirs, the denominational system being in full swing. Neither is religion neglected, and there are few of those Agnostics of the Ingersoll type, who publicly proclaim their materialism and irreligion in the States. By the way, Bob Ingersoll, who does not deny the existence of a future state, but answers all questions in reference to futurity with the significant "Don't know," has kept a good deal in the background since he got Lamberteened. The Canadians do read the Bible, I can vouch, for I frequently found myself on the defensive, involved in a heated religious controversy, a favourite objection being, "There is only one Mediator," and demolishing my opponents gaily, when suddenly they appealed to a weapon which they invariably carried about with them the—Bible, whence they proved everything entirely to their own liking. A good deal of religious feeling is said to prevail there, and there is some ground for the statement. Every city and town has its Orange Hall, and the Orangemen have their parade days, as in Ireland; but, just as here, they are a terror to everybody but the enemy. There is, notwithstanding, religious freedom in every sense of the term, and, with its natural resources, and the equity of its laws, I entertain no fear for the future of Canada.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—OTTAWA, THE CANADIAN CAPITAL.

IN drawing a comparison between the States and Canada, I should have stated that everything in the latter is pretty much to the order of the former; but as to the names of places there is a very material difference. In the sections originally in the hands of the French or Indians the original names are usually retained, but all new institutions are wholly Anglified. Thus, a park, a square, a terrace, or hotel goes by the fascinating name of Victoria, Prince of Wales, Balmoral, Buckingham, Windsor, or Royal, and all the shires of England are somewhere represented—in fact, farmers catch up the nominal loyalty, and designate their places “Royal Victoria Farms” and other such like regal names. With the exception of names, the Canadians are in a great measure modelled on their neighbours in the States. The language is the same, the money the same, laws after the same, institutions after the same, even to the railway cars.

I don't quite remember whether I spoke of an individual in the States who was as surely attached to every set of cars as the locomotive. For convenience sake, let me call him newsboy, although his calling embraces a host of details besides. No sooner are the cars set in motion than the aforesaid worthy sets to work, and distributes his neatly-ordered packages of sweets broadcast, dealing them about with a liberality on both sides which completely perplexes the stranger. But be careful as to the liberality! In a short time

he returns and collects the toll, and if you once disturbed the trim envelopes of his wares, woe to you! you are dunned. The taste being thus sweetened, the traveller is next accommodated with the month's magazine, or latest novel, for his greater comfort by the way, and has at least the advantage of reading over the index of the various pretty items, when all at once the trim, business-like, all-alive news-boy returns as before. Then there is a round of cigars and such trifles, and shortly afterwards for dessert there is distribution of chocolate, or butter-scotch, or fruit in season. The sweets packages were all the sweeter and attractive for the little "prizes" they contained, and the speculation as to the contents excited great interest, and was not unfrequently the means of bringing into contact fellow-travellers who had not other opportunities of introduction right at hand. I have seen those cases to contain brooches, rings, diamond pins,—well, not of first quality—and various toyish small things which could interest adults of sound judgment only because there is nothing more fascinating in sight. Each package costs but the nominal figure of ten cents, and as to other trifles they were respectively five cents and upwards, there being nothing less than five in circulation. The individual at the head of this department takes an occasional holiday, say of ten minutes, or rather affords other people that much rest—well, hardly rest properly interpreted, as the ever-active, ever-restless vendor puts aside his wares at the end of the smoking car, say, and returns to charge some good-natured passenger, whose face bespeaks a pleasant *tete-a-tete*. I don't know how it happened, but my humble self fell

a victim to a pleasant face—a rather unusual thing—while touring somewhere in Canada. I can't recall the exact whereabouts, but that matters little. Wholly unexpected, a youth of some eighteen summers posted himself by my side and began instantly a rather protracted course of tapping. I divulged to him, I must say, as much of my private and public life as I was wont to do in cases of casual acquaintance, and for my pains received, in return, a goodly account of his past life and future prospects, whether real or false I have not taken trouble to investigate. Things went pleasantly until he learned I was Irish, and then there was a sudden calm, followed by a storm. He didn't like the Irish—no, not at all—and hoped they would never get Home Rule. I besought him again and again for an explanation of his alienated feelings, but there was none forthcoming. I renewed the pressure, and at length a revelation comes to light. He is a Jew, and some vicious Irishman called him a Christ-killer, and in consequence the great business of his life was to hate all Irishmen in future with a whole-hearted hatred. I tried to explain to him time and again this injustice, but to no effect, all remonstrance being utterly useless. 'Twas about time to renew his rounds, and—half-going, half-gone—he abruptly asked me, "Where are you coming from?" "Nowhere," I answered. "What are you travelling for?" "Nothing," was the response. "Where are you going?" he again queried. My answer was, "Nowhere." Then, mustering what wrath he could, he quickly vanished with the departing words, "Home Rule for Ireland be d—d." My answering was perfectly accurate, however, and have no doubt would prove satisfactory

if I were but permitted to explain myself. Oh, my country ! how often have you suffered, either because your grievances could not be voiced or because some erring child of yours estranged from you the friendship of those who could help you ! I have lost to you at least one vote eternally.

The Canadian cities are comparatively few and unimportant. Of these the more important are towards the Atlantic Ocean. Latterly there have arisen some very promising cities towards the Pacific, to which I shall have occasion to refer hereafter. Not far from Montreal, though in opposite directions, are the cities Ottawa and Quebec. Ottawa is the capital of the Dominion, and one naturally turns to the capital as the centre of everything that is great and worth seeing in a country. The Canadian capital is a charming city of some 50,000 inhabitants, on the whole well planned, and presenting a very neat appearance. The Rideau Canal divides the city into two sections, which are respectively designated Upper and Lower Ottawa. To gain an idea of the site of the capital—fancy the Parliament Buildings perched high upon a tableland overlooking the River Ottawa. From this tableland the streets slope gently to the river on both sides, and again diverge perpendicularly until all trace of them is lost in the trees. Across the river, but connected with Ottawa by bridge, is a rather antiquated town called Hull. 'Tis mostly of wood, and the inhabitants of the little shanties impressed me as being in great poverty. They were mostly Canadian French, and spoke but a smattering of English. In their midst rose a beautiful Catholic church just completed, occupying a whole square of

its own, and whose magnificent gilded dome rose high above its surroundings in pleasing contrast.

Of the Canadian capital the Parliament Buildings are by far the most attractive of all its public institutions. This splendid pile cost the enormous sum of £800,000, and is, without doubt, a remarkable display of architecture. The grounds are well kept, and look delightfully green, with little in the shape of flower-beds and such unnecessary trimmings. There are in all three distinct buildings, two being departmental offices, while the Parliament Buildings occupy the middle space, and are the main source of attraction. Here are the two Legislative Halls, known as the Senate House and House of Commons, nominally after the fashion of the States, but in reality constructed in size and plan to the corresponding departments in the British Houses of Parliament in London. I was anxious to know all I could about both, but, as too often happens with visitors, came at the worst possible time. When I arrived on Saturday there was no longer admittance for visitors, so 'twas worse than useless to keep tolling the bell, except for my own ruin or death. Next day was Sunday, and, of course, no admittance; the day following was Labour Day, and, as might be expected, all the officers in charge were labouring elsewhere. Other arrangements hurried me to Quebec, and I was on the point of abandoning this part of my expedition as hopeless, and with a heavy heart was on the road to other scenes. One more step and I should have little to say on the Canadian House of Parliament, beyond the fact that I gazed upon its grand proportions, its many turrets, its charming grounds. Good fortune decreed

differently, and, just as I took the final step, a rather brusque, inquisitive individual accosted me. I don't know what attracted him, but I'm inclined to think on this occasion 'twas my look of disappointment. He turned out to be the right person, an Irishman, Peter Dunne by name, who was the porter of the concern, and lived in the basement on the premises. This was to me one of those occasional turns of good fortune which make up for many trials and disappointments. Peter was as good-natured, as whole-hearted, as brogue-gifted, and as inquisitive as if he had got but so far on his first trip thither from the old sod, and offered me a thousand apologies, not one of which I was fairly entitled to. Then we set to see the various sections in good earnest, commencing with the Senate House, then the House of Commons, then the Library, and then the sumptuously furnished private apartments of the Premier, into which only special visitors are admitted. There are 215 members in the Commons and 81 Senators, having an annual income, or indemnity if you will, in both cases of £200 and mileage. The Premier has about £2,000 yearly with perquisites, and the Governor-General £10,000. I noticed here and there beautifully finished oil-paintings of celebrities, who had been in one way or another connected with the Dominion; not the least noticeable is a portrait of her Majesty, upon which her faithful Canadian subjects gaze, I was told, until the tears trickled down their checks. As to whether this was due to devotion or sheer strain of looking, my informant was not very clear. She has also to her honour a very artistically executed marble statue, and 'tis, I believe, amusing to hear the various opinions of

the many connoisseurs on the respective and relative merits of these Victorian representations. I was highly delighted with the Parliament Buildings, and I would willingly have borne all my disappointments over again for the pleasure my visit afforded me. Both internally and externally this splendid pile is a masterpiece, and is to me a palpable index of the Canada that is to be.

My guide much regretted I could not be present for the oratory, which he assured me, and I have no doubt, was of a very high order. Later he reverted to Ireland and the old friends at home, and became all at once sentimental. Then there was a quick, lively departure to the burning Home Rule question, the proceedings winding up with a quiet talk in his own private quarters, to which he made me heartily welcome. In true, genuine Irish fashion, he offered me whiskey, but I at once asserted my teetotalism ; hereupon he showed very unmistakable marks of unbelief ; then, 'twas porter from Dublin all the way, but I was also proof against porter, and again my guide wavered in his faith. At length we parted, while he continued to mutter something about the evil of destroying good old institutions, and thought if things had come to this pass, of which he seemed doubtful, he would never again revisit Ireland. The same day I visited the official residence of the Governor-General, which was just then vacant, but undergoing repairs, in expectation of Lord Aberdeen, who is its present occupant. There is certainly nothing very imposing about the building exteriorly or interiorly, and I have seen many country gentlemen's residences with us, in every respect its superior. A somewhat lazy-looking policeman



approached me on my arrival, and, after a few conversational remarks, toying with his children all the while, conducted me through the different sections of interest free to visitors. I'm sorry for thus speaking of him, as he was exceedingly obliging and painstaking, but 'tis for the sake of comparison. The Canadian policemen, as well as those of the States, are often physically as well proportioned and developed as ours, but in both cases fall considerably short of their training. I do not say this in any boasting strain. On the contrary, I rather admire the practical Americans, who train their men in proportion to their requirements, whereas with us, that department is worked up to a needless state of proficiency. In Canada they are well paid during their years of service, but are not allowed any retiring allowance. My conductor was anxious to learn many things of Ireland, but his remarks, as is natural, turned upon the position of those of his own calling. I enquired of him if he had ever heard of the Phœnix Park murders; but no, he had never heard of them. What! the custodian of the Governor-General of Canada never heard of the Phœnix Park murders!

'Twas Labour Day, and the folk were everywhere in holiday clothes, enjoying themselves. In the morning, about ten, there was a procession, very attractive in its way, the different trades and industries being well represented. In the train, I noticed particularly a two-horse waggonette of tailors. Of these one earned a good deal of well-merited notoriety. He was at one and the same time in broad daylight and in the face of hundreds congregated *en route* tailor at work, mimic, fencing master, and a variety of

occupations besides too numerous to mention, and as he gazed wildly, turning from side to side on the swaying human mass that regarded him with mingled feelings of amusement and disgust, I could not help saying to myself, "There's a fellow who would have been a star as Judas in the Passion Play." A good deal of the day's conversation turned upon the performance of the morning, and I distinctly remember encountering a group of youths, some six or seven, who to appearance varied in years from sixteen to twenty-one, and who certainly discussed the proceedings with a great amount of animation. Here and there on life's way I have met a good many well versed in all the science of oaths, curses, and blasphemies, but, to use an Americanism, my experience was not a circumstance to that acquired at Ottawa. Not much wonder that the Israelite already mentioned departed from the piety of his ancestors. Many of the imprecations were entirely new to me, but there was not a single frown of astonishment on the face of an individual of the party. One of them, a youth of some nineteen summers, of fair complexion, with an embryotic moustache, entirely outshone his competitors in the art. In his left jaw was a bulky plug of tobacco, which did not to my mind improve his appearance, and on account of which 'twas necessary periodically to eject copious streams of coloured liquid, which he did with a great amount of complacency and self-satisfaction, but hurriedly, as if afraid to lose a moment of the golden opportunity to fit as many oaths as possible in a given time into a given subject. The scope of his discourse was largely lost in the thicket of imprecations and oaths that enveloped it, but I

could learn, that it included in part references to a strolling band of players, who came to town specially for the occasion, and who performed in tents and partly out of them. Of these I must state their well-developed busts would have been seen to sufficiently good advantage even with a more liberal supply of clothing. Well, as to oaths, after all they prove at least the necessity of believing in the Deity. Without such a belief how could desperadoes shape their language at periods of excitement and trial? How do unbelievers act in such circumstances?

I was anxious to know as much as possible about the Canadian capital, and to this end I wandered here and there and everywhere in search of a guide-book, but could secure none, strange as it may seem. At length I was enabled to purchase one at the trifling figure of ten cents, and which, as I afterwards learned, was not even worth so much. It spoke of an experimental farm, some two miles from the city, of 500 acres, a Government institution, where all seeds are tested for farmers, free of charge, and a report forwarded them of the soil to which they are adapted and the treatment they are to receive. This is a very commendable department, and is well worth seeing. There was also reference to the Chaudiere Falls, a wondrous bit of natural beauty. The Falls at the Suspension Bridge are greatly demoralised by speculators, who, anxious to make nature their servant, scrupled not to divert the water, by strangely constructed barriers of wood, to their respective benefits, to turn their mills and develop their electricity. As I found myself among the barriers and narrow wooden passages, with the angry waters hissing and

falling around me on all sides, the smallest slip being certain death, I heartily repented of an investment that led me into such peril ; and, as my contrition was at its height, the unlucky source of the dread danger—the guide-book—dropped into the seething mass, while I unconsciously exclaimed : Thus is earth's glory. My next investment was in the Fourth Ontario Reader, a Canadian schoolbook, where I at once lighted upon the celebrated lesson, "The Capture of Quebec." I noted especially the words of the brave General Wolfe, who, on hearing of the flight of the enemy, with his dying breath faltered, "Now, God be praised ; I die happy." I have been always something of an unbeliever in the recorded sayings and doings of dying warriors, and other notables in times of great trial and danger. But in the present instance, as I was bound for Quebec, and the Plains of Abraham, where I could see and hear many things for myself, I reserved judgment.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—POSITIVELY THE LAST  
WATERFALL.

YES, I did reach Quebec ; but what of the Plains ? As I had trained from Montreal, 'twas necessary on my arrival to cross the river by ferry. This I did in a mighty steamer, whose giant proportions reminded me of the Scriptural Ark, with more rational and nearly as many irrational animals on board, and in the meantime I snatched the opportunity of a peep at the city from my vantage ground. No sane mortal could think of locating a plain, anywhere in, or about Quebec, at first sight. My first impression was that of a city accidentally fallen among rocks, the same threatening at every moment, buildings and all, to topple into the skirting river. That was my first impression and my last, with trifling modifications. There is hardly any attempt at order in the streets, and the houses, usually of stone and tin-roofed, look as antiquated and dingy as if two centuries standing, which is mostly true. The old sheep-walks and Indian paths of some centuries ago are not unfrequently the thoroughfares of the modern Quebec. These the original French settlers, a jolly, easy going lot, hardly took the trouble to strip off their ruggedness, and their successors, essentially religious, which they are still, with seeming holy horror shrank from improving upon, or removing the ancient landmarks of their forefathers. The streets are often so narrow that two vehicles are often much hampered in passing each other, whereas there are others so abrupt and

uneven that pedestrians alone find secure footing there, and that, with difficulty.

All this looks strikingly akin to describing Quebec before getting there, which is barely fair to that historic city. Shall I again announce my safe arrival, and my further deliverance from the two jarvies, who, dragging in opposite directions, with me as centre, described all manner of circumferences? I managed to get free of them somehow, and handed over myself and belongings to a third, who merely looked on, and, I suppose, pitied me in the struggle, greatly to the satisfaction of the by-standers, who whispered, "Well done" all round. But the discomfited ones were not to be utterly worsted thus. Every time I looked from my hotel I beheld the self same individuals gazing fixedly upon my apartments, by whatever means they were able to locate me, and ready to pounce upon me the moment I attempted to go forth. I struggled bravely on, however, to retain my position as victor, especially as I could see the competitors chatted comfortably in my absence, and simulated deadly enmity in my presence. By the aid of time-worn horse tram-cars, I was enabled, with slight difficulty, to visit the lower town, which is low and flat enough, but, in order to reach the upper town, I found it necessary to make the ascent by means of an elevator in the first instance, and again I managed to become master of the situation on foot after many circuitous windings and hard struggles for breath. Two points were, therefore, gained without flinching, but I had not yet visited the Citadel or the Plains of Abraham, and now felt myself in need of assistance. 'Twas the morning of my third day in Quebec, and

as was ever the case with me on the journey, I felt fatigued in the morning and refreshed towards evening, paradox though it be. I had a goodly programme to be gone through, and, of course, local advice could help me considerably. The cab-men looked as brisk and as lively as ever, still keeping within easy distance of their original post, and buoyed up with the consolation apparently that I could not hold out much longer, at the same time expressing a desire to work for any wages. I reasoned, wavered, and submitted to my fate. Cabby No. 1 secured the job, while cabby No. 2 displayed as much bad temper and said as many vicious, ill-natured things as 'twas possible in the short interval preceding our departure. It only remained for me to appear as indifferent as possible, and bear my defeat with good grace. I then proceeded to the Citadel and viewed the fortifications. A soldier in the identical uniform of his regiment in England received me courteously, and showed me the various nooks and corners of the concern, describing each with a great amount of intelligence. The warship Blake was lying right under us in the river, and there was just then a universal stir among the bluejackets preparatory to their departure for Halifax. My guide thought the fellows had a right good time of it on board, and a tear stood in his left eye, the one next the river, for not having joined the marines. I tell you the American, or French, or whatever other invader takes it into his head to scale the heights at Quebec shall have a pretty hard time of it. And here let me state the Canadians are known as Canadians, and the United States people as Americans on the North American Continent. I said something to my friend

about the possibility of war and the superior advantages of the British from the heights, but he clearly did not like to be fighting aerial battles, and deferentially changed the subject. Private though he was, he was exceedingly well mannered and respectful in his demeanour, and I have seldom seen physically so accomplished a figure. In the full flush of youth, more than average height, of fair complexion turning red, clear and healthy, with brown quick eye, and teeth so beautiful as to suggest hesitation, and a decided look of distinction and intelligence, this obscure soldier, who under more favourable circumstances might have risen to the coveted positions of eminence in the land, was a model that sculptors and painters might fondly hope to imitate. It required no small amount of confidence to offer him a quarter for his pains. The venture caused me to hesitate more than once, but cheek will accomplish most things, especially in America. And, as we parted, the pathetic "Just before the battle" burst upon me, and then "Let me kiss him for his mother," so charming, so touching.

My reception was not quite so good at the fortifications in Halifax. I had made a journey of a whole day and night, through forests of stately trees, past lakes and wooden villages, and rivers, and wooden bridges, and wooden farmhouses, and oxen at work, and mines, and furnaces, and, not the least, the charming harbour at Halifax, only to be shut out at the fortifications. After a short respite I made a survey of my surroundings, impatient to see for myself what I had heard described over and over again as the most beautiful of cities. Well, nature has done wonderful



things for Halifax ; man nothing. As usual I was economising time and money by tram-car assistance, and was its sole occupant for quite a distance. Nobody, I think, could get into that car without my knowledge. Now and then on the road we encountered trim, athletic, handsome, youthful soldiers, the truest pictures of health and happiness. Whatever possessed them, they invariably saluted me in true military fashion. I don't think that salute can ever be improved upon. As we neared the thoroughfares civilians and soldiers multiplied, the latter to such an extent that what was at first encouraging became in the end annoying. But I was resolved not to blunder, and turning one side with as much pretended indifference as possible discovered right in my rear—what ! an officer in full uniform, so neat, so statuesque, so reserved. How had he got there ? I don't know—the explanation. Having had so much to do with the military already I determined to see as much of them and their quarters that same day as possible, and to this end, after much climbing, reached the heights. A majestic, military-looking fellow on guard, in full martial array, received me, and informed me that visitors were not permitted to view the plan of fortifications without a special permit. I reminded him of the great waste of my precious time a searching for a permit would mean ; but he couldn't help me. Not long before Americans, for no place is secure against their enterprise, were no sooner safely within the precincts than they set their kodaks to work, and were thus enabled to give to the observing world a picture true to life of all the nooks and crannies of the place. John Bull was very angry, and vowed that

friend or foe should never enter those portals without his knowledge and consent. By virtue of that wrathful decree, I, no enemy of the nation, in company with all its foes, was unconditionally excluded. In vain I acknowledged myself a British subject, and protested my innocence and all freedom from mal-intent. No pleading could annul that law, and 'twas best for me to desist. The guard never for a moment lost his temper or dignity, and when I, by reason of disappointment and ill-nature, drew a rather invidious comparison of my treatment at Quebec and Halifax by the military, he merely donned the air of a gentleman of position, who had necessarily to bear with unpleasant things, and could only hope the worst was past, and so declared he could not act differently under the circumstances. I wonder if I had attempted to force my way through, would he have become undignified!

There are none amongst us so sadly neglected and so sadly misunderstood as our common soldiers. Our kingdom is non-military. We are a nation of classes, traders, politicians, and litterateurs, but not of warriors. In France and other countries of Europe, where every man is a soldier, and the highest with the lowest drill together, mess together, sleep together, and stand side by side in the hour of common danger, the son of the artisan and the son of the count are equalised, and the soldier's tunic further equalises them in the public mind. That garb is often sufficient guarantee that the wearer is eligible to the best society, whether he be the son of a duke or of a peasant. But with us that condition of things is widely different. In France the profession of arms is honourable, and the soldier is treated with confidence and regarded as the nation's friend, who

will protect her interests and secure her freedom in the very jaws of death. With us the soldier is not the guardian of the nation, but its paid mercenary, who guards our rights and protects our liberty while he earns for himself a daily pittance. Warfare is to be discouraged, but it is as natural in the present condition of society to expect that young men, whose minds so frequently and unfortunately tend to things wild and fanciful, will adopt the profession of arms, just as more settled youths adopt the professions, business, and the arts. 'Tis not by any means clear that our soldiers are a whit more irreligious, considering the neglect so often of their early training, their depraved surroundings, and their social ostracism, than young men of corresponding age and temperament who have separated themselves from the chastening influence of family and home to better their condition in our great cities—great centres of wealth and crime. I have been frequently impressed by their general neatness, their distinguished mien, and their respectful demeanour to superiors. No matter what his offences, the man of war presents himself to authority with a look so innocent, so respectful, so submissive, as immediately to disarm wrath. And I have been repeatedly thinking that such as can be trained to observe the laws of the land, and respect civil authority, could also be educated to revere the commandments and their Divine Author.

I am quite forgetting about Quebec and its environs. Well, I was hardly established in the historic city when I formed the acquaintance of a medicine-man from Newfoundland, and a hop-grower from California, a right jolly pair, who also accidentally made each

other's acquaintance. We were all three staying at the same hotel together, and all three out on the same important business—that same being nothing in particular. "Let us come along to see the Montmorenci Falls; we'll have a real good time," said the Californian. "Certainly," said the medicine-man. "I can't go," said the third—myself. "Why?" said the medicine-man. "For the why," I said in tones dejected, "I lost my guide-book at the last falls and nearly my life." "But you didn't," said the Californian, "and perhaps that guide-book was quite as serviceable where it went, as where it was." He must have been a mind-reader. That was just exactly what I believed, and what comforted me in my bereavement. "No other objection?" said the medicine-man. "Yes; I have been to so many falls on this continent that I positively couldn't think of visiting one more. I have experienced all sorts of inconveniences from my visits," I said, "not least being invariably a drenching right through to the other side, the incessant boom of falling waters, which pursued me by day, and dreadful dangers by night, from which wakefulness only rescued me." "That's thoroughly good for you," said the medicine-man. "If so, then," I replied, "my constitution must no longer be in the positive degree, but in the superlative. I promise you I have seen so much fresh water since coming to this country as might serve the next generation with the least possible caution." My friend said something about the free use of salt as a preservative, and then laughed heartily.

The whole was exceedingly enjoyable—aye, and humorous—at the time, but since then how stale and boorish! Just as holiday folk eat everything, say

everything, do everything, and have the whole time up to the next holiday to nauseate everything they eat, did, and said, so do I look back upon that little drama. Be this as it may, I was made to reconcile myself to the Falls, and resolution again failed me. Mayhap 'twas the climate which made me so flexible. We arrived at Montmorenci by train in right good spirits, determined to find real wonders where none previously existed, and detect humour where it had yet to be created. A somewhat doubtful-looking official, in the garb of a civilian, approached us, and demanded toll. How different from the States, where nature's wondrous ways are seen free of cost? We paid him, and obtained the freedom of the place, and nearly value sufficient for our money in information, if it, too, wasn't at places doubtful. Then the sight-seeing began in good earnest, and the drenching process concomitantly. When everybody had seen the falls, and got bathed in the shower of spray and fog, and heard all the legends of the spot, and learned to appreciate the record of the real good times there in snowy weather, all ascended the wooden stairway to the right for the much coveted view from above. I was last of the explorers, and, I might have said, the least adapted for the task. The steps appeared to me endless, and before I had mastered half the journey I felt quite exhausted. Suddenly the light forsook mine eyes, and I became temporarily unconscious. What dreadful death that would have been, when I reflect! I recovered a little, but was dazed, and might have been down among the eddying waters for what I knew just then. But I wasn't, and soon discovered myself clinging with a deadly grip to the hand-rails, from

which I was slow to part when fully recuperated. "You are all right now," said the medicine-man, the only explorer in view, looking down upon me from an eminence. "Nearly. Small thanks to you," I said in an undertone. "Come along," was the response and matter of fact sympathy. We reached the top, and all things went as jovially as before. However, I determined positively that this should be my last waterfall, which I had firmness enough to carry into effect. The view from above was by no means worth the trouble, much less the danger of the ascent. We could only see imperfectly the drop, which is considerably higher than Niagara, although the volume of water is incomparably less. Then there is the old road which ends abruptly at the stream, somewhat above the cataract, where formerly was the tragic bridge. A gentleman, his wife, and family, were driving over it, when, terrible to relate, the bridge, which was in a goodly measure constructed of wicker-work, gave way, dropped into the gushing river, and was carried over the dreadful precipice with all its living freight. There was nothing more known or seen of the victims. Not far from the scene of this disaster is the "Mansion House," which claims close relationship with the Royal Family in England, and which Britishers never fail to visit.

After a long day's outing and comparatively few accidents we returned to town, everybody declaring that he had a real good time, and that the whole was right enjoyable. I afterwards visited the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe fell. There is little at present thereabouts commemorative of a battle, except a monument, modest in design, and suitably inscribed

to the great general. In another section of the city is an obelisk, well, partly to the memory of General Montcalm, the famous French general who fought against him. I had been always of opinion that Wolfe was the victor, and departed this life with the consolation the French were worsted. But in Quebec both are commemorated, and both seem still striving for the mastery. I have already said enough to indicate the many historical associations of Quebec, being the scene of hardly interrupted warfare for more than a century. The French fought hard for their New France, and the British as doggedly struggled on, and were at length the victors. Although the English are in possession of the city, its people and their environs are essentially French. Nor have they failed to preserve inviolate the religion of their ancestors, and thus Catholic hospitals, convents, colleges, nuns, and priests meet the eye at every turn. Here, too, is the residence of Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, the first prelate in the Dominion raised to the Cardinalate. His See is the oldest north of Mexico, and once embraced the whole of British America and the United States. I greatly regret I do not know so much of this prince of the Church as to warrant me in venturing a sketch. As the name would indicate, he is Canadian-French, seemingly well advanced in years, while his appearance and manner are mainly suggestive of piety and retirement. And thus I take my leave of Quebec and environs, with not a word of the ice carnival on the St. Laurence, and not a word for my countrymen, 6,000 of whom lie interred in one shady nook at Grosse Isle, the victims of hard times at home and relentless plague abroad.

## CHAPTER XXXV.—WINNIPEG.

WHEN I state there is the Canadian Province Manitoba, far—very far—inland, I'm sure I hardly make any new revelation. Its capital is Winnipeg, which is the Chicago of the Dominion. The traveller who starts at Halifax and pursues his journey so far west will think himself fairly entitled to a holiday. Difficult and wearisome though it be, the Salvation Army have fought their way bravely to the spot, and whether souls have been rescued or slain on the road is a matter upon which a variety of opinions is freely expended. I have frequently encountered this Soul Rescue Party in Canada, and rather think the climate suits them. The ladies muster strong on the battle-field, and undergo all the discipline and tactics of the sterner sex. I don't know if it be gallantry, but whenever I beheld them straining their little throats I longed to draw nigh and assure them, on the authority of St. Paul, that the Sovereign Wisdom who adapts everything in nature to the part allotted to it, never intended such fragile, precious things to be exposed to the fury of the elements, the attendant nervous sensations, and the hostile criticisms inseparable from public oratory. And, more than this, when I heard those grandiose cadences I longed to draw still nearer, and in a gentle whisper speak to the operator of the superiority of nature over art, but could not for the crowd. How few friends are made by giving advice. At all events,



General Booth and his followers appear to have something of a hold on the folk across the Channel. I quote a notice of the warriors' movements from a Canadian paper of last month :—

"Times seem to be changing with the Salvation Army. At Carnegie Hall, New York, the other night, General Booth was introduced to the audience by Chauncey Depew, and in the boxes of the auditorium were many millionaires. In three boxes were men worth 90,000,000 dols., and in one box alone 50,000,000 dols. were represented."

This looks bright for the General, whatever it may bespeak for the millionaires. It too frequently happens—shall I say it?—in America that men create and fall to worship a hero whose rights and titles are at best questionable, but, luckily for the hero, never once questioned. That a man has made his mark in the world is sufficient to elicit the admiration of the average American, and it is needless to too minutely investigate whys and wherefores. The head of the religious belligerents, there can be no doubt, has made his mark in the world, and may be in his way well meaning and philanthropic ; but has the General, really, any new and hitherto unknown message to deliver ? Is it not the same glad tidings of mercy, to them that will mercy, different it may be, for being proclaimed from the house-tops and market-place through cymbal and trumpet ? And here I leave the General with the millionaires, substantial company.

I was speaking of Winnipeg. When I wrote my first essay at school, which elicited little admiration from any quarter, it hardly occurred to me I should be called upon to make another effort, and especially

upon a subject so important. But the ups and downs of life are remarkable, especially the latter. Better say at once I've got half way to the Pacific Coast, and that I have hopes, however faint, of reaching that goal eventually. And to entertain my followers, who by this time must be suffering from *ennui*, as well as give them an inkling of my surroundings, I shall endeavour to hum the subjoined :—

“The sturdy bull, with steady tread,  
 Submissive, silent, bows his head,  
 And feels the yoke ; the creaking wain  
 Rolls leisurely across the plain :  
 Across the trackless, treeless land,  
 An undulating sea of sand,  
 Where mocking, sapless rivers run,  
 With swollen tongue and bloodshot eye,  
 Still on to where the shadows lie,  
 And onward toward the setting sun.

With tearful eyes he looks away  
 To where his free-born brothers play  
 Upon the prairie wild and wide ;  
 He turns his head from side to side ;  
 He feels the bull-whip's cruel stroke ;  
 Again he leans against the yoke.  
 At last his weary walk is done,  
 He pauses at the river's brink,  
 And drinks the while his drivers drink,  
 Almost beside the setting sun.”

This poem is charming and perfectly Byronic, if not too much so. The effusion, which appears in a Western periodical with the signature of C. Warman, speaks well for the standard of literature westwards, and 'tis regrettable we don't know more of the author. Published as it is in Winnipeg, 'tis very appropriate,

and gives the enquirer a fair idea of how things go around there. Now, Winnipeg is built upon the Red River, which is no redder than any other, but which seemed so to the Indians, in whose language the word means "dirty water," and since, people of all shades of judgment have accepted this little whim of theirs as indisputable. Though they have had some say in naming the city, they had very little in its progress. Already Winnipeg is a thriving city, perfectly modern in detail, with regular streets and many substantial buildings. The houses have often a delightfully attractive appearance, constructed as they are of white brick manufactured in the neighbourhood. Some twenty years ago the population was but two hundred souls of every questionable extraction, to-day it numbers 33,000 steady inhabitants, who have a little history and some character. There is, unfortunately, very little in the way of shipping facilities, which is certainly a great drawback to the growth of the place, but with the existing railway accommodation, there is hardly any difficulty in forming connection with the great American lakes. Notwithstanding this drawback, Winnipeg goes on apace, and let us hope St. Boniface will profit by its success. This town is geographically separated from Winnipeg, but connected by a bridge which spans the river. St. Boniface is essentially French in appearance, and French in population. The French have played an important part in creating the history of Winnipeg, and indeed the same is true of Canadian history generally. A Louis Riel wished to create a miniature French Republic somewhere about there, and of course thought himself entitled to the presidency for his

pains. The scheme worked somehow for a year, when General Wolseley and an army appeared and disputed the Frenchman's titles. Whereupon Louis decamped, and contented himself for a long time to come with far less public notoriety. He was afterwards hanged at Regina. I do not hereby mean to insinuate that the Frenchman is synonymous with cowardice in Canada. The very contrary is the fact. History records no braver fight than that of Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, and historical resource is taxed to its utmost to find a parallel for the desperate courage of the youthful officer, Adam Daulac. In those days all white men were regarded by the Indians as enemies and intruders, the sooner set aside the better. A band of the Iroquois warriors determined, so ran the rumour, to make an attack upon Montreal, and destroy the inhabitants, and to this end encamped among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac resolved to stay their progress, and, after repeated solicitation, obtained the consent of the Governor, who knew well enough his plans were bold to desperation, but hoped some good might come of the foolhardy enterprise. An army was now to be recruited. Sixteen young men only could be mustered for the occasion, and these with the youthful general had to encounter a regiment of Indian braves, numbering seven hundred. Their courage was equal to the requirement, and having made their wills and taken a last farewell of their friends and relatives, they embarked on very indifferent canoes, with food, and arms, and ammunition, making resolutely for Long Sault. Their progress was exceedingly slow, for they were very inexperienced canoe-men. At length they

arrived at the rapids, where they expected to find and attack the enemy, and encamped. Soon a canoe of Indians appeared reconnoitring, and, to quicken their judgment, were fired upon by the French with deadly effect. Enough of them escaped to bring news to the two hundred warriors who were encamped farther back in the woods, and whose services were reserved for more important issues. Suddenly a fleet of canoes with the full complement bounded down the river nursing their revenge for the dreadful conflict. But they had to win their laurels. Hostilities commenced, and the French, with the aid of a few Indians who had joined them, shot deadly tongues of fire from behind their improvised redoubt, repulsing the invaders with great slaughter. Five days passed, and Daulac and his men, praying and fighting by turns, were so far victorious, although hunger and thirst, with continuous watching, had terribly exhausted them. On the fifth day seven hundred Indians closed around them whooping and yelling as unearthly fiends, and certain of quick and decisive victory. For three full days more, the French kept them at bay, and the Indians were about to retreat beaten and disgraced. At length with desperate resolution they returned to the charge in a body, and under a brisk fire, crept their way right up to the little palisade. The few survivors fought bravely on, until their fortress was taken, and their gallant general struck dead. Even then, they kept fighting with desperation, and their hatchets and swords, which they used with maniacal fury, wreaked direful vengeance to the last. Volley after volley from the assailants at length shot them down, and of the whole, only a few Indian deserters escaped

to tell the piteous tale of the chivalrous Adam Daulac and his followers. I need hardly add the Indians experienced sufficiently of French tactics to quiet them in future.

Referring to the French, I must not omit to mention a French Manitobian with whom I became intimately acquainted. Force of circumstances brought us together, where we were treated more as members of the household than strangers of two distinct nationalities. Let me say at once my new acquaintance was not the most agreeable of associates. But I could well afford to form such acquaintances, inasmuch as they could be so easily broken. My friend had a curious predilection for fault-finding, and though his sentences were not very rounded, could make himself well enough understood. Things were in fault all round, and without attempting to set anyone in particular right, ever proceeded to find new errors. Canada was the last country on earth anybody should ever think of coming to. He had lost more money there than ever he saved, while his whole life was a series of discomforts, without the smallest admixture of comfort. America was worse, infinitely. An American could not give a civil answer if he were paid for it. The average American was born a barbarian, bred a barbarian, and the chances were he would die one. Indians were diabolical. They had actually cut off the heads of their priests who had served them so well, dragged forth their brains and stuffed their place with lead. England was detestable, mainly because it was the home of Gladstone. Gladstone was the greatest curse England had ever seen, and he hated him heartily. But then he liked Gladstone,

because, as a Frenchman, he was bound to revere England's enemies. Ireland was but a British province, and wasn't worth speaking of, and so on to nauseation. And to such a pitch of detestation of men and things had the fellow brought me, that I verily hated my dearest and best friends, without knowing why. This individual, who bore many more titles than I can remember, whether the same were French hall-marked or on the American free coinage system, would not, I'm sure, have attempted such conduct in France. Behold the influence of surroundings and the absence of home restraints!

I observe Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, was in evidence a short time ago, notably on the occasion of a fire at Brandon, near Winnipeg. The *Free Press* of that city tells how he came to light, and thinks the story a good thing. I don't know if it be, such incidents are so common. Here it is:—A fire broke out in a small house situated in the eastern portion of the city. There was the usual rush of humankind to the scene of the conflagration, which, in the darkness of the night, made a striking effect, as it lit up the heavens beautifully. The yard engine of the C.P.R. was resting noiselessly near the passenger depôt, when the engineer in charge thought to move in the direction of the fire. Just then two or three men stepped on the engine, and were promptly and brusquely ordered off. One of the strangers, a man about forty-five, appealed to the engineer, stating that he also was an engineer. This was sufficient, so he was invited to take his position, and, according to custom, was also asked to take the lever, which he did. Opening wide the throttle, the party were soon

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THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.





on their flight to the fire. In the meantime the stranger was being taken in by the crew. Imagine their surprise as the glare of the cat-light revealed to them the features of the Governor-General of Canada. In a few moments their destination was reached, when all hands, including Lord Aberdeen, enjoyed the affair. That engineer thinks his Excellency knows a thing or two about a locomotive engine, and is a companionable fellow, if he has blue blood in his veins.

Here is a second story which the Earl tells himself :—On one occasion he was journeying from London to the North, and boarded the sleeping-car at midnight. In the morning he beholds a stranger opposite him oppressed with care to all appearance, and bearing the likeness of one who had thought himself past his sleep. Shortly he said :

“Excuse me, may I ask if you are rich?”

Somewhat surprised, his Lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do.

“May I ask,” continued the stranger, “how rich you are?”

“Well, if it will do you any good to know,” was the reply, “I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds.”

“Well,” went on the stranger, “if I were as rich as you, and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others.”

Lord Aberdeen, who now holds the helm in Canada, is Scotch, and, although with a goodly infusion of blue blood, carries with him the masses, and is gifted with a wonderful facility for adapting himself to the requirements of the time. As an example, he dresses in kilts, talks like Sandy, makes after-dinner speeches,

and, while an able statesman, can be a jolly good fellow all round. How can he, with all this dignity about his shoulders—His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, P.C., LL.D., &c., Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada? It is so convenient, notwithstanding, to write himself Aberdeen!

Isn't it regrettable that the family name of so many of our nobles is completely lost sight of in their titles? This I have no doubt is a serious impediment in the way of many, otherwise anxious to secure such honours. I remember an interview with an elderly virgin in America, whose great objection to marriage was the horror she entertained of abandoning the good old family name. "It appears to me," I said, "that difficulty could be got over. Don't you Americans usually assume three or more names? You have Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Oliver Wendell Holmes; and methinks you might with perfect becomingness have the family name—ladies always first—to take the precedence of your married name, and thus, both names should be preserved in their integrity." The idea, she thought, was a remarkably good one, and strangely it had never occurred to her before. Immediately she set about digesting it with avidity. It will be remembered Lord Aberdeen represented royalty in Ireland a few years ago, and though regarded with no great favour on his entry, made for himself countless friends before the expiration of his office. He is still held in the highest esteem by the Irishmen of Canada, mainly through kindly services of his amiable and accomplished consort, the Countess of Aberdeen, on behalf

of the race. Not to speak of her interest in Ireland at the World's Fair, she has since established depôts for Irish woollen goods in various places throughout North America. Eulogy is needless to secure her an abiding and grateful remembrance with the millions of Irish at home and scattered over the face of the wide world. Her unmarried name is Lady Ishbel Marjoribanks, and boasts she has a drop of Irish blood in her veins. She is sister of the present Lord Tweedmouth, and, as the story goes, formed the acquaintance of her own lord purely accidentally. He had been hunting, lost his way, came to her father's mansion, and found rest. The little hostess, then eleven, loved him for the danger he had run; he reciprocated her tenderness, and the little drama duly resulted in a marriage. Many interesting stories are told of her little daughter Marjorie and the youthful Archie. Lady Marjorie edits a periodical, and enjoys the distinction of being the most youthful editress in the world.

I have yet said little of Manitoba, although much could be said upon that province. In extent it equals about that of Great Britain and Ireland, and is quite capable of maintaining the population maintained by these islands. 'Tis generally flat, as can be gathered from the fact that there is a theory current the whole was formerly covered by water. The lake disappeared—where, no one knows—and charming prairies sprang up in its stead. This would account for the wonderful fertility of the soil. For several years after cultivation for the first time all adjuncts in the way of manures are wholly discarded, and the settler has only to plough, and sow, and reap, and gather into barns.

The Government is very liberal in its dealings with settlers. There is yet some free land, 160 acres of which is given to such as wish to homestead, with certain additional bonuses, but in the meantime the agents take good care not to be imposed upon by pretending homesteaders. With all these advantages the ardent youth of eighteen who buries himself in the new log cabin far back in the prairies, and lays him to rest when his work is over, with his watch-dog on one side and revolver on the other, has not quite a bed of roses.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—TOWARDS THE CANADIAN  
ROCKIES.

IN the name of progress, why don't they give the districts of North-Western Canada rational names? The poet asks—What's in a name? I answer—Everything. But, then, my views are so generally prosy! It may be; yet it is well to understand that he, or even she, who starts on life's race, hoping only to encounter poesy, is doomed to sad and bitter disappointment. Life is real—aye, too much so—and a great deal of its gloom arises from the fact that men do not face it as a reality. And now, if I am too censorious upon the nomenclature of the districts, hear me. Assiniboia is one, Athabasca another, Saskatchewan a third. What can any human think of such names? For my own part, if there was a country on earth I hated, and had no other means of taking revenge, I should without a moment's hesitation dub that country Saskatchewan. Does not Assiniboia sound to our ears as Siberia, Athabasca as Kamtchatka, and Saskatchewan as Barbary? All this is so and more, and yet there are human hearts there that beat as humanly as ours, with all our human aspirations and every sensation of affection, danger, and utter solitude of which we are capable. Even there, are our countrymen, mayhap our kinsfolk, who sing at every social gathering in lusty tones, "Deep in Canadian woods we've met," and mightily emphasise "Our hearts are with our own."

It's a great world that we live in after all, and one is confirmed in this opinion by a leisurely walk across the Dominion. I can't well understand how any individual takes it into his head to become a world-wide celebrity. Just fancy the vast area to be traversed, and then the various languages! What would Shakespeare be in Corean, and how long could the Corean schoolboy remember how the name is articulated? I can well imagine, if the great author heard it pronounced by said schoolboy, he should be led to question his identity. Wouldn't it be any consolation or pride to the author to learn that "Romeo and Juliet" is the work of the ingenious Shakespeare sounded Coreanwise, or, say, according to the ways of many other nations? If I upheld the authorship of "Romeo and Juliet" should be attributed to a certain Spearesshake I should be at once dubbed a Know-nothing, or the very least a Republican, and refused all quarter. Is the name any more euphonious of any more akin to the original in the various dialects of the various countries of the world? I sincerely hope I have not lost a link in this reasoning, for I'm so anxious to cure those morbid notoriety-seekers, with whom, alas! the world is so grievously infested, or at least contribute my quota to that end. There are endless difficulties on the road to fame, or even notoriety, but it is comforting to know there is plenty of room at the top. Even so, to what purpose? Is the sum worth the anxiety, hostility, and fatigue encountered on the road? Man's fame is local. When it ceases to be local its subject is of hardly more interest to the masses than is the fabled man of the moon. In order to gain that local celebrity difficulties

without end are to be met with at every turn, for men lose no opportunity to place as many obstacles as possible in the way of him who endeavours to outstrip his fellows on any road in life, but especially the one that leads to fame. Nature, too, is jealous, and much prefers to hold the balance evenly between men. It is clearly her intention to equalise her forces, and when she bestows liberally in one direction she is pretty certain to deal as niggardly in another, and man with implicit confidence in her ways assumes she has done so, and if he can do nothing worse to stay the progress of his competitors and solace himself for being left, he whispers evil things about. What is the moral—Better be content with one's share.

A Canadian of the North-West coincided with my views thoroughly. He took great pains to inform me of an acquaintance who was possessed of this morbid craving, and so minutely was he conversant with all the circumstances that I was led to suspect the acquaintance must have been a very near relative of his. Well, his friend first commenced his race for fame as a merchant. The thing was paying enough, but then, how few knew him or cared to know him outside of his accounts, and very seldom there? His next effort was in the way of politics. Here, the opposition was dreadful, and he soon found he required a constitution and patience far beyond that to which he could lay any claim. Then he bethought himself how glorious a thing 'twould be, to die upon the battle-field—the momentary pain, and the immortal renown. But there was no battle, and the difficulty in creating warfare was practically insurmountable. At length he bethought himself of a sure



and certain way to fame. Wherever he discovered a patent medicine firm, he at once forwarded commendatory letters, expressing his gratitude for benefits received, and wishing that all the world could appreciate such benefactors. This scheme was working remarkably, and he had the consolation of seeing his commendations translated into most of the known tongues. But it was hardly paying from a worldly standpoint, and in a moment of forgetfulness partly, and partly for the sake of economy, directed the same commendation slightly altered to be forwarded from firm to firm. This was his death-knell. In due time he was the recipient of postals to the effect that he should have his testimonials published with much pleasure in case he should see his way to alter their wording, and, above all, the signature. The latter was the very thing he couldn't do, because his ultimate aim should be thus wholly frustrated. In the interim of uncertainty which course to pursue, commendation after commendation gradually disappeared from the public gaze, until he surveys himself again reduced to his original nothingness. Thoroughly disgusted and heart-sick, he has since retired into obscurity, and contents himself with bitterly impugning the motives of every notable, and hating the world perpetually, which refused to entertain his claims, without so much as offering even one satisfactory explanation.

I made reference to the deep Canadian woods. Canada is not by any means wholly wooded, yet its woods are various, and herein consists its greatest source of wealth. Shall we stray into the woods and prairies? Let me say at the start my knowledge of the woods and prairies is somewhat limited, for I

always endeavoured to keep within reasonable distance of the C. P. R. This is the way of too many tourists, I have lately discovered, and for this same reason so many return from the most dangerous expeditions to tell their deeds of daring and miraculous escapes. Who shall accompany us? Here, I am reminded of certain holiday folk, who, instead of good-naturedly enjoying their outing, take to bothering themselves, and particularly other people, with a non-descriptive sketch of their tour. In every second dish may be detected a wife's hairpins, while it is too plain her highness is ever peering from behind the curtain, and watching how these same are dealt with. Woman in general is a good thing, but the individual woman meted in large doses by the self-interested, is an invidious, if not a loathsome mess. Don't we regard those bores, who are ever forcing on other people's attention their children? What of those who bore an entire community with their wives? I was about to introduce a whole-hearted youth from Melbourne, who was my comforter through much of the wilds of Canada, and who invariably boasted of his ability to combine business with pleasure, as well as a Bostonian, who was so learned. But I cannot afford to be obtrusive for a little. Let us fancy ourselves back in the woods, and for my part I have never been able to realise these forests and prairies, hitherto utterly unpeopled, but rather abandoned by the former inhabitants. Around us on all sides there are trees of every variety—poplar, cypress, maple, fir, hemlock, pine, balsam, yew, and tamarack. Sometimes we behold an undergrowth of shrubberies, and now and then we encounter charming wild flower knots, born to blush unseen, and sweeten-

ing the still air, with their soothing aroma. The air is not quite still, however, for there are wild birds hopping from bough to bough, who are too affrighted to chime the accustomed hymn, and wonder much who we be, and what the evil led us thither. Many of them were quite familiar to me, and although somewhat different from those of my acquaintance, they were, no doubt, the same, for most countries, Canada not excepted, take care to affix a certain mark of their own upon their products. We tire of their shrill, broken notes, and the incessant hum-drum of the insects in the trees, and rest to lunch, and think with ourselves the best means to get out of the wood. The situation is rather complicated, and we realise it. Possibly we shall get freed as readily by proceeding as retreating. But then what untold evils on the road! Snakes, wolves, bears, and night, dark and dreary, without a shelter! What dismal prospects! Just at the worst there is a rustle in the shrubbery near by, and everyone nerves himself for the onslaught. All are on the defensive in a moment's notice with the best weapons at hand, resolved to fight for dear life to the bitter end. In the very height of expectancy and dread, two well-sized, well-fed rabbits emerge from the thicket, and sportively play hare and hound before our very eyes. Alas! alas! how many rabbits cross our path in life! We proceed, and here and there discover relics of an Indian expedition that passed that way. We have little fears on the Indian account, for we know sufficiently he has had battling enough in bygone days, and is careful about getting into further trouble. But white folk must not push their superiority too far in dealing with those races.

The Indian thinks he has a prior claim to the soil, and dubs newcomers from our realm "pale faced." The nigger thinks he has had a foothold there, long before the forefathers of the magnates of the present day stalked upon the Western shore, and dubs his would-be superior "white trash." So it can be easily imagined whites have not things solely to their own views in dealing with the coloured races. Notwithstanding, the white is entirely too shrewd for nigger and Indian alike. He uses sometimes, but too frequently misuses both. Often he is found to rob the Indian father of his pelf, and the Indian daughter of her virtue. And it happens, too, that he is taken with his own snare, and the Indian girl secures him for a trophy. Intermarriage with the Indians is not by any means uncommon, and I remember seeing a crowd of girls on board a steamer from Halifax to Boston whose faces too plainly revealed their Indian extraction. At Dartmouth we were shown a whole waggon load of Indians returning from market, and in the centre was a white—a man about thirty, well developed and muscular, who appeared perfectly satisfied with his surroundings. "You see the fellow in the middle," said a bye-stander. "The Indians found him in the woods abandoned when an infant. They at once appropriated him, and trained him to their ways, and in appreciation of his good behaviour gave him in marriage one of their daughters. He continues to live with them, and gets along somehow." "I don't think I could ever do so," said my companion, "even though it were to save me from certain death; were I given this choice, of two evils I should joyfully accept the greater." But men can be educated to

regard as a blessing, what is their greatest misfortune. We have not yet emerged from the wood. Luckless was the hour when first we dropped upon that Indian trail. We are next interested in the many kinds of wild fruits met on our path, without one hand to pluck them from their fate. In one plot we see strawberries ripening fast, in another gooseberries so red, in another blackberries—aye, and grapes, and crab apples, and pears, and plums, and cherries, and cranberries, and various other berries so beautiful to look upon, and yet we feared to taste of their hidden sweetness. They might be poison—none of us can tell. We take the safer course, and pass on. At length we encounter snakes, wolves, a fox occasionally, and a stray buffalo. There are few of the latter. His hide has been his ruin. In no case do we find animal or reptile aggressive, but both scamper from our route and are forthwith lost to our view among the trees. The whole is so exciting, but people even tire of excitement, and with one acclaim we wish this journeying in the wilderness were at an end. However, we are convinced we are nearer to the end than the beginning, and muster all our latent forces. We judge aright. A plain distinctly discernible through the trees looms before us far in the distance. Glad of the opening, we push forward, and every one boasts of his patience under grave trial. Yes, we are come to a prairie. How different from all my imagination had painted it from my earliest years upwards, and how different may not the reality be from the impression, caught up by my sympathisers! Before us is an almost unbroken plain, wearying the eye with its sameness, and extending far in the distance, until the earth's

rotundity hides it out of sight. Sometimes it is interspersed with rivulets, sometimes unimportant lakes, sometimes sadly wanting in moisture and sandy, with tufts of buffalo grass, coarse and sapless, rearing their tall heads, defiant of all the minor rules that govern vegetation. There are here and there signs of human life at very irregular distances. Comparatively near, we discern the smoke curling into the clear blue sky from out a strangely constructed log-cabin, and we make for this landmark. The occupants are nervous and suspicious for the moment, and wonder what on earth our business is. There are two of them, able-bodied stalwart fellows in the prime of life, with hair and beard unkempt, and a general look of slovenliness and untidiness. They are doubtless brothers. So we think, but we have soon to undeceive ourselves. One is Canadian from the Eastern provinces, and the other Scotch. The Canadian has fallen into Scotch phrases, while Sandy has become a Canadian in a sort of a way, at least as far as it pays.

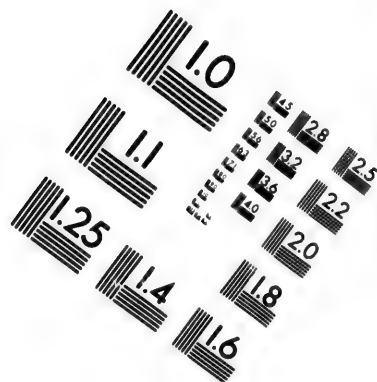
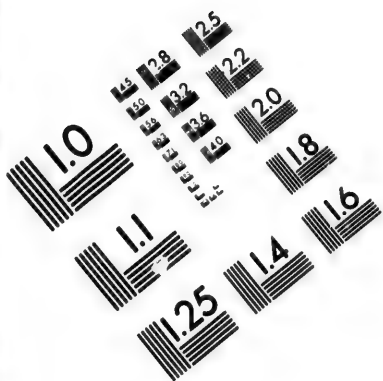
It was felt to be too dreary and uninviting for one, so in order that the dreariness of the prairie might be overcome, they hit upon the happy thought of starting a company of two, with agreement legally signed, sealed, and delivered, and thus they share the joys and sorrows of life, the profits and losses of their prairie enterprise alike. They know little of the outside world, and have not heard from home for years. They are seldom to the village, which is very far distant, although they do not know the exact distance, and the village is as ignorant of things in general as themselves. A colony of Icelanders is somewhere in the vicinity, they are aware, but they have not any

exact knowledge. They know there is an Irish family some twenty miles from there, a good deal more or a good deal less, and, although they have not seen anything of them for more than two years, believe they are still in the neighbourhood. They have met some German settlers, with whom they could not commune, but conclude from their sad, sorrowful faces, they had met with disappointment. The Canadian thinks life in the prairies is truly ideal, and has a thorough contempt for those that shirk its dreariness. Here Scotty sat in silence, with a broad grin upon his weather-beaten face, too wise to tell his own experiences. Our friend so glib went on to speak of the bracing wintry weather, the twinkling stars, and pleasant moonlight, and, above all, the glorious daylight shooting. Geese, ducks, prairie chicken, and swarms of other birds came within such easy reach, that 'twas impossible to resist this temptation. He went on to tell us of the hogs and how he fed them, how he had to discard the oxen, they were so slow, and substitute a pair of mules instead, which turned out the most vicious brutes alive. I knew little about hogs, less about oxen, and nothing absolutely about mules. I tried to be interested throughout, especially on the prairie chicken question, and for this reason, perhaps, we were made to feast upon a brace of them, well seasoned, and highly palatable. Then 'twas our time to depart, and as I tried to say "thanks" I stumbled, and stumbling muttered articulately enough, "life is too short to spend so much of it in the prairies."

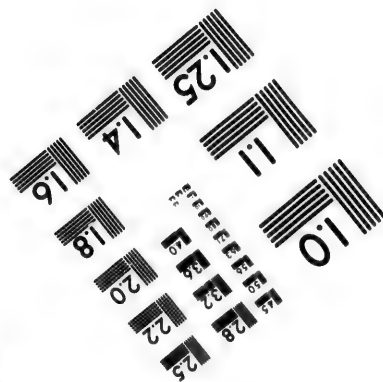
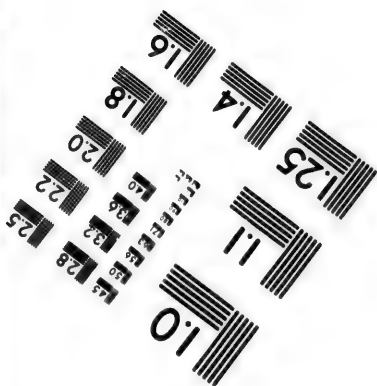
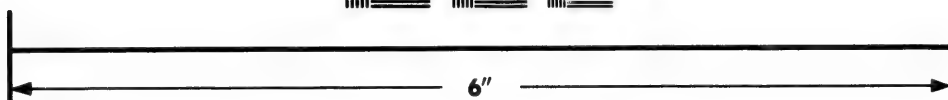
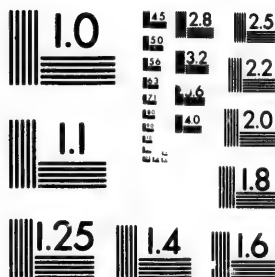
Of the North-West territory I know little, and can gather but trifling information. Its vast extent and

supposed exhaustless resources are hitherto practically a closed book to the world. But I know its Minister. The Hon. Thos. Mayne Daly, who is Minister of the Interior, is entrusted with its development, and I do not know that the Government could have made a more fortunate selection. Though born in Ontario, he is of direct Irish descent, and the genial-hearted witty Irishman is traceable in his every turn. He is a man of about forty, heavily built, and muscular, of commanding presence and physique, and is spoken of as the handsome man of the House of Commons. His constituency is Selkirk, something about the size of Ireland. At the same time he is in the Cabinet, and the most accessible of its members. Appointed to his important trust in 1892, he has given it the most unremitting attention, and called into requisition his best qualities of head, and, I might add heart, to further its interests. He is instinctively a politician, and a lawyer by profession, and can, therefore, bring into play all the qualities necessary to secure the needed Government concessions to the territory of the North-West. Neither does he lose any time in making the best of the situation, and his constituents may rest confident their case is safe in his keeping. Only to such should a district be entrusted, wherein hangs the fate of millions, possibly in our own age. And if the Interior becomes great before its time, its success shall be largely due to the ability and interest of this gifted diplomatist.





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## CHAPTER XXXVII.—VANCOUVER CITY.

HEREWITH, end my Canadian numbers. Just now I feel as one by stress of circumstances forced to part from dear old friends, and break off very pleasing associations. A distinguished novelist tells us of his feelings of sadness in parting with the creatures of his fancy. I can well appreciate his sentiments, but after all, the real has a firmer hold upon us than the fanciful. Those whom I have introduced, live, move, and have their being, while it has caused me some anxiety to produce them as they are. In dealing with persons and places in Canada, it has ever been my aim to depict them—well, not necessarily as they are, but certainly as they appeared to me. A painting may be a very beautiful one, and in itself a masterpiece, but still a very imperfect and misleading reproduction of the original. Nor do I profess to be an authority on everything connected with the Dominion. There are few such specialists. At the same time I am not in harmony with those who consider that long residence, is an indispensable necessity, in order to write upon a country. People naturally grow into the swim, and the production of the long resident would be no longer one of impressions. The tourist in Canada, as well as in the States, has wonderful facilities, as compared with bygone days, for acquiring a very substantial knowledge of the country in a comparatively short time. A knowledge of the language and all modern railway

accommodations enable him to make the very best of his stay. I have endeavoured to do so myself, and it only remains for me now, to turn my information to the best account. The space is small, and this my farewell sketch.

I feel I have now absolved myself from serious responsibility, in not posing as an absolute authority on all things Canadian. Indeed, my references are at best imperfect. Nobody could, with any satisfaction, treat a country of such vast extent in a few brief numbers. I have not said a word for Newfoundland, and Labrador, which, though regarded commonly as sections of the Dominion, are British possessions perfectly distinct, and in themselves great countries. Prince Edward Island, too, has been omitted. But I am retracing my steps instead of pushing onward. I already expressed a hope of being able to reach the Pacific Coast, and am presently on the high road to that goal. The names *en route* are often so strange that I am actually bewildered. Just fancy—Frog Lake, Great Bear Lake, Kicking-Horse Pass, and District of Kewatin, not to speak of the districts already scheduled. I was about to add Deadman's Crossing, but fear to frighten intending emigrants. These names have scared me into confusion, and my geographical survey is again every way. They clearly enough denote the primitive civilisation of the past.

The course of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it would seem to me, should have been at least three hundred miles farther north. By this means, sections of the country which shall not be accessible for years in the existing arrangements, should be at once laid open to settlers. Doubtless there are great difficulties

in the way of this scheme, notably the many lakes which are so frequent northwards, as well as mountains and forests. But obstacles equally great have been conquered. As it is, the C. P. R. confers innumerable benefits on Canada, and the wonder is, this line was not thought out and completed sooner. It is a wonderful feat of engineering, and must remain a monument to immortalise its projector. There are, besides, various branches of railway here and there connecting it with the North, but none at all equal to the requirements of the case. Nor can I omit to mention what I regard as a serious mistake on the part of the Government. To aid in the construction of the line, the Government granted whole tracts of country to companies as a guarantee for their investment, with the result, they retain the land, trying to make the most of it. They are thus a very great impediment to the advancement of the place. The chartered Hudson Bay Company had stations all over the country, and millions of acres of its soil ; but good statesmanship nearly cleared them out, and it is too bad that the present difficulty is yet to be faced. A similar difficulty exists in the States, whereas, anybody might have known, both should be self-supporting in a very short time. Tracts of land vested in individuals or syndicates have ever led to grave complications.

Notwithstanding minor drawbacks, the Railway is an unspeakable benefit to the Dominion, opening up the country and bringing industry and enterprise in its train. To its presence is due the countless villages, and towns, which spring up everywhere on the road. I cannot mention them singly. I can merely afford to make reference to Banff, which is in the Canadian

National Park. Well, about the first thing to put one into countenance on arrival, is the magnificent hotel of the Railway Company. Don't you forget it, there are no mean boarders here. The fellow in faultless linens, shoddy, and gold albert, is a thorough blue-blood from the island of John Bull. It is easy enough to trace in him, unmistakable evidences of the previous day's hard drinking. Even in his degradation he is the lordling all the while, and retains his air of superiority and self-possession, if not contempt for ordinary mortals. As he saunters around in the great ground hall of the hotel, whiffing his cigar, and carelessly reading the latest robbery and murder of the morning papers, I observe he occasionally converses with a youth of about his own years and temperament, but snappishly, and with an air of disdain. This individual, I learn, is the son of an English merchant. He drinks, sports, idles, and is in every way the lordling's equal, except in ancestry. But that point is too serious to be overlooked. There is a third of the party, a newspaper man from the next province, out for a holiday. I can well note that both despise him, and regard him as wholly unworthy of their society, being as yet a tyro in dissipation. For whatever purpose, he bears their rebuffs, and goes wonderfully far in accommodating himself to their ways; they tolerate him, but with difficulty. He is a necessary item, however, for they tire of each other's company, and require at times a mediator. 'Tis well if the newspaper man does not turn out "a chiel amang them takin' notes." One would think they had been brought up at the same institution; but, as a matter of fact, they had not known of each other's existence three months before.

The lordling has been around the place for nearly three months, without bothering himself about anything in life except its enjoyments, relying on the accustomed remittances from home, which sometimes are delayed on the road beyond the expected time. That is the case just now, but the manager hopes all will be well. The titled father supplied the necessary funds long enough, and tired. Some scandals were already mooted abroad, and he was glad to have him cleared off, even at such a sacrifice. Then 'twas the mother, and, lastly, a feeling sister helped him. The latter will be able to tell all enquirers, he is conducting a great ranch in the West, and getting on splendid. Such individuals are termed in Canada, "remittance men," which is a title of contempt. Among the many objections to marriage, a very reasonable one is the possibility of having such a son. As to the National Park, its limits are not yet very minutely defined, but is in extent, about equal to one of our counties. It is mainly noted for its hot springs, whose curative qualities are acknowledged all over. Its scenery in lake and mountain is enchanting, and the visitor can have bed and boarding of the best, and charming society. The good folk at such resorts have a real jolly time of it. The greater part of the day is spent in creating an appetite, and the remainder in satisfying it. Well, not the remainder quite; some of it is given to indoor amusement. I have known the hotel orchestra to keep going, with slight intervals, the whole day through—aye, and well into the night, with but an occasional waltzer on the boards. Sometimes the ball room has not standing place for the operators, the ladies in the smartest of white dresses, showy always,

and often fantastic. There are those who do not join in the throng, but demurely whisper that all are not in search of health merely, and thus there is a mixture of the grave and the gay, which lends the more enchantment. Time passes delightfully until accounting day; but that's entirely a different matter. Here the wry face supplants the smiles. Such is life.

The Rockies of Canada are but a continuation of the Rockies of the States, and its National Park is but the Yellowstone broken out in a different place. I don't know that this brings with it any consolation. The tunnelling of the Canadian Rockies was a wonderful feat, which the wisecracks of long ago prophesied an impossibility. Now it is an accomplished fact. I can hardly hope to make myself interesting, by entering on a description of the route in detail, to others than engineers. Sensations, as colour, vary with the individual, but the general feeling on passing through the Rockies is one of utter insignificance, face to face with Nature's stupendous handiwork. There are the giant boulders overhanging the road, and threatening at every moment to topple down, and crush us into nothingness. There are the perpetual snow-clad mountains in sight, so near and yet so far. There are the gulching streams and waterfalls. There are the trees hanging from the nearest rocks, well-nigh dragged from the roots, and withering through scarcity of soil and moisture. There are the great hills before us, through which we feel we are destined to go, but much to our surprise make of them a pleasant circuit. There are, to be sure, tunnelings on the road, through which we pass at a goodly rate, and are lost in darkness. There are the little



stations, too, hardly worthy of the name, where we stop and gather breath. There are the wild animals in sight, perched on end, and regarding our progress with a surprising amount of indifference. These and many others are the charms of the journey. Nobody looks scared, and nobody is looking for the journey's end. There is plenty of sociality for those whose tendencies run in that direction, while food and drink and sleeping accommodation can be had right at hand. A century ago, the Canadian settlers would have burned as a witch the vile prophet who dared to predict such changes.

And now we are come to Columbia. Let me say, in the first instance, I anticipate for this Province a bright future. There is nothing wanting to make British Columbia a great Province. But yet its future is more dependent on its mineral, than its agricultural resources. Its location, extent, and bountiful resources combine to elevate it in time to come, and not remotely, the Queen Province of the Dominion. From north to south its extent is no fewer than 700 miles, while 'tis 500 miles from east to west, embracing a superficial area of some 400,000 square miles. This vast territory is practically waste, considering its whole population is but 110,000, of whom 35,000 are Indians, and it is estimated that there are 10,000 coloured people, including Chinese and Japanese, thus leaving a net of 65,000 whites. Of these 50,000 are supposed to keep to the cities and towns, while the remaining 15,000 are scattered variously over the Province. This, to be sure, is desolation in the proper sense of the term, when we remember its great extent and possible development. The scenery along the Fraser River is delightful, and

the bordering land remarkably fertile. I was told that in cases it produced the same crop for years in annual succession, without manures or other such aids. In this, as in statistics, I had to depend on the authority of others, especially as I could not afford the time, and meanwhile pay hotel bills, so as to see for myself. But I am confident, 'tis impossible to procure manures in cases, and that for years, they are wholly dispensed with, and the products are, notwithstanding, most satisfactory. A system of irrigation is in use, whereby the land is watered in drought, and by this means it becomes much more valuable and productive. There is still land that may be had on very easy conditions, but, in order to secure a suitable and convenient farm, from £8 to £10 must be paid per acre for crown patent. Farming is a lordly occupation in Canada. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Brassey, and several magnates besides, from our realm, having just now entered on the farming competition, and owning extensive farms. The mineral wealth of British Columbia is yet practically undeveloped, but is supposed to be very considerable. On Vancouver Island, the coal deposits are exceedingly rich, while gold, silver, copper, lead, mica, and slate may be had here and there in the Province. The Cariboo district is remarkable for its gold, and its mining gives great promise. Sometimes little nuggets of gold are found by the rivers and streamlets, seldom of very much value. But, with all this information, I am inclined to believe the fortune-seeker will, ordinarily, make for the largest city, and there gather details for himself. Its most important city is Vancouver, which, though barely eight years old, has a population of 22,000. He who built the

first house there, before the city was thought of, still lives, and is regarded as the patriarch of the place—Mr. J. Dick. A few years ago, and Vancouver consisted of a sprinkling of wooden shanties, with logs strewn everywhere for streets and footpaths, well wooded on all sides. To-day the logs and woods are gone, and a modern city takes their place, with parks, water supply, electric lighting, electric tramcars, magnificent stone buildings, spacious streets, newspapers, periodicals, places of amusement of grand proportions, churches, schools, and a reasonable number of such as are willing to be regarded as elite with whom to associate. There is more sociality in Victoria, however, the chief city of Vancouver Island, which is some fifty miles from the mainland, and is spoken of as the Island of sloth and roses. The population of Victoria is 17,000. But I have by far more hope for the future of Vancouver City. It is the terminus of the C. P. R., while its shipping with China, Japan, and Australia can be greatly developed, and a cable which is being laid from there, to these countries, *via* Sandwich Islands, must considerably favour its other facilities. I can look forward to the time when Halifax shall be the New York, Winnipeg the Chicago, and Vancouver the San Francisco of the Dominion. Nor can I understand the significance of wasting so much time and coal in steaming against the St. Laurence, in face of the splendid harbour at Halifax, its convenience, and the existing railway accommodations.

Before taking leave of British Columbia I must not omit to mention the name of Mr. De Cosmos, who has the reputation of being the best-winded speaker

on earth. This gentleman delivered in the Legislature of the Province a speech of twenty-six hours' duration, gained his point, and survived. Let me see who is to beat that record. Although not having the advantage of personal acquaintance, I have heard very favourable accounts of the Hon. T. Davie, the Premier. I learn that he has been lately appointed Attorney-General of the Province.

In treating of contemporary Canada, there are certain personages, who cannot be passed over. It is only a short time since two of its most prominent figures died—Honore Mercier, and Sir John Thompson. It is hardly fair to speak of them together, as they were remarkable in very different directions. With the former, it is thought, all hope of a French Canadian Republic, for which he laboured so long and earnestly, is at an end, and Republican aspirants deeply mourn his loss. The death of Sir John Thompson, so tragic, which happened recently and almost in our immediate vicinity, shall be for long remembered. As many places claim to have been his birthplace, as cities, Homer. But I must not speak flippantly in dealing with such a man. It may, however, be accepted without doubt, he was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, his father being Irish, and mother Canadian. Shortly after his marriage he became a Catholic from conviction, and remained an ardent adherent of that faith. This is evidenced by the message of Sir Charles Tupper, after his death—“They took possession of Sir John's papers, money, etc. They found a crucifix, rosary, and portrait of the Saviour on his person.” The Canadians spoke of him as eminently just and conscientious, and with a

reverence amounting to awe. I need hardly mention the name of the Hon. E. Blake, whose ability and diplomacy are so well known to us all. Of authors, the late Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, is about the most notable. His "Sam Slick" displays a rare knowledge of human nature. Thomas O'Hagan is also a very promising writer, and is distinguished in prose and verse. And then there are, besides, Edward Sheppard, Julian Ralph, Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, and William McLellan, all well known Canadian writers.

I observe a good deal of versification is expended in chanting the praises of Her Royal Highness, the Queen of these Islands, and invoking upon her head the Divine blessings. At most social gatherings she turns up in some form or other, and I note that "God save the Queen" is sung not unfrequently in chorus at the Catholic convents. I can't see that there is anything radically wrong in this, abstracting from political considerations. If all power is from God, and if it is admissible to pray for England, I don't see why any Catholic could not contribute to the chorus, and give the good old lady some of the spiritual profit of his prayers. No one can deny she has held the place she ought to hold. Her career has been a glorious one, mainly because she has done little and said less. May all the British sovereigns to come, follow her illustrious example, and with this prayer, I quote the commonly, but not quite universally, accepted Canadian national anthem :—

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,  
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag,  
On Canada's fair domain.

Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
 And joined in love together,  
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 God save our Queen and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

At Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane  
 Our brave fathers side by side  
 For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,  
 Firmly stood, and nobly died ;  
 And those dear rights which they maintained  
 We swear to yield them never !  
 Our watchword evermore shall be,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

Chorus—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 God save our Queen, and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

Our fair Dominion now extends  
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound :  
 May peace for ever be our lot,  
 And plenteous store abound.  
 And may those ties of love be ours  
 Which discord cannot sever,  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

Chorus—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

On merry England's far-famed land  
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,  
God bless old Scotland evermore,  
And Ireland's Emerald Isle !  
Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
Till rocks and forest quiver,  
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf for ever !

Chorus—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf for ever !  
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf for ever !

And thus I take my leave of Canada, sorry exceedingly I have already centred my affections on United States.

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